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A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER 1978 \$2.25

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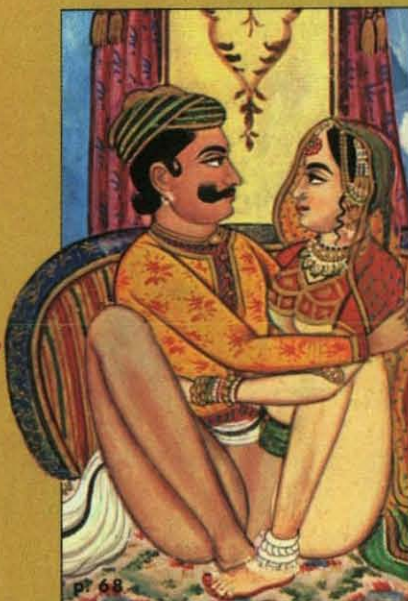
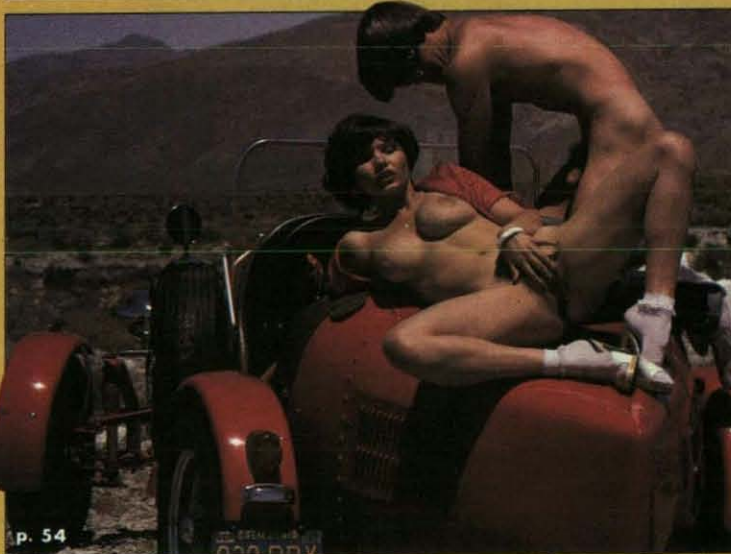
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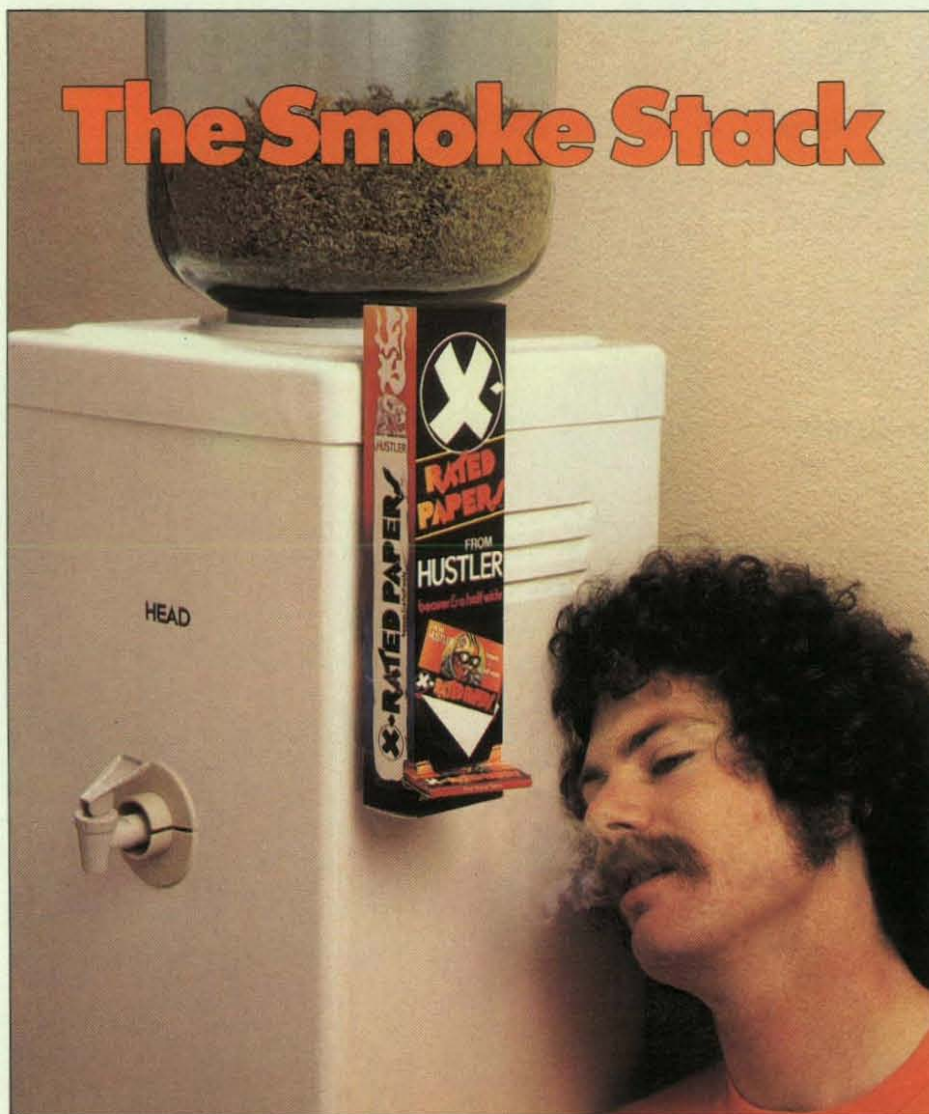
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HUSTLER SEPTEMBER 1978 VOL. 5 NO. 3

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Fake Feminists

A group of supposed feminists called FIRE (Female International Revolutionaries in Exile) has taken credit for the March 6 shooting of Larry Flynt and attorney Gene Reeves and has also threatened to execute the publishers of *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Oui*, *Gallery* and *Velvet*. But no *real* feminists have ever heard of FIRE.

And, as Ron Ridenour's article in this issue points out (beginning on page 36), an eyewitness in Lawrenceville, Georgia, saw *three men* he assumed were "real-estate agents or detectives" who looked like they were from out of town. They were not exactly women's libbers in drag.

According to perhaps the best feminist newspaper, *Majority Report*, "Even the most militant women we spoke with said the group sounded fake to them. Some said it was probably the right wing trying to 'smite smut' and discredit feminism at one blow, and one activist pointed out that the group best served by the FIRE communique is 'the FBI itself.'"

As a matter of fact, an FBI memo from back in 1969 reveals the Bureau's concern with the availability of *Screw* at Rutgers University, because it contained "a type of filth that could only originate in a depraved mind. . . . Officials at Rutgers are, at the very least, condoning its distribution, since no curtailment of its sale or distribution has been imposed by them."

So the FBI sent a poison-pen letter to New Jersey state Senator William Hierung and signed it "A Concerned Student." A copy of *Screw* was enclosed as "an example of what

is sold and freely distributed. . . . Would you want your children or grandchildren, especially young girls, subjected to such depravity? The question is, of course, rhetorical. No decent person would. But this is becoming a way of campus life. Poison the minds of the young, destroy their moral being and in less than one generation this country will be ripe for its downfall. . . .

"Safely assuming these papers represent an evil force and it is [sic] distributed by a minority on campus, then why do the moral majority have to put up with it? Rutgers is supported by public funds, and as a representative of the people, you and your colleagues should have the courage to take the initiative now to see that people like Mason Gross [then president of Rutgers] do not misuse or misdirect those funds by condoning such activity in the name of 'academic freedom' and 'free speech and free press.'"

Now an *actual* group called Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media has called for a ban on HUSTLER and similar magazines because "the First Amendment wasn't intended to protect HUSTLER."

The group's attitude certainly seems to cuddle up in bed with the FBI's strategy. But freedom of the press must never be allowed to play favorites. Indeed, feminist publications themselves have been hassled with censorship problems because of taboo words and pictures.

Women Against Violence was upset about HUSTLER's June cover, which featured Larry Flynt's statement "We will no longer

hang women up like pieces of meat," illustrated by the body of a woman being ground up by a meat grinder, thus carrying the concept of "pieces of meat" to its logical conclusion. I apologize to women who truly felt hurt by this image, but I do not regret our intent, which was, after all, to make fun of ourselves.

Ironically, those protesters were exploiting HUSTLER because they knew such a demonstration would get attention from the media. If they really want to protest violence, let them start with wife-beating, child abuse and the *sexual repression* that ultimately leads to rape and murder.

Finally, I attended a journalism convention at Rutgers and participated on a panel whose topic was "Crackdown on Pornography." One of the panelists, Joseph Hester of Citizens for Decency Through Law, borrowing the rhetoric of the feminist movement, called pornography "sexist" and complained that it "downgrades the image of women" and makes them into "second-class citizens."

Does this mean he will fight those TV commercials that teach children (even before they learn the language) that housewives get affection from their husbands if they serve the correct brand of coffee?

This is my last *Publisher's Statement*. HUSTLER has always been Larry Flynt's baby, and he will be returning to this page next month. I remain grateful for the opportunity I've had to communicate with you.

—Paul Krassner

HUSTLER, MORE THAN JUST A MEN'S MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER is a magazine for everyone. We all know about HUSTLER's past appeal, but now there's even more!

HUSTLER has extended its horizons to include not just exciting visuals, but a full spectrum of journalism. HUSTLER's new approach includes commentary of a sexual, social and political nature. HUSTLER has engaged many professionals to discuss contemporary mores, cultural shifts and pending life-styles.

HUSTLER is seeking a union of all man's components—his fears and hates, his intelligence and shortcomings, and his capacity to change for the good.

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Free-lance writer **RON RIDENOUR** (author of *The Glass House Tapes* and a soon-to-be-published book on Senator S. I. Hayakawa) was chosen by Althea Flynt to write the definitive story on **CONSPIRACY AGAINST TRUTH: THE SHOOTING OF LARRY FLYNT**. Ridenour hadn't been through the South since 1964, when he was a civil-rights worker. This trip—apart from being, in his own words, “adventurous and dangerous”—brought back many memories. “The force that shot Flynt was the same kind of racist, reactionary and hate-filled mentality that was responsible for killing civil-rights workers back in the '60s,” observed Ridenour, who approached this assignment as a favor to a friend who had been gunned down while defending the constitutional freedoms of all Americans.

JIMMY FLYNT is Larry Flynt's brother and president of Flynt Distributing Company. From Larry's bedside in an Atlanta hospital, he took some incredible photographs that reveal the damage done by the gunman's bullets.

To thousands, **GARNER TED ARMSTRONG** provides religious relief with his irresistible sales pitch and theological appeal. But **JOHN TRECHAK**, who penned our in-depth look at the high-powered, evangelical promoter, knows better. In this issue he exposes the real Garner Ted, whose amorous exploits took him eight years to uncover. Trechak, associated with Armstrong since 1970, began publishing *Ambassador Report* two years ago. Originally intended as an alumni publication for Armstrong's Ambassador College, the publication quickly turned into an expose on the promiscuous preacher and his dubious dealings. Now, fed up with all this heavenly hypocrisy, Trechak has changed careers—he's moved into rock-group management. L.A. artist **KEITH BATCHELLER** has been an illustrator for magazines, airlines and film companies for the past five years. “The two most important elements in a picture,” he says, “are the subtleties of color and texture, and the mood




those subtleties create—which in my work is usually humorous.” Batcheller's portrait of Garner Ted will show you what he's talking about.

“One spring,” relates **MICHAEL ROSSMAN**, “my family and I suffered through an amazing series of plagues. We were going crazy. Then I sat at my typewriter and compiled our experiences into this dour essay.” And so we have **BUGS: PARASITES AND MODERN MAN**, a lighthearted look at some annoying pests. Rossman, an educator and social critic living in Berkeley, has written a book on the human-potential movement, *New Age Blues (on the Politics of Consciousness)*, scheduled for publication this fall. **ALEX EBEL**, who made friends in the White House with last month's illustration of

Ruth Carter Stapleton in the pink, did the art for *Bugs*.

We don't have the answer to India's overpopulation, but we may have found the cause. **INDIA'S EROTIC ART**, a series of miniature erotic paintings from the 19th century, colorfully depicts some of the sexual preferences of that culture's royalty. **DR. PETER CLOTHIER** of the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles wrote the introduction.

THIS WAS SEX contains excerpts from **SANDY TELLER's** new book of the same title. A humorist since grammar school, Teller has been appointed humor and trivia editor for the 1979 *Information Please Almanac*. The companion artwork is by San Francisco illustrator **LESLIE CABARGA**, whose work has appeared in *Rolling Stone* and *New West*.

Through the years of its publication **HUSTLER** has worked hard to present the most erotic package in the magazine market. Now we're involved in turning the sexual corner past titillation . . . bringing the reader into play with *erotic knowledge*. With that in mind, we called on sex therapist **DR. JOSEPH BARRY**, director of the human-sexuality program at the Los Angeles Guidance and Counseling Service, to provide the text for our photo-spread on **SEX POSITIONS**. We figure that the more you know about your sexual nature, the better able you'll be to enjoy it. 



Ron Ridenour



Jimmy Flynt



Leslie Cabarga



Keith Batcheller



Dr. Joseph Barry



John Trechak

\$100,000.00 REWARD

For information leading to the arrest and conviction of person or persons responsible for the shooting of Larry C. Flynt on March 6th in the City of Lawrenceville, Georgia.

Contact your local police department with any information or effort to collect this reward.

Signed,
Mrs. Larry C. Flynt

FEEDBACK

First Shall Be Last: I have just finished reading your first "Born-Again" issue. Your first is my last.

Geoffrey D. Freeman
Long Beach, California

Left Him Breathless: I've just purchased two copies of the July issue of HUSTLER Magazine. The cover took my breath away; when I got home I thoroughly enjoyed the contents. I really liked the religious content. I am very interested in the truth about our society in general, and about our politicians and government in particular. The whole magazine is "The Greatest."

Henry A. Negrete
Sylmar, California

Garden Party: Your Adam and Eve fantasy in the July issue (*Genesis: The Fall From Innocence*) was incredibly tasteless and offensive! I happened to be standing behind two teenagers who were covertly looking at it in a store. They tried to hide it under other magazines after they finished—and I picked it up to see why they were so embarrassed.

Please be ethical and Christian and cease publishing this offensive material. Money can never provide the spiritual satisfaction of doing something to aid the survival of a thing once meaningful and sacred and now falling lower and lower: marital sex and family life. What can you do to help?

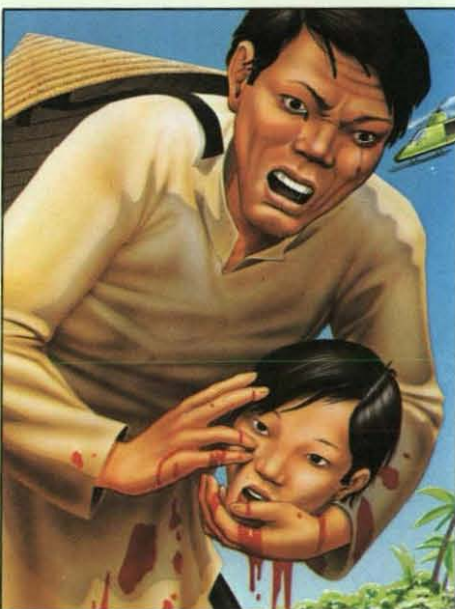
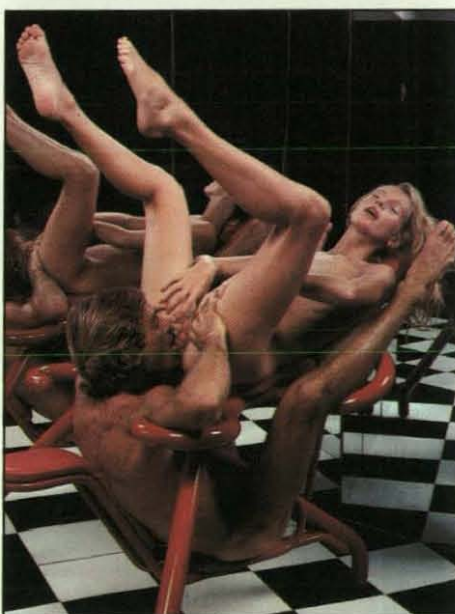
Sarina Bass
Manhattan Beach, California

About your article *Genesis: The Fall From Innocence*—the Christian voice can no longer be silent! Someday you will stand before the judgment seat of our Lord and Savior Jesus, and I pray you will have repented and turned from your sins or for sure you will be condemned to eternity in hell.

In God's word (the Bible) only the marriage bed is to be used for sex. Nowhere can you find God allowing us to have sex with animals, or man with man or women with women. God says that whatsoever things are pure, lovely, true, honest, just and of good report think of *these* things. Your magazine is *none* of these things. All it does is destroy the minds of men and turn them from God to the devil. You have twisted the meaning of the term "born again" until the world does not even see it for what it really means.

Jeffrey Allan Brodsky
Montclair, New Jersey

Loves to Give: With much relief I flipped through your first "Born-Again" issue (July), but that in itself would not have prompted this letter had it not been your sterling answer to one of my pet peeves regarding men's magazines (yours included)—the general failure to show a *woman* being the sole recipient of pleasure in the sex act. Bravo to your giant poster-sized center-fold! It was a total turn-on to see a woman



being treated to such wonderful sex without having to distract herself by attending to her partner. I often find total pleasure in *giving* total pleasure, and find visual reminders of this aspect of my sexuality very stimulating.

In addition, the Genesis lithographs and the photo essay on female masturbation—yes, men, they *can* get off without a penis!—were truly outstanding. If all of this is an example of what I can expect in the future, then your publication has a convert. Keep it up! (Pun intended.)

Jack R. Phillips
St. Charles, Missouri

Plaudits for Pleasants: Your July issue featured a terrific prose piece: *Even Kings in Their Winter Palaces*, by Ben Pleasants. It was short, well-written and to the point.

Richard N. Douglass
East Setauket, New York

Even Kings in Their Winter Palaces blew my mind as well as my head. Maybe we should consider sending "White Boxes" to all the heads of state of the 27 warring nations of this (civilized?) world—in hopes of finding world peace.

With the world spending \$1 million each minute for the purchase of "arms for peace," and the United States being the largest manufacturer of them, why is it that our country hasn't received the Nobel Peace Prize?

Civilized men know that a one-month worldwide moratorium on arms production could feed all the starving people of the world for a long, long time. Man has lost his sense of values completely.

Your new magazine receives my seal of approval for highest honors in World Enlightenment.

Richard Nazareth
Marietta, Pennsylvania

Finds Playgirl Boring: I'm a 20-year-old female from North Hollywood, California—writing to let you know I really enjoyed your July publication. All of it! It had everything I'd like to see more of! I don't understand how people can read *Playboy* and *Penthouse* while your mag is on the stands.

A few months ago I thought of writing to you about showing couples because there is no porn mag for ladies as good as HUSTLER. (*Playgirl* is boring.) I'd like to see more sexy male bodies along with or together with females because it turns me on.

"One Hot Box"
North Hollywood, California

Jesse Jackson: In July you featured Jesse Jackson as *Asshole of the Month*, accusing him of unnecessary censorship. I've known the Reverend Jackson for 13 years, and I don't think censorship is what he's all about.

Black children are Jesse's overriding concern. He, together with many adult blacks,

resent the kind of music the record companies continually throw at black kids. We simply wish there were *other selections* from which to choose, besides the never-ending parade of "shake your booty—shove it in, shove it out," etc. We do not want little black girls of 12 thinking there is nothing more to life than "love to love" when they cannot read above the fifth-grade level and lose all incentive to go on to high school or to get a decent job.

I'm personally counting on Jesse Jackson to get the job done. We know who makes these records, promotes them and brainwashes our kids. And we know who's making all the money. That's why Donna Summer and Parliament were not invited to Black Expo—no great loss. All Jesse Jackson has to do is "put the word out"—don't buy records from companies A, B or C—and the black community will stop buying! It's happened before, and it can happen again.

Harriette F. Davis
Fayette, Mississippi

HUSTLER abhors censorship in any form.

Toothy Morsel: More and more your magazine is becoming appealing to us ladies! That last bit in May's *HUSTLER* with that poor girl being ravished in the slave quarters was superb (*Belle of the Ball*).

My secret fantasy is to be chased, caught, have my clothes torn off and then be devoured alive by big black husky cannibals

with big black naked cocks. Let's use the same crew that you used for the slave series and do a jungle bit with naked savages feasting on poor shipwrecked girls. Big black hungry natives with sharp teeth—oooooooooohhhhh! I can feel it already!

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Hoe Dat Cotton! Especially for "A Faithful Reader" (*Feedback*, July) and all the other racist pigs like him/her in the world—don't beat me—no! no! I hoe dat cotton! I pick dem watermelons! Just don't beat me no mo', Massa!

Jesus Christ, you idiot, what is wrong with your head! Just because your prick is pink doesn't mean that everything it touches turns to gold!

I'm a 23-year-old white chick, and my husband is black. We've been married for six years, and nothing makes my cunt get wetter than the sight of my husband's beautiful body—not because he's black, but because of our love. Love is what counts, not color, intensity and hue. If you'd stop admiring your WASP features long enough, maybe you'd notice, jackass. And if it makes me a whore and bitch because I go for that "slime" (slime, I guess, means loving, fucking, touching, etc.), then I am a bitch in the true sense of the word because nothing compares with it.

Let's have more black on white, white on black, black on black. Hell, make it purple

on orange if you can find it, 'cause no matter what color it is, it's fantastic. All you pale pricks and cunts that don't like it can go fuck a marshmallow!

"Baby"
Galesburg, Illinois

Alleged Aryan: This letter is for you so-called white people on the *HUSTLER* staff. You sorry motherfuckers are letting those Jews and niggers brainwash you. Wake up! Their goal is to destroy the Aryan race through race-mixing. I just read your *Asshole of the Month* about Judge Evelyn Coffman in the June *HUSTLER*. Now don't get me wrong. I don't like judges of any kind. But who gives a fuck if some nig bitch sees her dying, nappy-headed, big-lipped, flaired-nose kid?

I'm sitting here in a cell in Soledad prison for robbery. The reason why I started robbing is because a white man can't get a good job out there anymore. I'm a skilled man, but everytime I looked for a good job I was told that I was needed on the job but that they could only hire minorities at the time. If you can't understand the situation we are faced with, fuck you in the ass! You know what? Fuck you in the ass anyway because I already know how you are!

R. A. Collins
Soledad, California

Slip It In: *HUSTLER* has built up a large audience seeking fun, sex and an escape from the harsh realities of life. Most of the readers are probably hip enough to be digging your outrageous humor, so they will probably be able to comprehend your more serious subjects, such as your enlightening political articles. You also have many readers who like *HUSTLER* not from a hip or stoned mentality but from some other place. The point I'm coming to is to be careful not to alienate them.

I'm afraid if you get too political and too serious you may lose your audience. People can only swallow so much at a time. It's hard to turn people on. Their nature is such that they won't listen for long to any unpleasant subject or to a subject that makes them think. Still, realizing the duty of man not to turn his back on causes and responsibilities, it is good to print this material—but maybe not so much all at once. Slip it in between the stuff that attracts the readers. Don't let it dominate the whole fare.

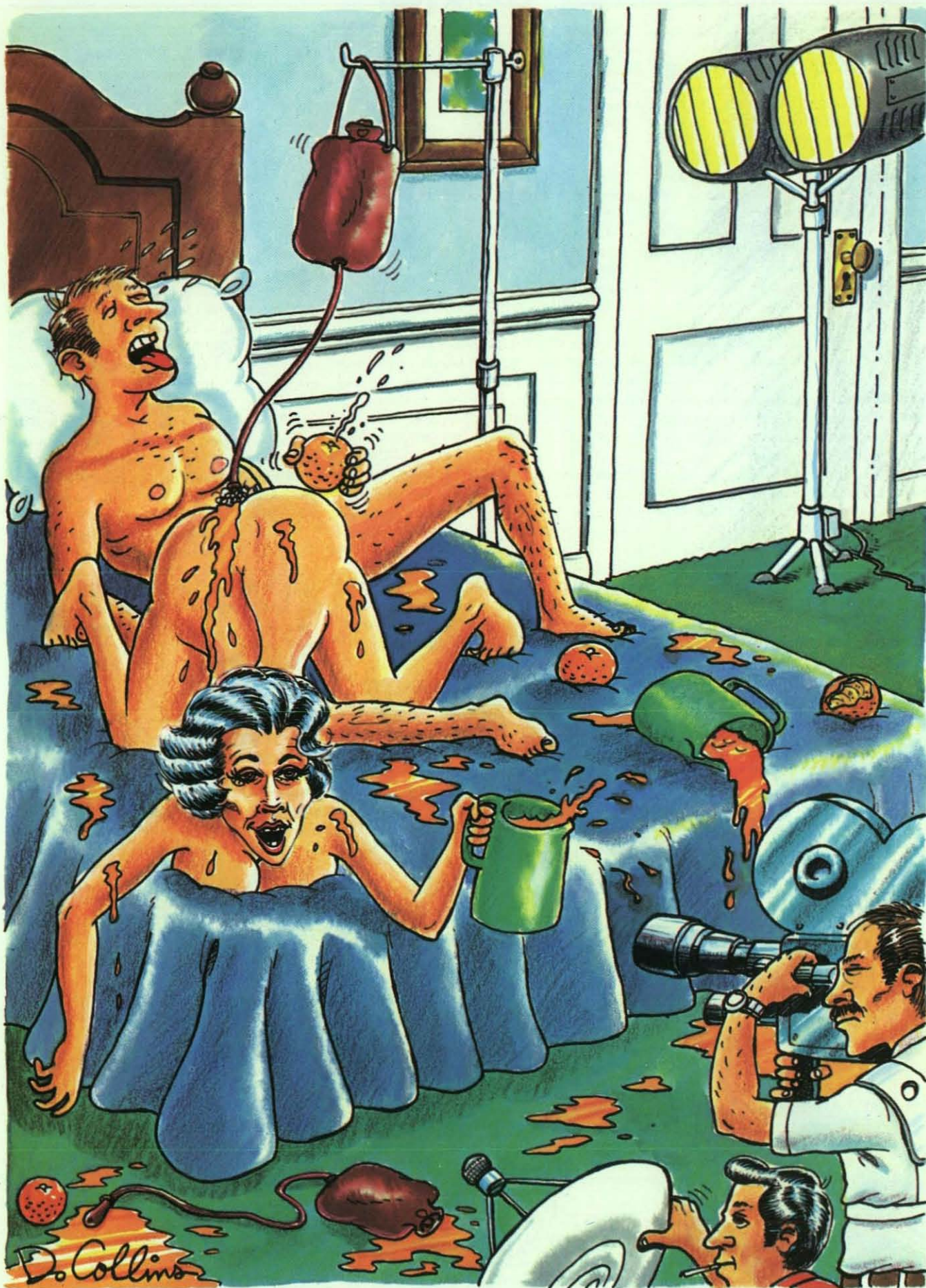
Keep up the good work.

Vince Dierson
Gary, Indiana

Philippine Cooze: The *Sex Practices* column on prostitution in the June issue has a glaring omission. While I commend John Michaels on his ability to write as if from experience on the domestic side, his research on foreign practices was a bit shallow.

Had he taken a closer look at Southeast Asia, Mr. Michaels would have discovered the greatest sex mecca in the world, the





"Florida orange juice—it isn't just for breakfast anymore!"

FEEDBACK

pride of the Navy and Marine Corps—Olongapo City in the Philippines.

Here old salts as well as young boots can screw themselves silly on some of the tightest, sweetest young things in the Far East. The price is right too—20 pesos (about \$2.75) for all night, or about \$35 per month for a "steady."

What makes this such a glaring omission is the fact that the entire economy of Olongapo City (population 150,000) is based on whoring, just as America's economy is based on cars and steel. Take away the in-and-out, and most of Olongapo's young lovelies would be *really* out—out in the rice paddies whence they came.

Name Withheld by Request
USS *Dubuque*
United States Navy

Cripple Kicking: I have just become aware of your magazines and am sad to admit that my taste in literature has degenerated to the point that I actually appreciate it!

I am a doctor, and I had an auto accident a few years ago that left me deaf and with one leg. Your constant joking about the handicapped is what attracted me to *HUSTLER*. I'm very pleased to see that we are treated equally shittily and get equal time with the Polacks, blacks, etc. Keep up the good work! I must also say that you do a fine job on the gynecology end.

I was a radiology intern at the University of Florida's teaching hospital when I had my

accident. Since the loss of my hearing, the hospital has stopped being a fun place to be. So now I am in the construction and import business and am much happier. It allows me to say "Fuck" and do other nice things I couldn't do before.

Frank Zondlo, M.D.,
Newberry, Florida

Don't Fuck With Chester: Why you wanna let 'em fuck Chester around, huh? How could you condone such debauchery and adulteration of one who was so pure?

Chester, whose delightful atrocities warmed the hearts of both hustlers and straights alike. Why? Because he was a lecher you could love.

Chester, who would sooner piss in the eye of morality as ravish the beaver of a female juvenile. And now he's pimped for the sake of social comment. Have you no shame?

Chester R. Scott, Jr.
Washington, D.C.

Thanks to Larry Flynt: I would like to thank Larry Flynt for the \$50 donation *HUSTLER* gave to our baseball program here at Central High School. The money helped us purchase team jerseys, which have helped promote our boys' self-concepts. I am very sorry about Larry's injury and pray that he will soon recover.

Coach Jim Schwarz
Central High School
Groveport, Ohio

Knee Slapper: Larry Flynt has got to be the most egotistical, self-centered asshole I have ever seen. Thinking that the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States of America would waste its time and bullets to take a shot at some two-bit smut-peddler, and fail at that, is a real knee slapper. If Larry doesn't like our freedoms, let him try Russia. The KGB will do the job on what's left.

Name Withheld by Request
Savannah, Georgia

A Sad Commentary: I am writing this letter to express the dissatisfaction of my associates and I over the lesbian pictorials you seem to love to put in your magazines. If you are trying to be liberal and freethinking, then you should have the guts to put just as many male-homosexual pictorials in your magazine as you do lesbian.

Let me state now that I am not a homosexual. A true heterosexual male does not want to sit by and watch women waste themselves on another woman. He would rather service those women himself. There is something wrong with a man who likes to watch women have sex with each other.

Contrary to feminist ravings, women just don't like sex as much as men do. We are talking about plain, straight, animal sex and no bullshit games being played. Any man can satisfy a woman. The problem is getting them to let you. This is a sad commentary on the American woman.

Lieutenant Bert Diedrich, Minutemen
Los Angeles, California

You're slipping, Lieutenant. Our last "lesbian" pictorial was in April, and it seems to us that the rest of your opinions are even more out of date.

Milky Tits: My husband and I read your magazine's new format with great interest. We like the new direction, even though we both liked the previous format with its emphasis on beaver and pink. But the new *HUSTLER* represents the very best we've seen or could have wanted.

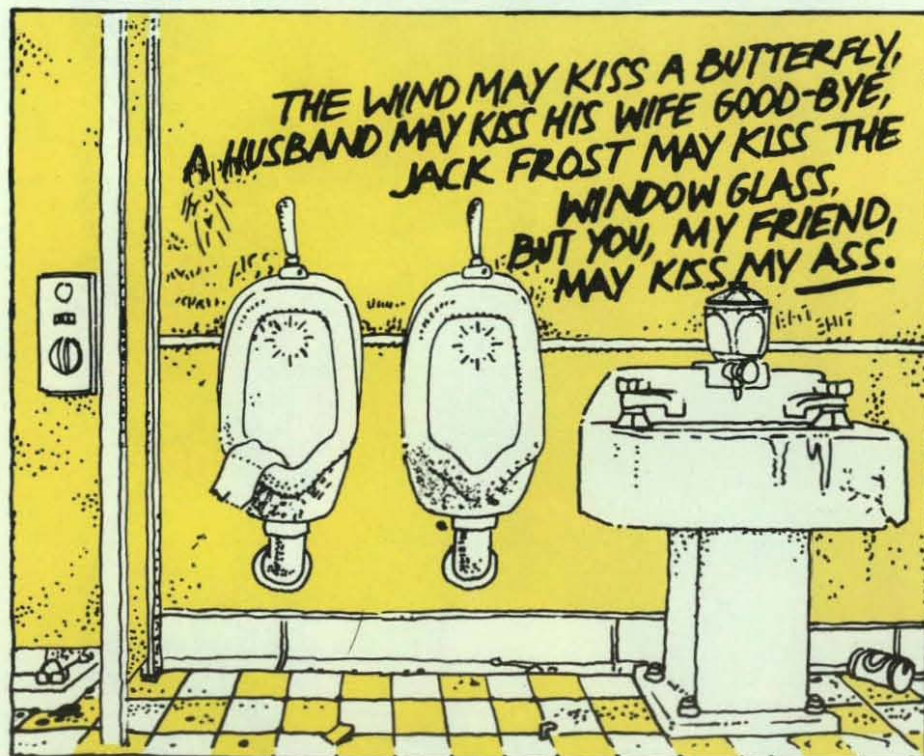
We particularly liked the *Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities* (July), with its accent on nudism, and we loved the pregnant ladies and nursing mothers. I nursed all my children myself, and my husband and I found my lactating state to be a tremendous turn-on.

We'd like you to consider a long photo layout on lactating mothers, perhaps with another pregnant lady and a guy. Sex play with milky breasts is like going back to childhood. By reliving the past in this way, but with the addition of adult eroticism, a lot of the tensions of adult living can be relieved. It's a lot of fun for the woman too—spraying milk all over and suckling your husband as if he were a baby again.

Name Withheld by Request
Springfield, Massachusetts

Take a look at the *Bits & Pieces* item on page 19 of this issue.

GRAFFILTHY



THANK AND \$25 TO L. ZANDT, RICH, BL., CANADA.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

A 13-year-old New Hampshire girl, who refused to testify against a man charged with statutory rape, has been found in civil contempt and jailed. The state supreme court upheld the lower court's decision to jail the girl until she agreed to testify against the 30-year-old man charged with having had sexual intercourse with her. In its ruling the supreme court said it could find no reason "to treat this minor differently from an adult for purposes of civil contempt."

Wayne Hays is still popular with the folks in Ohio despite his involvement with Elizabeth Ray. His long congressional career ended in 1976 when he resigned in the wake of a House Ethics Committee investigation of his escapades with Ms. Ray. But Hays won his primary-election bid to be the Democratic nominee for a seat in the state legislature, by a large margin.


Two New York lesbians who decided that the husband of one was getting in the way of their love affair have been convicted of arranging the man's murder. Carol Taylor, 29, whose husband Herbert was shot to death in 1976, was convicted along with Elizabeth Taylor, 40. The jury of nine men and three women agreed with the prosecutor's contention that the pair had paid \$10,000 to set up the fatal shooting.

The Ford Motor Company decision to modify fuel tanks in 1.5 million Pintos doesn't mean there's anything wrong with the recalled vehicles, the giant auto-manufacturing firm claims. Ford refused to admit the tanks are defective, although they were declared unsafe by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. It's estimated that hundreds of persons have burned to death as a result of fuel-tank explosions in Pintos struck from behind in traffic accidents.

Two women raped a man in Maryland recently, report local police. The victim was 23 years old, but mercifully was not identified by officers handling the investigation. Prince Georges County police said the man had stopped to help the women fix their car. One of the ladies pulled out a gun and told the poor fellow to turn over all his money, which amounted to only a quarter. The man was then driven to a remote spot, ordered to disrobe and forced to have sexual relations with the women.

The American Advertising Federation's version of the Oscar, the "Addy," is bestowed for designing the best product ad in the print medium. Chevron Chemical Company has been presented an "Addy" for its campaign to promote its once-obscure herbicide, paraquat. (This month's "Asshole of the Month," Dr. Peter Bourne, White House Special Assistant for Health Issues, has played a prominent role in the continued spraying of this lethal chemical on Mexico's marijuana crop--see page 15.)

Many banks have found a new way to relieve customer boredom and frustration during peak banking hours by having "attractive" women walking in the lobby and chatting with the customers to see if they can be of service. "American Banker" magazine writes that the women are not allowed to help with bank transactions, but are employed to distract customers so they won't realize how long they've been waiting in line.

Measurements for ladies' clothing are changing as a result of women's liberation. The gradual passing of the bra and girdle from the American scene has led Sears Roebuck and Company to change the standardized sizes of garments sold in its women's departments. Sears says the sizes and shapes of women aren't changing, but that the packaging procedures have. The demise of elastic undergarments means, for instance, that the new size 10 is a half-inch smaller in the bust line, a half-inch bigger in the hips and an inch wider in the waist. 

BACK ISSUES



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We still have a limited supply of back issues from the months listed below . . . Just fill out the coupon, or phone in your credit card order today.

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<input type="checkbox"/> SEP '74	<input type="checkbox"/> MAY '76	<input type="checkbox"/> MAR '77	<input type="checkbox"/> FEB '78
<input type="checkbox"/> DEC '74	<input type="checkbox"/> JUN '76	<input type="checkbox"/> APR '77	<input type="checkbox"/> MAR '78
<input type="checkbox"/> JAN '75	<input type="checkbox"/> JUL '76	<input type="checkbox"/> MAY '77	<input type="checkbox"/> APR '78
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<input type="checkbox"/> MAR '76	<input type="checkbox"/> JAN '77	<input type="checkbox"/> DEC '77	

I have checked ☐ '74 issues @ \$5 each; ☐ '75 issues @ \$3.25 each; ☐ '76 & '77 issues @ \$2.25 each, totaling \$
 (B.O.H.) The Best of HUSTLER #2 (#6102) @ \$2.95 each
☐ Aug. '77 issues (Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold) @ \$5 each
 Subtotal
 Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax
 Postage, handling and insurance

TOTAL \$

Signature, Date

Bits & Pieces

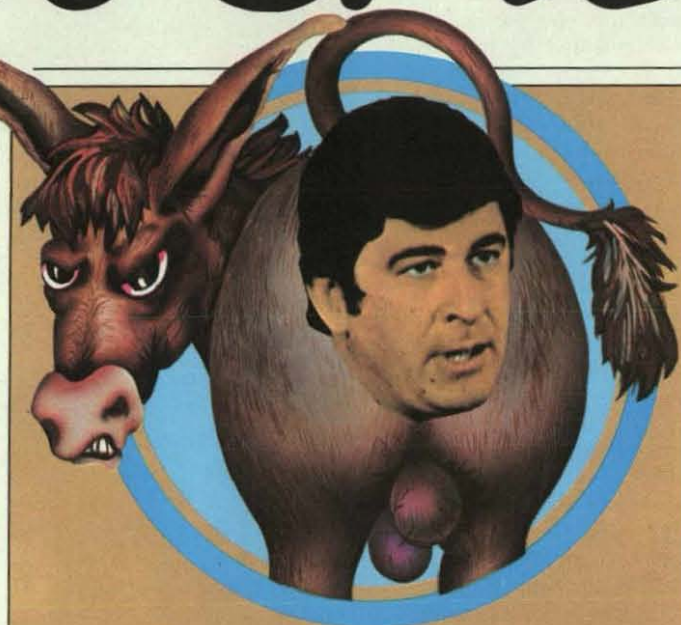
Jimmy Carter has called for the decriminalization of marijuana. Meanwhile, the yahoos of the Drug Enforcement Agency continue to aid and abet the spraying of the lung-destroying herbicide, paraquat, on the Mexican pot crop.

This is a rather paradoxical political reality: The United States government is now in the position of favoring the decriminalization of poisoned marijuana. We consider this to be an example of asshole politicking. And the voicebox behind this policy is Dr. Peter Bourne, the White House Special Assistant for Health Issues—our *Asshole of the Month*.

Paraquat is not simply a threat to the estimated 14 million marijuana smokers of America—it threatens the whole nation. Paraquated runoff waters seep into Mexico's fertile valleys, from which more than \$630-million worth of vegetables are imported each year by the United States.

Why, then, has Dr. Bourne been masking, downplaying and dawdling over the imminent danger? It's as though he thinks that if he doesn't notice the mounting paraquat protest, it will disappear. Shades of assholes Johnson and Nixon! Does Bourne think Americans are still fools enough to ignore whatever the government tells them to? Is he such an asshole that he fails to realize that the truth about paraquat will one day indict him for his inaction?

If judged solely by his ac-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

claimed Democratic-lefty past, he would prove to be a very unlikely Asshole candidate. After all, it was Dr. Bourne who spoke out in sympathy for war resisters even as a member of the Army Medical Research Team in Vietnam. In fact, Bourne's moral righteousness directed his life so fully that he came out in support of his fellow soldier, Captain Howard Levy, a doctor who was court-martialed for refusing to train Green Berets after calling them war criminals.

Bourne's career of mixing medicine with politics brought him in position to hype Jimmy Carter to the hipper elements of the Democratic Party; later he helped manage J.C.'s presidential campaign. Everyone,

including Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), was pleased when Carter put Bourne in charge of drug policy. The situation seemed auspicious: Bourne favored decriminalization, and he was a liberal (enlightened, apparently).

Bourne began to fall out of favor in February 1977, however. At that time NORML first advised him that herbicide-poisoned pot was reaching the U.S. market from Mexico. The presidential aide didn't really pursue the issue, saying later: "I really didn't think [paraquat] was a consequential problem."

Senator Charles Percy (Republican-Illinois), though, soon learned of the

paraquat problem and sent a letter of protest to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. Bourne, who certainly was aware of the potential danger at this point, might have stopped the spraying program and blamed it all on Nixon (who initiated it) and Ford (who continued it). Instead, he merely convened a conference at the White House on May 27 for various national agencies to discuss the issue.

In July, Percy complained to Bourne of delay and inaction. By December of that year 45 samples of confiscated Mexican weed were checked, of which six were found to be poisoned.

The government insisted on growing its own dope and then poisoning it for study. Finally, Bourne's office issued its findings, saying there was little, if any, danger posed by paraquat. In scientific terms, the report sharply conflicted with statements made by Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Joseph Califano. While Bourne's line camouflaged the issue, Califano explained to the public that 21 percent of Mexican marijuana samples seized after October 1976 were contaminated.

Ironically, the good doctor (who at the Free University of Palo Alto once taught a course called "General Health Care for Non-strights") is guilty of stonewalling the biggest mass poisoning ever to confront America. It is for this very reason that we make Dr. Peter Bourne our September *Asshole of the Month*.

—Robin Keats

UPDATE



CHARLES GALBREATH
HUSTLER: July '76
When Tennessee Judge Charles Galbreath wrote us

two years ago expressing his support, we published the letter in *Bits & Pieces*. The judge's logical, well-reasoned argument for allowing erotic materials was so good we wanted to share it with our readers.

Of course, our judicial system frowns on logic and reason in favor of something it doesn't like, and so Judge Galbreath has been under heavy pressure to leave his post. The last attempt to unseat him failed when the state senate couldn't muster the necessary two-thirds vote.



KILLER WEED

HUSTLER: August
We've learned that the U.S. government is suggesting that the marijuana defoliant paraquat be replaced with another herbicide, 2,4-D.

Government officials are asking that 2,4-D be combined with a coloring agent so that consumers can spot it in grass easily. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) claims 2,4-D is just as deadly as paraquat, and is attempting to block any sprayings in Mexico.



ANITA BRYANT
HUSTLER: July '77
Anita Bryant—our *Asshole of the Month* for July 1977—probably gets more

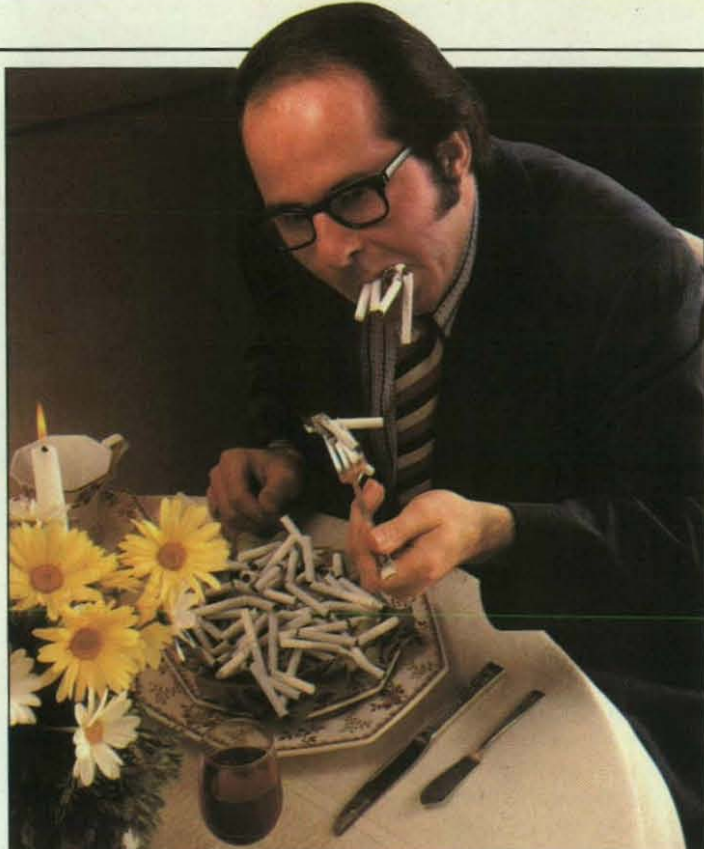
coverage than any other middle-aged, has-been singer around today. Her latest media boost comes from the readers of *Good Housekeeping*, who voted her 1978's Most Admired Woman. The O.J. Queen was cited for "her deep faith, her leadership and her courage to fight for her convictions." Of course, plenty of gays like Anita too. By encouraging women to trade in their diaphragms for Bibles, she's swelled the ranks of fagdom with loads of guys who just couldn't get sex any other way.

PROTEIN COUNTRY

Even if you'd look for this plate on the menu, we're sure you wouldn't find it. But in the near future the food you order may be augmented by tobacco—in another form, of course.

Benjamin Ershoff and Samuel Wildman, nutritionists at the University of California-Los Angeles, have learned that America's favorite smoke contains the most complete form of protein in the plant kingdom. They will soon be able to extract that by-product in quantity. Since the substance has no color, taste or odor, it can be discreetly added to most foods.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture can now turn tobacco subsidies to use in developing this process. The department has calculated that one acre could yield 3,000 pounds of protein per year when the process is complete. Officials hope that tobacco will eventually—perhaps within 25



years—provide protein for 30 million people.

Until that day comes along there's still only one way to

treat tobacco. No, don't start eating out of ashtrays. Just make sure you don't have any reason to use one.

WANTED: The Pursuit of Truth

WANTED

INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF THOSE PERSON OR PERSONS INVOLVED IN THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF LARRY FLYNT AND GENE REEVES NEAR THE LAWRENCEVILLE, GA. COURTHOUSE ON MARCH 6, 1978

\$25,000 REWARD

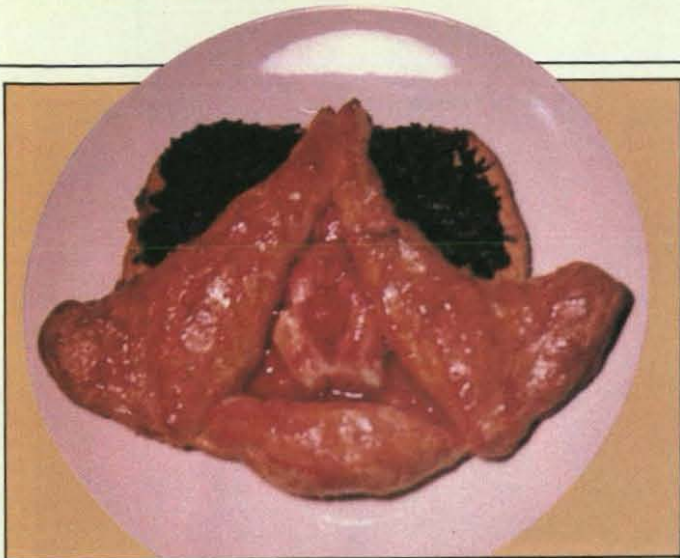
WILL BE PAID FOR THE ABOVE MENTIONED INFORMATION.

Adult Film Association of America
Legal Office: (212) 461-4668
ALL INFORMATION WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

When Larry Flynt was shot (see Ron Ridenour's exclusive report, beginning on page 40), the impact was felt throughout the erotic-entertainment industry. While most of the country was shocked and appalled, the Adult Film Association of America (AFAA) was spurred to action.

As a sign of support for Larry, the AFAA has put up a reward for information concerning the shooting. (Informants may contact the association's legal offices at 213-461-4668.) However, this valiant effort is receiving virtually no attention in the press. Attempts to place this ad in major newspapers like the *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times* have been unsuccessful, again demonstrating the media's lack of courage.

The AFAA acted on the suggestion of erotic filmmaker Jim Mitchell of San Francisco, who'd been impressed by a speech Larry had given at an AFAA convention a few months before being shot. Mitchell, and anyone who has been involved in the erotica industry for the past few years, knows that Larry Flynt has been a champion of their cause and that we're all together in fighting for our constitutional freedom to produce sexually explicit material. While we can't picture ourselves turning down ads like this should the publisher of the *New York Times* be gunned down, we realize that no one at the *Times* is ever going to piss off anyone in government or business who would want to have them shot.



PINK PLATE SPECIAL

Some mornings it's hard to face breakfast. But if you awoke to a Fertile Crescent, you'd soon find yourself licking your lips in anticipation. They come in many flavors, with cherry the favorite for first-timers. Glazed and moist, Fertile Crescents are the perfect climax to any meal, though most people agree it's best to dip your fork into their gooey center first thing in the a.m. So tomorrow ask for breakfast in bed—with Fertile Crescents, of course!

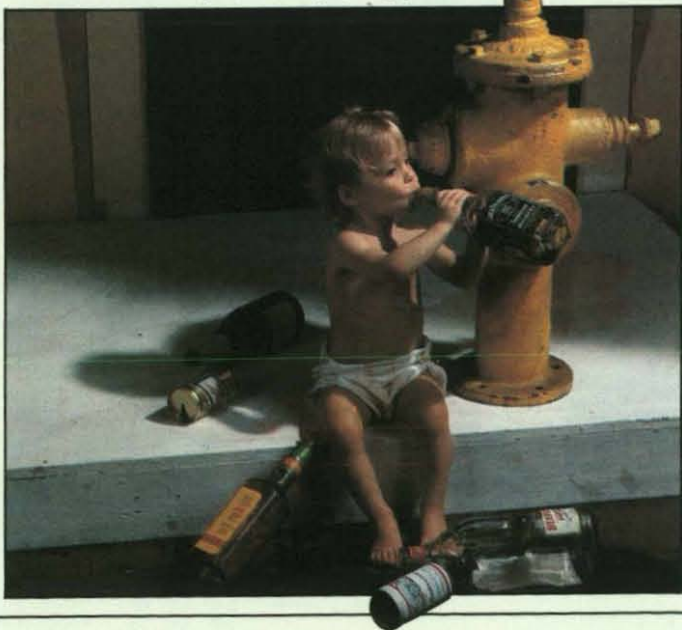
BOTTLE BABIES

Unless you've always wanted a baby pinhead, you mothers-to-be out there would be well-advised to lay off the sauce until after delivery. That's the conclusion of a recent University of Washington study on the Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. Among 70 babies born to moderate-drinking moms, nine showed at least two or more signs of the malady. These include narrow eyes, a tiny

skull, deformed features or a small overall size. A companion survey showed that of 62 tots whose mothers drank very little, only two had serious medical problems.

A related study, which traced the subsequent development of alkie's kids, found that many of the offspring displayed learning and behavioral difficulties as they were growing up.

Ultimately, since even drinking done *before* a woman knows she's pregnant can harm the fetus, the advice is obvious: If you're female and you suck a lot of booze, better stick to raising plants.



LUST IN SPACE



NASA's announcement that women astronauts will be blasting off within the next three years has led to a great deal of earthy speculation about what mixing the sexes in space will mean. Most people are wondering what men and women will do together in space, and we

figure that men and women in space will do the same thing they have always done on earth—they'll fight. But in the meantime, there's always a chance that the two sexes will get together for sex—something even Mr. Spock would agree is logical.



Call Girl

Everyone knows that a bright and happy telephone voice is an important tool in business and social relationships. What better way to put yourself in that mood than by placing a call while staring at a HUSTLER Honey?

According to the reader who

sent this in, it's easy. Since the surface surrounding the buttons on most phones is easily removable by pressing a tab, the surface can be used as a mount for photos. (You'll have to cut holes in the picture for the buttons.)

The phone-company people, no doubt, frown on these design improvements, but they'll have to admit that Ma Bell never looked so good.

Tie One On

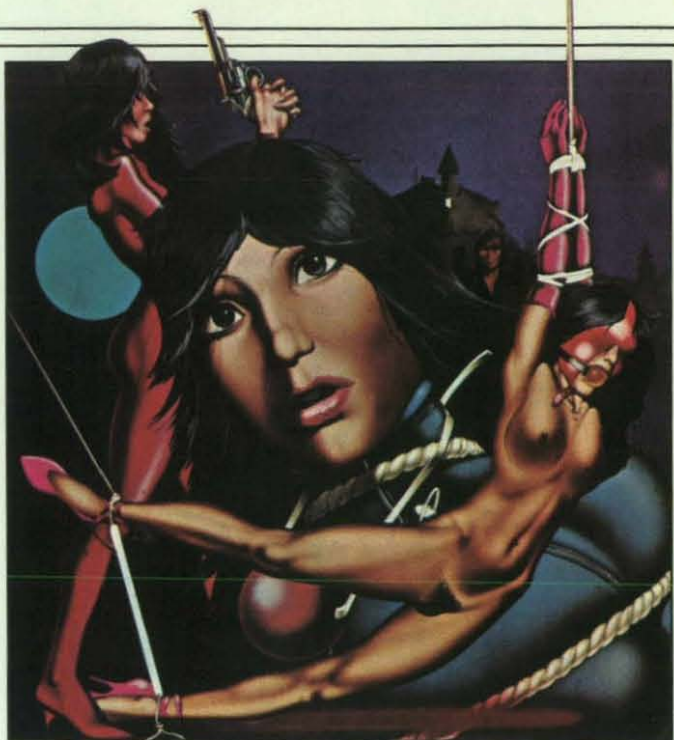
Sexual fantasies allow us to work out our kinkier desires mentally rather than making them happen in real life. Artist Bob Bishop takes bondage fantasies and elevates them into the world of art.

Now that Bishop's work is getting national attention (HUSTLER, November 1977), his past efforts are becoming easier to obtain. For example, *The Complete Fanni Hall, 1971-76* is his latest release from House of Milan Corporation (P.O. Box 24080, Los Angeles, California 90024), which is charging \$6 for the volume (plus \$1 postage and handling).

Fanni Hall, Bishop's only

regular character, goes from one ball-gag to another in her series of erotic bondage encounters. Originally published as a series in *Knotty*, this book combines the black-and-white art in a 64-page glossy format, with full-color covers and a center-fold by the Bishop.

This is one of the least expensive bondage books we've seen come out recently, and since it's Bishop's work, you can count on getting your money's worth. One hopes that House of Milan will sell enough of these to spring for production of a full-color volume featuring Bishop's touch. It's bound to be good.



CHERRY PIE

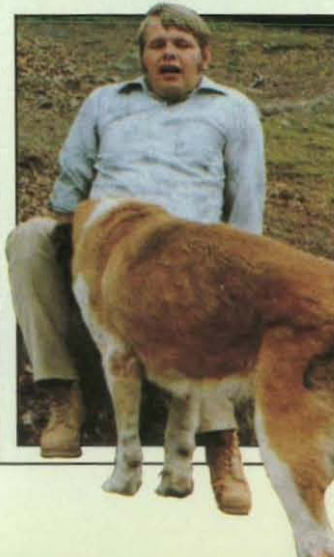


There's something about this album cover (left) that doesn't catch your eye at first. It appears to be a simple painting illustrating a release by the now-defunct group Mom's Apple Pie. But take just a sec to check out the details (insert). That's right—what you're looking for has something to do with the pie. Notice where a slice has been removed? You've found it. Why, that isn't Mom's apple pie—it must be her cherry.



GIVE THE DOG A BONE

Isn't it great to enjoy nature? Often a man and his dog are closest during those times when they're alone for a stroll in the forest—perhaps on a sultry summer's day. They can get down to the things they like best: raising a bird from a bush or shooting off a few rounds of white-hot lead. So the next time your dog wants a little workout, don't get caught with your pants down. Have a nice spot picked out where you can give him a treat better than doggy chow. He'll love you for it.



MOVING VIOLATION

Who hasn't had the embarrassing experience of charging into a public john somewhere only to find you have to pay a toll to use the Hershey Highway? Pennsylvania has taken action on the subject, requiring by law that every rest room have at least one free john.

Are you tired of climbing over stall doors and learning you have to pay to get paper? We at HUSTLER think it's time to tip over a few outhouses in the cause of fecal freedom. If you're tired of this shit, write your state legislators and give them some straight poop on the local coin-operated sewer systems. In the meantime, flush a tampon for freedom!



DAIRY QUEEN

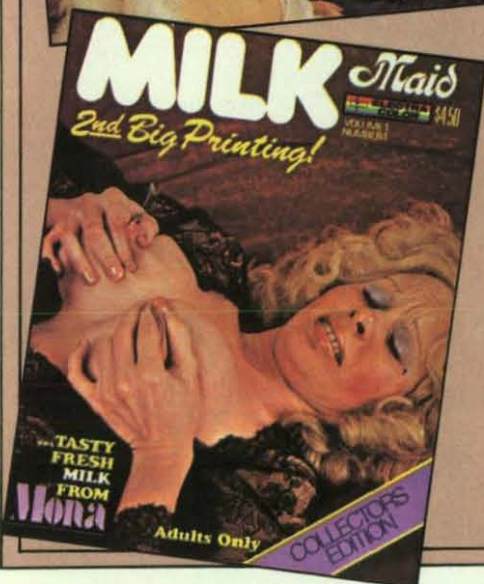
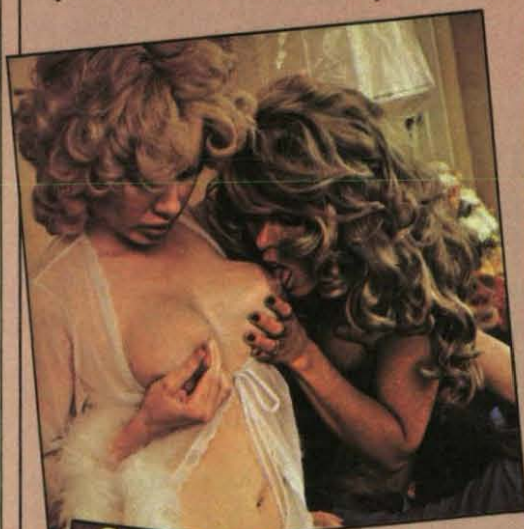
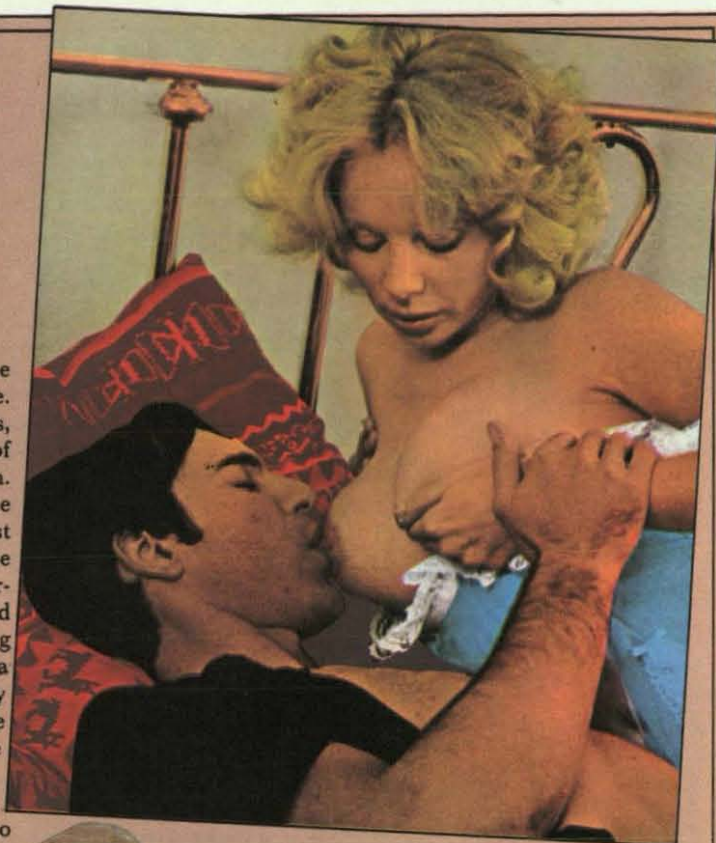
This chick with the trick tits is featured in a one-shot magazine called *Milk Maid* (\$4.50 from Golden State News, 1779 West Adams Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90018). At first, *Milk Maid* seems to cater to the unweaned pap fetishist—the guy who gets nothing but a dry nip when he sucks his girl's tits. But a healthy interest in lactating women is definitely something more than a simple fetish.

Until the modern introduction of chemical substitutes, mother's milk was the source of life. So now that Carnation has replaced Mom (for most of us),

it's not surprising that we'd be attracted by pictures like these.

They offer more than big tits, representing the final stage of the miracle of reproduction. Perhaps they remind us of the security of infancy, but at least they should point out the ability of the human race to survive without supermarkets and electric mixers. And being turned on by the beauty of a biological function is only natural. To consider it repulsive is the only unnatural response to these photos.

In any case, a peek at this homogenized honey is sure to make you miss Mom.



SOUL ON ICE



If this were some jokester's idea of a "vegetable bin" for storing aged relatives, it still wouldn't be as weird as what this actually represents.

When the Reverend Daniel Aaron Rogers's mother died last Groundhog's Day, he had her frozen and kept in a freezer at a local mortuary in Missouri. Nothing kinky was intended; rather, the reverend had set forth on a noble venture: to raise his mother from the dead to "encourage a lot of people to believe in Christ."

One thousand followers waited out the Reverend Rogers's first attempt on March 13. After two hours of praying and singing, the reverend got not so much as a wink from Mom. The same discouraging results obtained on Easter and the following Tuesday.

The health department finally demanded that Mom be laid to rest, and the two-month-old bloated corpse went to its cold, cold grave in the largest coffin in Missouri history. After another month she might have required a panel truck. Well, that's life.



Nose Job

The latest development in the world of contraceptives is apparently nothing to sneeze at. A synthetic hormone similar to that used in the Pill has been administered through a nasal spray to rhesus monkeys, and scientists claim success at this stage of the venture.

We're still not sure what style of container the nasal contraceptives will be sold in, but we do see a drawback to this particular design. Pump the tube too hard, and you face a big mess.



FOOD STUFFS

Artist Doug Johns has proven he knows that when using ordinary materials an artist must create an absurd image to catch people's eyes. And when dealing with ordinary images, using absurd materials is the natural key to success.

Mutual Masturbation in Bagel, Cream Cheese and Lox (using those items) is Johns's latest attempt to combine the ordinary to produce an unexpected image. Johns is best known for his sculptures—not cast molds, mind you, but sculptures—of vaginas.

This piece was showcased in Volume 2 of *Puritan* (\$7.95 single copy from 834 Hamilton Mall, Allentown, Pennsylvania 18101), the hard-core sex magazine we previewed in our October 1977 issue. It's good to see that *Puritan* has carried over into its second quarterly volume the eye toward erotic art and humor it expressed in its premier issue.

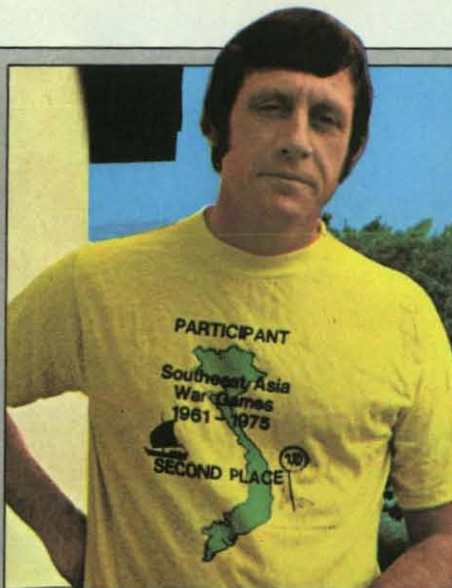
Unfortunately, Johns's sculpture was greedily consumed by its original viewers, and all that remains of his artistic taste is a simple photo.

HUSTLER has always kept its eye on America's media. In Press Report we hope to continue this watchdog policy, covering developments—both good and bad—in this ever-changing field. We only know what we are told, and it's up to all of us to make sure we're told the truth.

As a soldier, Bruce Browne was awarded an Air Medal, Navy Commendation Medal, Navy Achievement Medal, Vietnam Gallantry Cross and 11 Vietnam campaign medals. But the copter-crew-chief-turned-T-shirt-designer is currently being treated like an enemy by service newspapers and some civilian papers as well.

In late 1977 Browne began advertising "Participant" T-shirts like the one shown here in *Navy Times*, *Army Times* and *Air Force Times*. Everyone from privates to generals enjoyed the satire on the war that Browne had so cleverly put on the shirts. But those notorious fun-haters at the Pentagon put a stop to the advertising campaign.

Joe Thompson, who emerged from Vietnam with a 100-percent disability, decided



UNOFFICIAL UNIFORMS

to sell Browne's T-shirt designs from his store in Cadillac, Michigan. His advertising campaign went about as far as Browne's, except that Thompson had the distinct privilege of being a victim of ad censors at the *Detroit Free Press*, *Wall Street Journal*, *New York Times*, *Detroit News*, *Chicago Tribune* and *Playboy*.

Thompson summed it all up by saying, "Ten years ago all the papers were really antiwar. But ten years later I guess they would just as soon forget the whole thing."

Browne hasn't forgotten, and rather than let some stuffed-shirts in the newspaper business get him down, he's added to his line of wares. For those fortunate enough not to have served in Nam, but unfortunate enough to have had their tax dollars used to support the war, Browne is also offering a shirt with the word "Taxpayer" rather than "Participant."

The shirts are available for \$6.95 postpaid from Logos Ltd., P.O. Box 33, Bonita, California 92002, in sizes small through extra-large and in yellow and blue.



WISFUL THINKING

Doctors D. R. Logan and Allan R. Staib of the University of Houston claim their use of hypnosis on women has resulted in an average breast enlargement of 1.58 inches. Dr. Richard D. Willard of the Institute of Behavioral and Mind Sciences reports a 1.37-

inch bazoom-growth rate using a similar technique. Increased warmth and blood-flow are credited with making the mind-over-matter mammary enlargements a success.

We'll be keeping an eye out for further developments. If any of you would like to try this method in the meantime, make sure you hire a hypnotist with two eyes. Otherwise, you'll find it difficult trying to patch up your differences later.

ADS WE'D LIKE TO SEE #8:

POOPERS



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Uh-oh! Looks like Little Tommy's dominatrix used old-fashioned seep-through cotton diapers, the kind that drip doodie like a tea strainer. Lucky thing for Bernard, his

dom used Poopers. Bernie actually shit in his diaper three days ago, but Poopers keep that nasty ass pabulum from plopping all over Mommy's clean floors.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For September, \$100 and thanks to Jeff S. Hart, M. D. Christian, Paul Collins, John Giani, Lance Churchill and Doug VanderBoegh.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine*, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Two at a Time? My perfect man and I have been living together for a year and a half. I have been sexually active since I was 15 (I'm 23 now), but I've never achieved more than one orgasm during intercourse. My partner and I are baffled. Can you help us understand what the problem is?

B. K.
Warren, Michigan

The ability to have multiple orgasms is dependent on a subtle mixture of physiology, mood, culture and upbringing. Selection of the "perfect mate" is not the only important factor. Studies show that only about one in seven women your age is able to effect the right combination of those elements and thereby achieve multiple orgasms.

The physiological factors, such as muscularity or central nervous system disorders, might physically prevent multiple orgasms. Experts feel, however, that most women are physically capable of experiencing multiple orgasms but fail to do so because of other reasons. Psychological attitudes built in from childhood (e.g., that it is unfeminine for a woman to enjoy sex) or even the slightest distraction may be enough to prevent success.

When you are with your lover, have him engage in foreplay right after your first orgasm. If a woman can maintain her sexual excitement at what is called the plateau level, she should be able to achieve a second orgasm within a few minutes. The plateau level is described as a high level of effective stimulation: sexual tension is increased, and the desire to relieve those tensions becomes so intense that the result is orgasm.

Contraceptive Controversy: With all the adverse side effects of the usual contraceptives (such as the Pill and the IUD) coming to light, I've been looking for a new method. I've heard of a drug called Depo-Provera, which is injected every three months, and was wondering if you have any information on it.

P. P.
Los Angeles, California

This particular drug is marketed for treatment of uterine cancer and was dispensed by some doctors for birth-control purposes only because of a loophole in FDA regulations. The FDA has recently disapproved the use of it as a contraceptive. There is evidence that the drug has potentially harmful side effects, including indefinite sterility (after discontinuing use of the drug it takes between eight months and two years before fertility returns). It has also been linked to severe

depression and heavy and irregular bleeding. The Upjohn Company, manufacturer of Depo-Provera, is expected to appeal the FDA decision, an action that would result in government hearings and further testing.

Nasal Sex: My problem is, I think, rather unique. To state it briefly, I'm really turned on by nose hair. I've actually experienced erections while working at my job as a male secretary at a local shop that repairs and fits eyeglasses. I'm often in a position to observe the intricate patterns of hair in a patron's nostrils. This obsession has cost me the affections of several women I really cared about. As soon as I felt the relationship was secure enough, I revealed my secret passion by rubbing my penis along their nose and nose hair. Each one gradually eased out of the relationship; some even refused to talk to me. How prevalent is this fetish, and are there any organizations or magazines that cater to nose-hair people?

G. D.
Du Bois, Pennsylvania

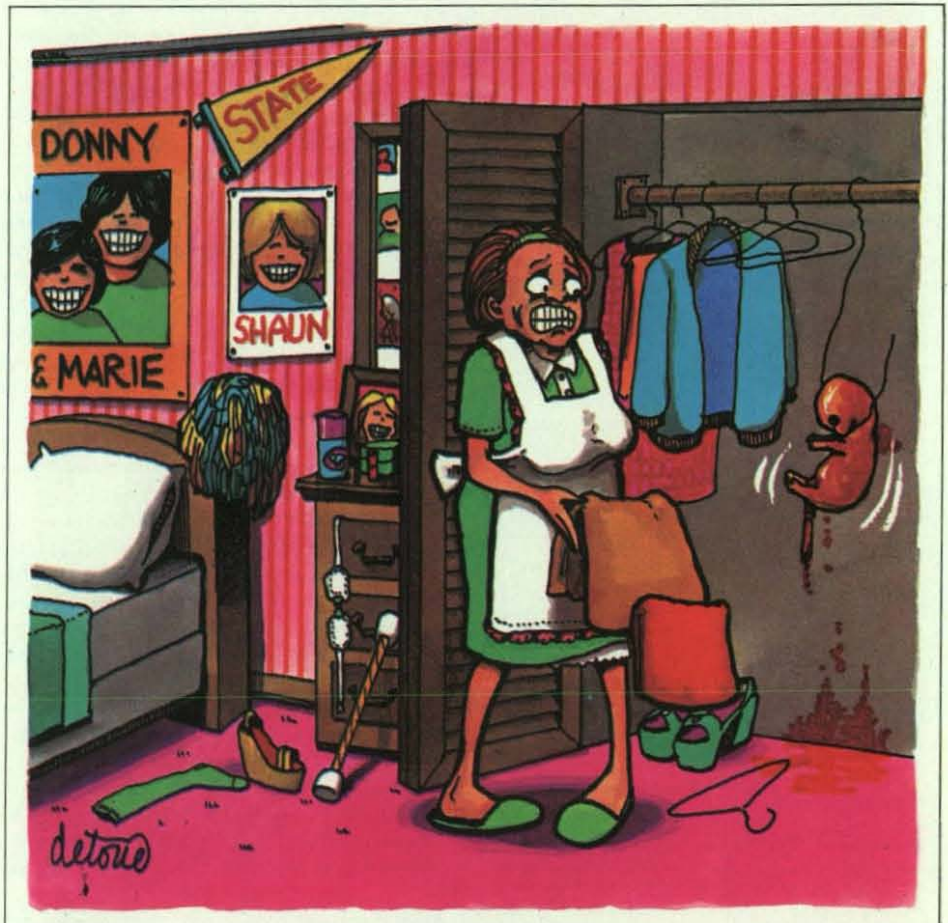
Attraction to nasal hair is such a specialized fetish that we are sorry to report no known organizations or magazines dealing specifically with it. But keep searching—somewhere in the world is a girl who will love you for the fact that you love her ample, silky, bushy nose hair.

Friends and Lovers: Wayne has been my best buddy for a couple of years now. When he first introduced me to his mother, I had the weirdest feeling that she was turned on by me. I came home from college once to visit him, unannounced. Since Wayne wasn't home at the time, his mother insisted I wait for him. She left the room momentarily and came back nude. She threw herself at me and, well, I went along with her. We both lost track of the time, and Wayne caught us. He threatened to kill me. I've managed to stay clear of him so far, but I know eventually he'll catch up with me. I mention his name in the hopes that somehow he'll read this, realize what happened was unintentional and forgive me.

D. J.
Trinidad, Colorado

And we are printing your letter in the hope he'll realize you and his mother are both adult human beings beset by the same weaknesses we all are.

Orgasmic Nipples: A man can tell if a woman has had an orgasm by the erection of her nipples. I think something's wrong with me because my nipples don't react the way they're supposed to. I tried masturbating, and only one of my nipples stood erect. Another time, neither of them stood at attention. I'm afraid my husband is going to start



Mane Concern



Though you may be enjoying a full luxuriant head of hair today, there is no assurance that you will continue to produce healthy scalp cells and hair growth to maintain your present youthful appearance.

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thinking that I've been faking my orgasms. I'm worrying myself sick over this. Could I profit from a trip to the doctor?

S. T.

Mount Hope, West Virginia

Don't worry. Your condition isn't terminal. Actually, you don't have a condition at all. If you continue to worry over something so trivial, you will have to go to a doctor—a psychiatrist. Usually, the most noticeable response of the breasts to sexual stimulation is nipple erection. But there are exceptions to every rule.

Just before and during orgasm the areolae (the dark area surrounding each nipple) become so enlarged that they partially cover the erect nipples, and on some women this gives the illusion that nipple erection has been lost. If your husband worries about it so much that he thinks you're faking orgasm, take him to the doctor.

Solar Perplexities: After working so many years to be able to afford a home, last winter's gas bill almost made me give it all up. Is solar energy a way to beat the gas company? Or is that all just a hype? Can the individual little guy get into it without wasting a fortune?

D. S.

Cairo, Illinois

It is still not economical for the individual homeowner to install a solar-energy system that would carry an existing home's entire heating load. To do it yourself, you'd have to have the engineering background to know your home's heating and heat-storage capabilities, and have a fair knowledge of plumbing and construction techniques. It is possible at this time, though, to build in your own workshop flat solar plate collectors, which can be used to heat your water. To find out how to do this, write the Environmental Information Center, 935 Orange Avenue, Suite E, Winter Park, Florida 32789. (The center asks that you enclose a \$2.50 donation.)

If you do decide that you'll eventually want to install a complete system, there are some things you can be doing in the meantime. Energy-saving home improvements will pave the way for a future solar-energy setup. A \$1.70 booklet, "In the Bank or up the Chimney," is available from the U.S. Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C. You can check with a nearby college, university or even adult-education program at the local high school to see if a solar-energy course is offered.

In the near future there may be federal tax credits or deductions for the individual who installs or buys solar heating or cooling equipment. Some states have already begun offering tax breaks to such homeowners. And as more people realize that the utility companies are screwing the public and begin to do something about it by using the sun's energy, the costs will come down even more. We'll probably never put the utility companies out of business, but we sure can try.

Anal Arousal: I once read that using something in a man's rectum would put pressure

on the prostate and give him a good orgasm. I tried a small vibrator; it felt great and it worked fine. I bought an eight-inch dildo for my wife, and found that I enjoyed it too. But I'm starting to worry—am I becoming a faggot by continuing this activity?

T. W.

Smithfield, North Carolina

It is the choice of partner, not technique, that is the determinant of homosexuality. You have simply discovered and come to enjoy a technique that many heterosexual couples won't try because of the very worry you expressed or because of the aesthetic objections. The anus has a high degree of erotic sensitivity, and stimulation of the prostate can produce a particularly long and intense orgasm. Relax your sphincters and enjoy.

Junk-Food Jitters: Please settle an argument that's been going on between me and my wife for a couple of years. Ever since our son started going to school it seems he eats nothing but junk food. He buys junk at lunch and seems to crave nothing else. We go through a screaming match every night to get him to eat meat, fish, vegetables, fruit—anything but his standard fare of potato chips, popcorn and corn chips. Besides his weird food cravings, his personality has changed. He's a hyper, tantrum-throwing kid who used to be quiet and polite. I'm for taking him to a psychiatrist, but my wife insists it's just a phase. What should we do?

R. H.

Chicago, Illinois

Help him to change his eating habits, and the tantrums and hyperactivity may simply disappear. The Journal of the American Medical Association reports that undernourished schoolchildren do show behavioral changes such as irritability and hyperactivity. Inadequate intake of calories and protein can cause those symptoms and others, such as fatigue and headaches. Such signs that something is awfully wrong with one's diet "may also occur following carbohydrate consumption if there has been a deficit in total caloric and protein intake over a period of hours," says the Journal. When given a choice, a child will naturally take the delicious over the nutritious. Pack your son's lunches for him, and give him just enough money for bus fare and a phone call.

Young Boys: Is it possible for a nine- or ten-year-old boy to ejaculate? A homosexual acquaintance of mine told me he had felated boys that young who were able to come. I don't believe it because I was never able to climax until I was 13. Is my friend putting me on?

A. A.

West Bradenton, Florida

First, let us warn you that your friend is a child molester as far as the law and society are concerned. Homosexuals of his ilk are responsible for the stigma that follows all gays and results in



"Come home, dear. Let us have you deprogrammed."

campaigns like Anita Bryant's. He could also easily end up in prison for his activities.

In answer to your question, yes, it is possible for boys that age to ejaculate. Boys of today often reach puberty faster than males in previous generations. Puberty has been starting earlier and earlier, largely (it is believed) because of better living standards, higher nutritional levels and better physical and psychological environments.

Making Waves: My mother-in-law insists she knows the answer to my problems. I work and don't always have the time to cook up elaborate dinners for her son. She is sure that a microwave oven is just the thing. We get along just fine without one. She's making a family feud of it. Is there some way I can convince her to drop the subject?

H. B.
St. Paul, Minnesota

You could try telling her that besides it being none of her business, her suggestion may do more harm in the long run. A recent government study shows that the American family may need protection from the low-level radiation that bombards them daily. The artificial forms of radiation produced by microwave ovens, televisions, X-ray machines and airport metal detectors—to name just a few sources—expose us to more radiation than even the sun does. Radiation from these sources may or may not be more damaging than natural radiation, and it may or may not be absorbed and retained by the body, but no one really knows that for sure yet. If this argument

doesn't convince her, tell your mother-in-law that more American wives are now working than ever before, that it costs more to feed a family and that more Americans now eat out more often.

First Things First: I don't think my girlfriend has orgasms. She was a virgin when we first started having sex about a year ago. She says that she likes having sex with me and that it feels good when I eat her out. But she's not sure what orgasms are supposed to feel like. She hasn't yet done anything about birth control, so I pull out right before I climax. She's shy, so the idea of going to a birth-control clinic doesn't thrill her, though she's nervous about getting pregnant. (I don't blame her for her attitude about birth control—the Pill causes all sorts of problems, the diaphragm isn't 100-percent safe, and I don't like rubbers at all.) What do we do about the main problem—her not having orgasms? And how do we find a safe, effective form of contraception?

E. R.
Pensacola, Florida

You and your girlfriend must solve the contraceptive problem before you can hope to solve the "main problem." If she's nervous about getting pregnant and is concentrating on whether you'll be able to pull out before ejaculating, then of course she is not going to be able to achieve orgasm. No birth-control method is completely foolproof, nor are they all convenient. But even the Pill and IUD are relatively "safe" when

compared to the risk of death from pregnancy and childbirth. (More women between the ages of 15 and 40 die from pregnancy or childbirth than from any of the prevalent birth-control methods.)

If you absolutely refuse to use condoms, you're going to have to talk her out of being too shy to go to a clinic. Or perhaps she'd be more comfortable going to a private physician. If not, she should use an over-the-counter contraceptive foam. Foam is not considered to be as effective as other methods, but it is better than no protection.

Of course, she can practice bringing herself to orgasm by masturbating. Most women find this a successful technique. But your girl will never be able to relax enough to learn what orgasm feels like unless she uses some form of contraception.

Organ Donor: During a recent physical the doctor discovered that I was endowed with three testicles. I didn't want to ask, but does this mean I should be more potent than the standard male? If not, is there any known need for a transplant? Could I give my "spare" to someone in need of a nut?

C. Z.
Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania

Such a transplant has been performed between twin brothers. (They were identical twins; one of the brothers was normal, while the other had no testes.) It will be a few years yet before the medical world will be ready for your kind of organ donor. And an extra testicle will not affect your potency (the ability to obtain and maintain an erection), though it may result in a higher sperm count than normal, thus positively affecting your fertility. But for the most part you should just consider it an extra added attraction.

Eternal Triangle: I've been married for almost a year, and I love my wife very much. Recently I met one of her best friends. Not only have we gotten it on sexually, but this lady says she loves me. What's worse is, I think I might love her too. I don't know what to do. I don't want to lose my wife, but I don't want to lose the other chick either.

M. B.
Barberton, Ohio

One of the latest sex surveys is *Beyond the Male Myth*, by Dr. Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer (reviewed in *Media Takes*, *HUSTLER*, August). It reports that the younger the man, the less likely he is to believe in being faithful to his wife. And about half of all married men, according to other surveys, actually do cheat on their wives. (This is not to say that society condones such behavior.)

Eventually, you must give one up or you'll run the risk of losing them both. And probably you will soon discover (if you haven't already) that an affair causes headaches and complications in your life despite the thrill and intrigue involved. You may be "in love" with the subterfuge and the sexual variety, rather than with the woman herself. Moreover, there may be deep-seated problems in your marriage. In time the guilt and deception may take their toll on both of your relationships. See a marriage counselor or psychologist.



MEDIA TAKES

MOVIES

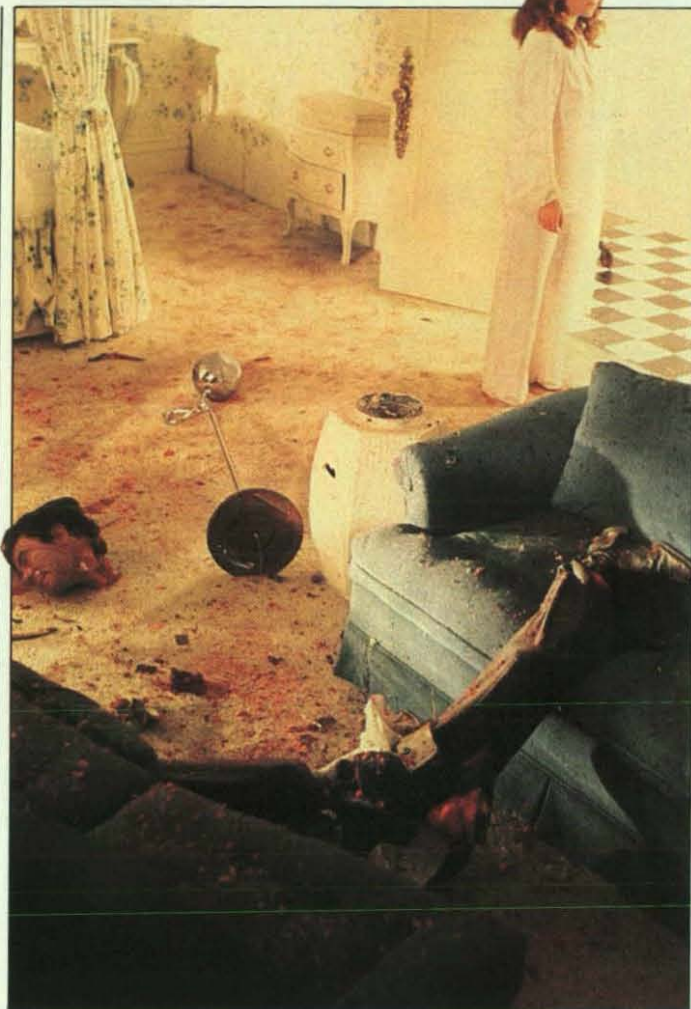
by Al Goldstein

Horror films are meant to frighten the shit out of us, just as stag films are supposed to turn us on. No matter how diluted or sublimated the fear we experience in the theater, it's still one of the most intense emotional reactions we are capable of feeling.

Unfortunately, it's getting harder and harder to scare the American public, particularly in this violent age—marked by an upswing in terrorism and legalized mayhem on our highways, with more than 40,000 motorists killed annually. Things that made us shiver 60 years ago have now lost their power to horrify. As a result, not only have comic strips grown progressively more ferocious, but so have the type of "fright" films that we used to watch as 14-year-olds on Saturday afternoons.

Some of the critics of horror movies have condescendingly referred to them as "psychotherapy for the masses," while other horror-film loathers have attacked them for their alleged incitement to crime. The stupidity of this kind of criticism is strikingly similar to the generally asinine attacks on pornography. Both are based on the erroneous assumption that viewing something socially "undesirable" on film or reading it in print will automatically lead to corresponding antisocial behavior. The deluded critics of horror films labor under the misconception that the consumers of these films are irrevocably bound to commit the same crimes they see on the screen. This, of course, is balderdash.

I feel that today's younger generation is being cheated by having to watch classic cinematic chillers on the tube. Most Americans who see horror films on home TV aren't really giving themselves the opportunity to be genuinely scared out of their skins. Watching a scary movie on television is like drinking a choice Bordeaux out of a Dixie cup. It's asking too



'The Fury': Exciting and volatile shocker, though a bit unbelievable.

In this section we not only review films, books and the media in America today, but also comment on the state of the art with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. As always, we'll present films, books and media items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers.

much of us to be shocked by TV in our homes when the ease of exit to another room is so obvious, and when the already-low level of attention paid the small screen is so susceptible to all sorts of outside distractions.

On the other hand, the spectator in a movie theater has two distinct choices: He can either watch the movie, which means that he's sitting there as a passive spectator who's being actively worked on by the stimuli of the onscreen action; or he can leave his seat and flee the theater, which most of us are too cheap to do. This rapport between spectator and spectacle is almost nonexistent in television viewing, but in that darkened movie theater it's

as if we were five-year-olds again—lost in a world of shadows and nightmares, gradually allowing ourselves to be pulled into a frenzy of destruction and terror.

That's the mood you'll be in when you watch *The Fury*. It's the latest shocker from Brian DePalma, the young, Hitchcock-influenced director who created that little jewel of a pulse-raiser called *Carrie*. In *The Fury*, DePalma works with a larger canvas as he propels us into a world of telekinesis and extrasensory perception. He also throws in a bit of father/son love, which helps explain some of the motivations of the main character, a defrocked secret agent played by the strikingly

well-preserved Kirk Douglas.

The movie's plot is about as cohesive as a child's burp, but nevertheless, *The Fury* offers its audience a surprising ration of fascination. However, a disturbing implausibility occurs when the head of the U.S. government's secret intelligence organization (played darkly by John Cassavetes) seems to go to unnecessary lengths to send out an invading army of fake terrorists to cloak a murder attempt in a kind of organized legitimacy (or, in this case, illegitimacy). Simply poisoning Douglas would have been much more efficient. As fucked-up as we know the CIA to be, even it wouldn't have engaged in this kind of foolish charade.

A second implausibility occurs in a different portion of the flick. As a hostile group tries to harm Douglas's son, we are left in constant amazement that, with his ability to read minds, the son doesn't know what's going on and in fact seems as out of the current scene as a skid-row wino.

Believability problems notwithstanding, *The Fury* is an exciting and enthralling film. Moreover, the superpowerful, Peckinpah ending reaffirms my theory that to bring any kind of horror to today's American filmgoing public you almost have to blow up the theater.

Another example of horrific overkill takes place in *The Medusa Touch*, a thrill-packed nail-biter starring Richard Burton and Lee Remick, and directed by Jack Gold. The film is the story of a man who can work his will on the world but who does it in a nihilistic way. Burton makes 747s crash, has a car run over his mother and father, and conjures up enough earthquakes, fires and other catastrophes to make hell seem idyllic.

Gold's film has a powerful level of acceptability and is far superior to *The Fury*, although I'd recommend both. Burton's galvanizing performance and *The Medusa Touch's* eerie plot combine to make the viewer feel as if he were a child again, watching (with ever-increasing apprehension) the shadows of darkness approach.

EROTIC FILMS

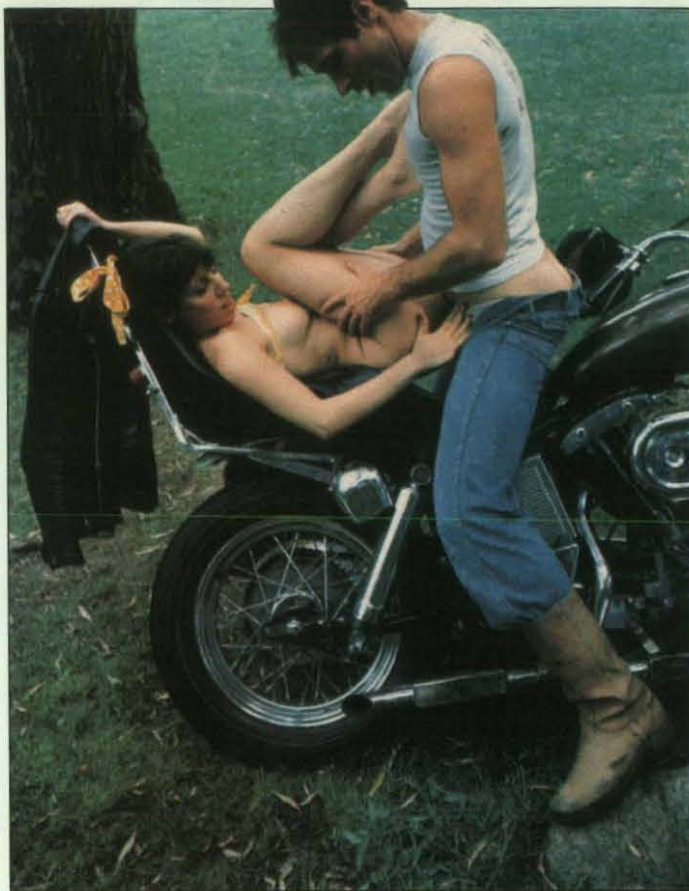
Man does not live by bread alone; sometimes he has to turn to boobs, babes and the bawdy. As we don't want to frighten the *HUSTLER* reader into thinking we are merely stroking his cerebrum and cerebellum and won't stroke his sex drive, this section of *Media Takes* will, we hope, direct you to the very best in erotic film fare.

Take Off

Put yourself, if you will, in my position: Your best friend, Bob Sumner, calls you on the phone and wants to know your reaction to his new porn film, *Take Off*. Well, you silently ruminate, he's used to a big budget; he's cast a large group of good-looking people; and he's hired Armand Weston, one of porn's more creative directors. Moreover, you remind yourself, he's also the distributor of *S.O.S.*, a film in which you have a financial interest. Thus, your relationship is both financial and social. So if you're as tactlessly stupid as I am, you have to tell your friend the truth—that, in your opinion, *Take Off* is a near-total disappointment.

The major problem with *Take Off*, a stag-film version of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, is that it takes an active stance—one of pretension and self-conscious superiority to the rest of the erotic-film market. It's almost as if *Take Off*'s creators were trying to make a film with enough snob appeal to play in one of New York City's posh East Side theaters while writing off the hard-core faithful who want little more than fodder for their masturbatory fantasies. Granted, a lot of people don't like bona fide hard-core pornography, and for these lust-loathing legions this film's tongue-in-cheek campiness is the perfect cushion for its occasional explicit sex scenes. But I like my raunch reels full of gusto and enthusiasm, and all I got in *Take Off* is a rather inhibited brand of sexuality.

In fact, the greatest inhibitor of sexuality in *Take Off* is its solution to the age-old dilemma of whether eroticism and humor can coexist in the same movie. The film almost seems to be saying, "To hell with the








'Take Off': Two-seater cycle stunts lead to a quick lube job and fill-up.

raunch—let's just play it for laughs." Though the film is witty and more innovative than most celluloid erotica, the prurient price paid is prohibitive. *Take Off* gives only a cursory bow in the direction of pornography, and does it almost apologetically. As far as you beer-drinking, sleaze-loving masses are concerned, this film is way off base with its high-brow cleverness at the expense of true titillation.

A prime example of *Take Off*'s less-than-lustiness is its total waste of Annette Haven, my favorite porn goddess and winner of *HUSTLER*'s Best Actress Award (April 1978). She is used more as a character actress than as a porn star, and her limited sex footage is perfunctory and almost boring. More waste is made of the male lead, Wade Nichols, who plays Darrin Blue. Nichols's plastic performance is so devoid of

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.


human emotion that R2D2, the whirring, bleeping robot of *Star Wars*, could probably do better—even in the boudoir.

Fortunately, not all of *Take Off*'s cast are yawn-inducers. Leslie Bovee, the film's leading lady, combines exuberant lustiness with some fine acting, and Georgina Spelvin, the old reliable of porn, is very effective in the role of Henrietta Wilde. And, of course, there's Bruce Long, the winner of *Screw's* "Sex Star Sweepstakes," whose reward was a plane ticket from California to New York and a leading role in this film. Bruce does himself proud as he gets a blow job and eats some truly tasty pussy.

However, even Bruce's enthusiasm can't save *Take Off* from tedium. The movie seems endlessly long, and the "surprise" ending (which is supposed to pack a huge wallop) has been so telegraphed in the beginning that there is no tension or genuine surprise left at the end. In addition, the loud music that intrudes upon what sexual footage there is becomes definitely destructive. At least the torpid pacing is redeemed somewhat by the excellent use of monotone flashback scenes, which demonstrate the film's high level of professionalism.

But, as we all know too well, pyrotechnics alone do not a fine fuck film make. No doubt, pretentious Andrew Sarris of the *Village Voice* would enjoy *Take Off*, with its constant references to Humphrey Bogart and other great film stars. But, as for myself, I was left pining for a good, stiff shot of raunch—one that *Take Off* couldn't deliver.

Fiona on Fire

 *Fiona on Fire*, another interesting fuck film I saw the same week as *Take Off*, is better than most. *Fiona* has some good-looking gash, including the beautiful, blond Amber Hunt in the title role, the dignified Gloria Leonard and the finely tooled Marlene Willoughby. Jamie Gillis also stars and successfully controls his proclivity toward overacting in the role of Steven Forneau, Fiona's fiancé.

With its convoluted plot (based on the film classic *Laura*), *Fiona* is a bewildering



'Fiona': Head-on confrontation in this hard-on-inducing whodunit.

whodunit (killed Fiona, that is), in which the suspects are thrown at us as quickly as Joe McCarthy used to find red herrings. And, as in the plot of the original, there are more holes in *Fiona* than in a 30-year-old demolition-derby car.

For example, in the opening scene we see Fiona in full-fuck with Steven. A key silently unlocks the front door, and a shadowy figure steals upstairs; as Fiona steps into the shower, the intruder follows. A shotgun barrel points at her head. *Blam!* *Blam!*—Fiona's face is restructured by buckshot. Poor Fiona!

The creaky vehicle for the ensuing story line is Fiona's diary, which provides the lascivious meat for the film. As each new part of Fiona's horny sex life is unearthed in her journal, another suspect is brought in for questioning by Lieutenant Wilbur Davis (Sam Dean), the detective assigned to the case. One by one, each sordid detail of Fiona's carnal couplings is replayed via flashbacks as the lieutenant interrogates the latest alleged perpetrator. One or more of these people killed Fiona—or did they? Or is Fiona really dead at all? Frankly, my dears, I didn't really give a damn.

Fortunately, *Fiona* is blessed with several steamy scenes. In a very hot one, Marlene Wiloughby, who plays Jamie Gillis's sister, gloms his dick and then says, "Steven, eat me."

This scene has tremendous intensity and is a definite turn-on. Another hot scene, in which a pimp orders one of his ladies to suck him off as he rides from 86th Street to 45th Street in his pimpmobile, was also a turn-on. I'm sure if feminist flunkies Susan Brownmiller and Gloria Steinem saw this film, they too would be begging that black dude for a ride in his car.

In addition, there's a "rape" scene on a train that is also a hard-on inducer; though exciting, it is more a hyperactive, standard porno pickup than a persuasive cinematic rape. The rapists, it should be noted, carry no weapons.

Another plus for the film is its superb technical quality—so good that it's not overtly distracting, as is the case with many other fuck films. This is probably why *Fiona*, at 105 minutes a virtual porn epic, seems only half as long as most fuck films.

But the key weakness in *Fiona* is Amber Hunt, a foxy babe who is long on fuck-and-suck skills but short on acting talent. In fact, *acting* is the wrong word to describe her nonsexual performance here; perhaps *imitating* would be more accurate. She delivers her lines with such dramatic dreariness that after a while you don't mind that she's supposedly been knocked off. Nevertheless, despite the film's various defects, *Fiona on Fire* comes to you highly rated.

Hot Cookies

Hot *Cookies* is a very hot movie. For the first time in such a flick, every girl appearing in the movie has appeared in men's magazines, such as *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Club*. The girls' beauty and spirited cocksucking and fucking are what saves a basically cliché-ridden vehicle. The film stars Serena Blacklorde, Anna Karanya, Abigail Clayton, Moira Donnavan, Lenore Grant and Isolde Jensen.

The plot line involves a fellow who answers an ad in the personals. The man explains that he is looking for the unusual in erotica, and is taken by the owner of a bookstore to a back room, where his daughter reclines on a couch. The paintings hanging on the walls come to life through the girl's mystical power, each one leading into a sensual and sexually titillating story.

Despite its faults, the film has some funny *shtick*, including an amusing spoof of the movie *Rocky*. In another interesting scene, Abigail Clayton plays a rich socialite who has a sexual fling around town in the back of her limousine.

Unfortunately, the film as a whole is erratic and uneven. The director often uses blowups

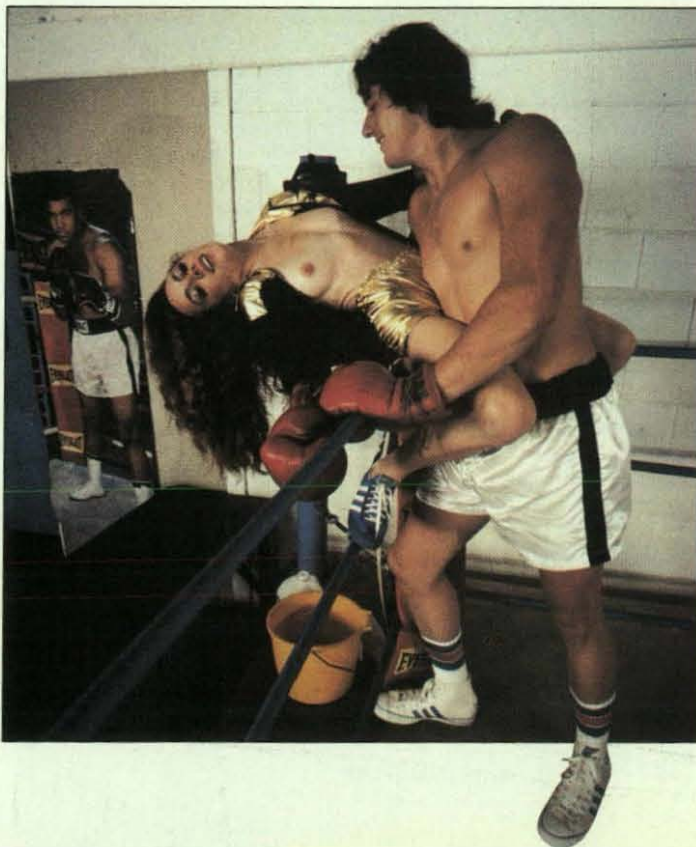


'Hot Cookies': Lip-smacking, spirited sucking and fucking.

and other cost-cutting devices. The inane dialogue doesn't help, as witness one scene in the limo, where a young stud says, "Yeah, this is really far-out." Sometimes the dialogue is less like the talking of real people and more like a cavity continuing to rot. That the acting is from the soiled-napkin school doesn't help matters either.

Hot Cookies is basically middle-of-the-road, conservative porn that is made palatable because of its fine-looking, unclad chassiss. Women are sex objects in porn films, and in this flick the objects are the best of the breed.

'Cookies': This tireless boxer doesn't need to run or jump rope.



BOOKS

Edited by Robin Keats

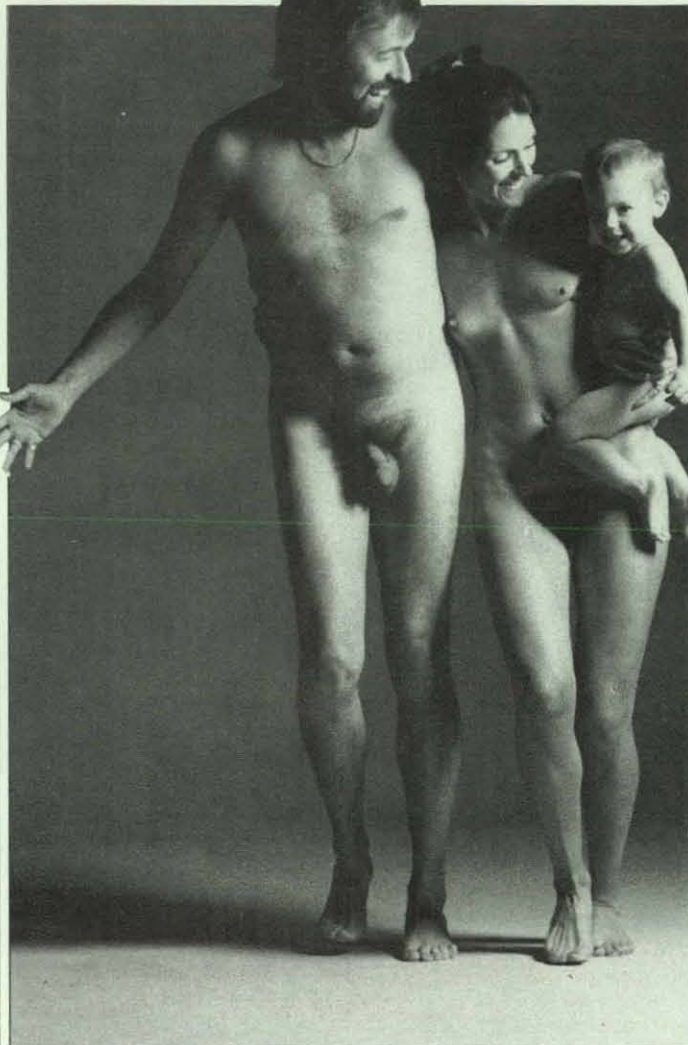
The paperback market in America is a booming business, mainly because softbound books are a cheaper alternative for the book-buying public and because they offer a wider selection of titles. With this in mind, *HUSTLER* will focus on the paperback market for its reviews, although worthwhile hardcover editions will not be ignored. We aim to provide information about the best works available for the least amount of money and about ones that attempt to serve our readers either as entertainment or as enlightenment.

Dallas Nude

By Charles Collum; Collum Studios, 101 Howell Street, Dallas, Texas 75207; 96 pages; 169 photos; \$29.50
Charles Collum's *Dallas Nude* is an unusual coffeetable book. It is a serious study of the human form, but perhaps more important "it is a celebration of life"—in this case the lives of the people of Dallas, Texas. Collum is proud of his hometown, and this full volume of photographs shows he has good reason.

An article in a local magazine calling for closet nude models drew a wonderfully mixed crowd of known and unknown Dallasites... all eager to participate in Collum's unorthodox project. Now, Dallas is not known for its liberal thinking or freewheeling life-styles. We tend to imagine blue-rinsed matrons shopping at Neiman-Marcus, oil-rich reactionaries, Jack Ruby-types and clean-scrubbed Farrah Fawcett-Majors cheerleaders as being Big D's typical population mix. But apparently that impression is wrong; clothes came off without embarrassment as the doctors, nurses, secretaries, students, models, actors and children of Dallas flocked to pose for the talented photographer's intriguing project.

Collum's mastery of the art of photography is evident on every page of this, his first book. The photos, shot in muted lighting and printed with a matte finish, show the body, in all its various forms, at



'Nude': Dallasites reveal the naked Texan form in a celebration of life.

its very best. Collum studied under such internationally renowned photographers as Francesco Scavullo (famed for his luscious *Cosmopolitan* covers) and the late Al Gommi. He dedicated *Dallas Nude* to Scavullo and to Maxfield Parrish, "through whose work I learned to see the human form in new and inspiring ways."

It is heartening to turn the pages and see this collection of happy people. It's a rare photographic book, these days, that uplifts rather than dampens the spirit. As if to emphasize this point, Collum reports that the models felt joyous and carefree after the photo sessions.

A muscle-bound runner-up in the Mr. Texas contest, a cheeky-faced seven-year-old boy, a cuddly middle-aged couple and some gorgeous Texan belles are just some of the diverse Dallasites who illustrate Collum's sentiments: "For all of the beautiful forms of life which

have been created on this earth... none are more beautiful to me than the human form."

This is indeed a book to love. On its highest level it is a true work of art, but also a reaffirmation for each of us (as the photographer says) "that we should rejoice in [our] very being and love the shell with which [we are] born."

—Monica Webb

Will You Die For Me?

By Charles "Tex" Watson as told to Chaplain Ray; Fleming H. Revell Company, Old Tappan, New Jersey 07675; 223 pages; 33 illustrations; \$7.95

Charles "Tex" Watson is a handsome young man of 32 whose youth was a textbook composite of all the experiences that America finds wholesome.

He grew up in the small Texas town of Copeville with a pair of strict-but-loving storekeeping parents; he had a collie dog and a football-hero brother; he was a high-school honor student, a track star, a Boy Scout, a member of the Methodist church and the Future Farmers of America, and sports co-editor of his high-school newspaper. On August 9, 1969, he stabbed Hollywood starlet Sharon Tate 16 times until she, and the baby she was carrying, were both dead.

Will You Die For Me? is his book, a calm and lucid account of the extraordinary changes that befell him as a member of Charles Manson's demonic family. Watson clearly charts every step of his consciousness while in the grip of Manson's compelling personality, and of the path he chose that brought him from his Texas home to California in the first place.

On two successive nights Watson killed seven people; he did it because Manson told him to. "To do that," Watson writes, "I'd had to die. Manson had understood that. He realized that once my own life meant nothing, no one else's life would mean anything either."

Watson is now a born-again Christian, and spends his jail time in prayer for and service of his fellow inmates. "Jailhouse religion" (the phony faith of incarcerated men) is a common syndrome in penal institutions, but Watson's book suggests a profound sincerity and self-knowledge. When he writes of his crimes, the tone is neither self-pitying nor self-aggrandizing. It is gripping, factual and dispassionate, and goes much farther than Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi did in his best-selling account of the Manson gang (*Helter Skelter*, Bantam) toward explaining the gang members' actions.

Books by criminals, of course, have become big business lately. Nearly all the Watergate mob have added their whines to this national literary chorus of malefactors, prompting a couple of young Washingtonians, Tom Flanagan and Bill Boleyn, to start a pressure group aimed at dissuading the public from helping criminals cash in on their felonies in print. "The Book

Stops Here" reads their bumper sticker. The fact that most of the ex-con scribes to whom they refer can hardly write their way through a grocery list alone makes the situation doubly infuriating. It's no secret that John Dean's mawkish memoirs were penned by Taylor Branch, a Washington journalist.

But *Will You Die For Me?* is different. True, a ghostwriter was employed—Chaplain Ray Hoekstra, a renowned Texas prison evangelist. But the royalties will not go to Watson, who is now serving a life term at the California Men's Colony, nor to Chaplain Ray. Instead, they will be utilized by International Prison Ministry, Inc., which provides Bibles, magazines and a radio ministry to inmates throughout North America. We'd like to see Nixon and his gang send their royalties to the same address.

—Michael Stott

100 Years of Posters of the Folies Bergere and Music Halls of Paris

Compiled by Alain Weill; Images Graphiques, Inc., 37 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10023; 150 pages; 100 illustrations, 6 photographs; \$8.95

Just moved? Lots of bare walls to fill? Well, this book could be the answer to your problem. Each of the large-sized illustrations is eminently suitable for framing and hanging. So for \$8.95 you can decorate your whole place.

Most of the book's posters are in full-color. And the reproduction is certainly as good as you could expect, considering the fragile age of the original works.

Known as the home of the world's most thrilling musical dance ensemble, the Folies Bergere opened to enthusiastic Parisians in 1869. Like competing music halls, the Folies presented the established show format of an introductory number—usually from the circus—followed by individual acts of popular artists. The finale was either a play, pantomime, musi-

cal interlude or ballet.

It was due to the competition among an ever-increasing number of these music halls that the poster became prominent. Something more than flashy legs were needed to attract the public. They called their solution "advertising"; we call it poster art. This collection contains the classic posters of the Folies as well as of its companion music halls. The different fashions and looks of each

period are reflected, as are the various artistic styles—art nouveau as well as art deco. The lovelies here depicted, in their assorted stages of undress, are what make this particular subject so fascinating.

So even if your walls are already adorned, you could still justify buying this book for pure and simple pleasure—or if your coffetable looks rather bare and you happen to be in a mood for flipping through the

dancing legs and high-kicks of myriad sexy showgirls.

Twins

By Bari Wood and Jack Geasland; Signet Books; 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019; 352 pages; \$2.50

Reading *Twins* makes me glad I'm an only child. This is what a publishing-industry flack would call "an unconventional love story." It's about the bond between two identical twin brothers who simply cannot exist apart; so they opt first for homosexuality and then, eventually, for a suicide pact.

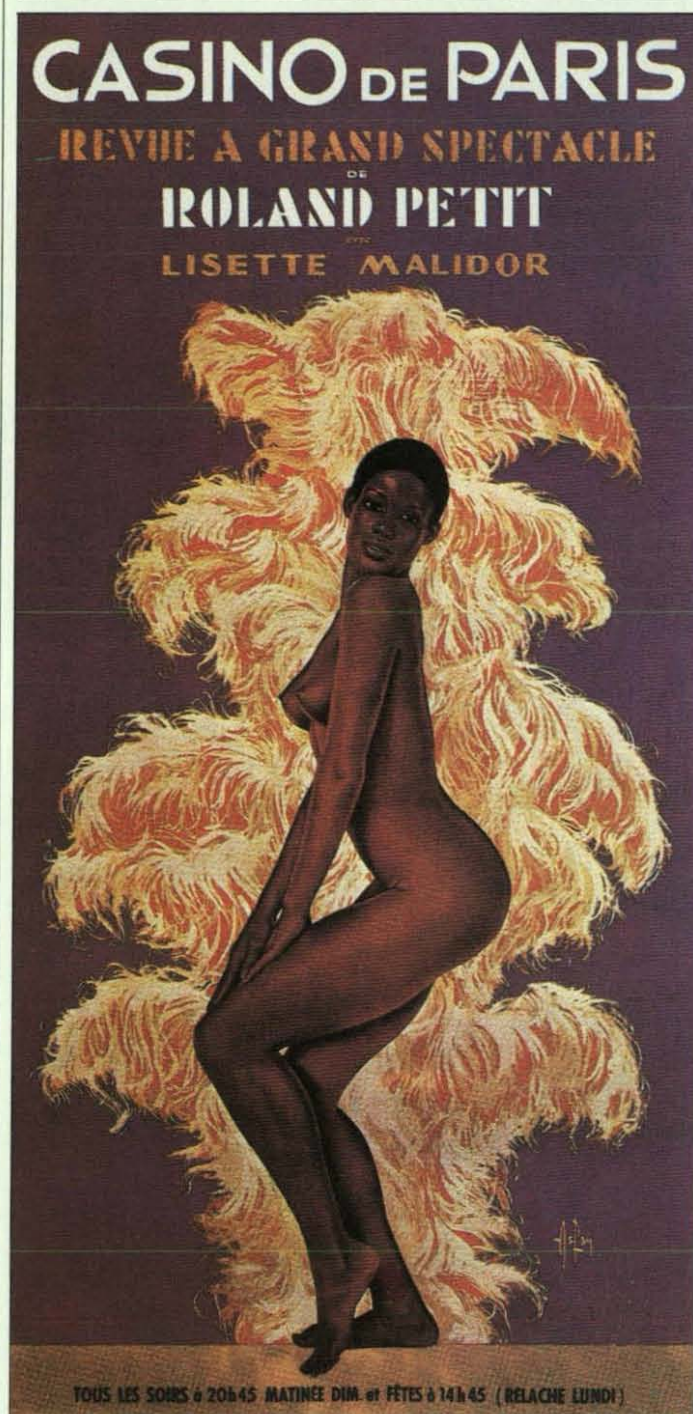
Since *Twins* was obviously designed to resemble a serious case history rather than a piece of cheap, sensational fiction (which it is a cut above), the sexual activity takes a backseat to the book's main theme: that David and Michael Ross were bound to one another by a force unlike any that binds you or me to our parents, siblings, friends or lovers.

As kids, David and Michael did everything together, went everywhere together. Not so unusual for brothers, you say—especially if they're twins. But as their lives progress along similar tracks—fucking the same girls, going to the same medical school, specializing in the same area (obstetrics and gynecology, no less)—it starts to look as if they'll never become distinct personalities.

This is more than OK by David. As his incestuous preference perpetuates itself, he waits for Michael to abandon his quest for individuality and return to him forever. But the strain on Michael, the weaker brother, is overwhelming. It destroys his marriage, wrecks his career, ruins his health. As the book churns toward its depressing conclusion, there is a sense of inevitability about the twin deaths that we'd feel even if they hadn't been foretold.

I suspect that the authors aimed their book at Hollywood; in fact, it has already been optioned by a film company. Now it remains for some savvy casting director to dig up a set of smashingly handsome twins to act out this demoralizing scenario on the big screen.

—Jonathan King



'Folies': Flashy French lovelies depicted in fleshy, art nouveau splendor.

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SEX PRACTICES

by Terry Castle

In the fall of 1974 I decided to get big tits. And big tits are exactly what I got, along with a short course in sexual behavior. I just got tired of men judging me by the size of my breasts, which, though small, adequately fitted my tall, slender frame. This is a fact I did not appreciate until much later—when it was too late to reverse my operation, known in plastic-surgery circles as mammo-plasty augmentation.

Let me explain why anyone of moderate intelligence would opt to fulfill a male-fantasy. Like it or not, women are still judged by their bust size. The well-endowed female is still a favored member of our culture. I've known that for years.

Back in high school there was chesty Hope Gibson, who always got the most Valentines stuffed in her locker, the most accidental feels during gym class, and the most dates. I would see the boys passing her in the hall, gaping at her DD's like Crusaders questing the Holy Grail; even now I am ashamed to admit the enormously satisfying fantasies I composed in study hall wherein Hope died an agonizing death by breast cancer in the tenth grade. If I ever see her again, I'm still likely to wish it on her.

Things did not improve thereafter. I'm sure I missed the lead in the senior-class play, *The Lady's Not For Burning*, because the filthy old drama teacher simply ached to get his paws all over Marsha Pringle's charleys—three times the size of mine and ten times the thrill when he'd boob-bump her while reaching past her to point out a passage in the script. I consigned the two of them to the ninth circle of Dante's Inferno.

Things were no better in college. Once I refused to go with my sorority sisters on a day trip to a nearby lake, since I didn't want to be seen in a bathing suit, visually competing with the rest of them.

All this time I had guys taking me

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



THE DANGER OF BREAST ENLARGEMENTS

out, feeling me up, driving me home, occasionally wending our way to a bed in an apartment vacated for the hour by a cooperative friend. I would undress in the dark, and always got into bed on my hands and knees so that, with my breasts hanging down, they would seem bigger—at least in the beginning. As a result of these encounters, I have also sentenced all the men who, once they'd seen my naked chest, told me how they weren't tit men and how great my ass was. It was little consolation.

So by the age of 23 I had heard all the lines. I decided to get big tits. The first

thing I did was charge straight into it, without giving myself any opportunity to reconsider. I knew that if I stepped back for a minute and asked myself what in the fuck I was doing to my body, I would stop right then and there.

I went out to Long Island, to the Nassau County Medical Library. I was careful not to check out any articles with titles that sounded too scientific. I'd done enough medical research as a biology student to know I wasn't going to want to look at the gruesomely explicit pictures.

I had to decide which operation was for me. The silicone injections that had made go-go girl Carol Doda a bathroom joke and a pop icon of the salacious '60s were no longer in vogue—it having been found that the silicone tended to dislocate and travel to other parts of the body. Later reports also indicated many women were dissatisfied with this method because the enlarged breasts didn't feel like the real thing. Silicone injections were definitely out.

Another possibility was the bag of seawater. This operation involves placing a silicone bag of saline solution through an incision in the fold under the breast. But I'd heard a sorority-

house story about how some porn star in Japan was making a movie following her balloon job, and one side "exploded" during a heavy bedroom scene. So this didn't seem a particularly viable alternative either.

Another technique, though, seemed to be the most likely way for me to enter this "second puberty"—the implant. A silicone variant called Sillex, housed inside a clear plastic bag made of Silastic, is placed inside the breast. The great advantage of this method, my research informed me, was that at last technology had determined the specific

gravity of the breast, and once swelling decreases, the implant cannot be distinguished from the surrounding tissue.

The next day I again went out to the Island, this time to a plastic surgeon's office, where I was able to get an appointment the same day I called. I was delighted. It never occurred to me that this was an office of men who had incorporated themselves for the sole purpose of giving women bigger breasts.

I had a list of questions prepared, and the doctor I was dealing with answered me forthrightly on every count. If only I had asked the right questions, like How will this affect me psychologically? What if men see the scars? What will I think of myself afterward?

Instead, I asked the easy questions. How much bigger? "Perhaps two cup sizes; you'll go from an A to a C, and you won't want more than that since you'll be out of proportion." How soon will I get back to work? "You can elect to be under local anesthesia, in which case you'll be conscious during the entire operation and be back to work two days later. Or you can go general, if you wish, which means you'll be unconscious for a while and will need someone to drive you home afterward."

Stitches? "Some, but mostly absorbent, which will come out the week after surgery." Pain? "Minimal; you'll proba-

bly be on Darvon, or I'll give you Fiorinal with codeine if you can't sleep." Swelling? "A lot to start with, because it's what we call a gross insult to your system, but it will disappear. Just like having your wisdom teeth pulled."

What about side effects? "Well, we really don't know too much about that yet—this is a relatively new cosmetic procedure—but preliminary tests show that nine times out of ten the body will not reject the implant." And if I'm number ten? "You can opt for a new operation to replace the implants, or you can have both removed. These are risks that every patient takes when she agrees to an operation of any sort." And how much? "Including my office visit, surgeon's fee and anesthesia, around \$2,000. Follow-up visits are included."

Surgery: I can't say anything about it. I wasn't there. I opted for the general anesthetic.

I woke up with more pain than I had ever known in my life. I couldn't move; I could barely speak; I could hardly breathe. I felt like I weighed another 20 pounds, and when I could bear to bend my neck down, I saw two enormous mounds of white sticking up in front of me: my breasts, bound in pounds of bandages. But even at that moment I wondered, *How much bigger?*

The next few days were torture. I moved back in with my parents because I needed constant care. I couldn't sit up without help, and I had to rent a hospital bed just so I could get off my back for a few minutes. Anything beyond chicken soup made me deathly nauseous, which I couldn't afford. Heaving would snap the stitches, and the implants could fall out.

My boyfriend visited me often, and I began to see in his eyes the unspoken question asked of me: "Why? Why did you do this to yourself?" But I kept thinking, *In five more days the bandages will come off and I can see them.* Anything else I chalked up to the misery of the moment, and prayed it would pass.

I watched Cher and Mary Tyler Moore deliberately. It had been rumored in the articles I had researched that they'd undergone mammoplasty augmentation too. So I watched them move carelessly through their shows, seeking some sign that this would be what it was like for me.

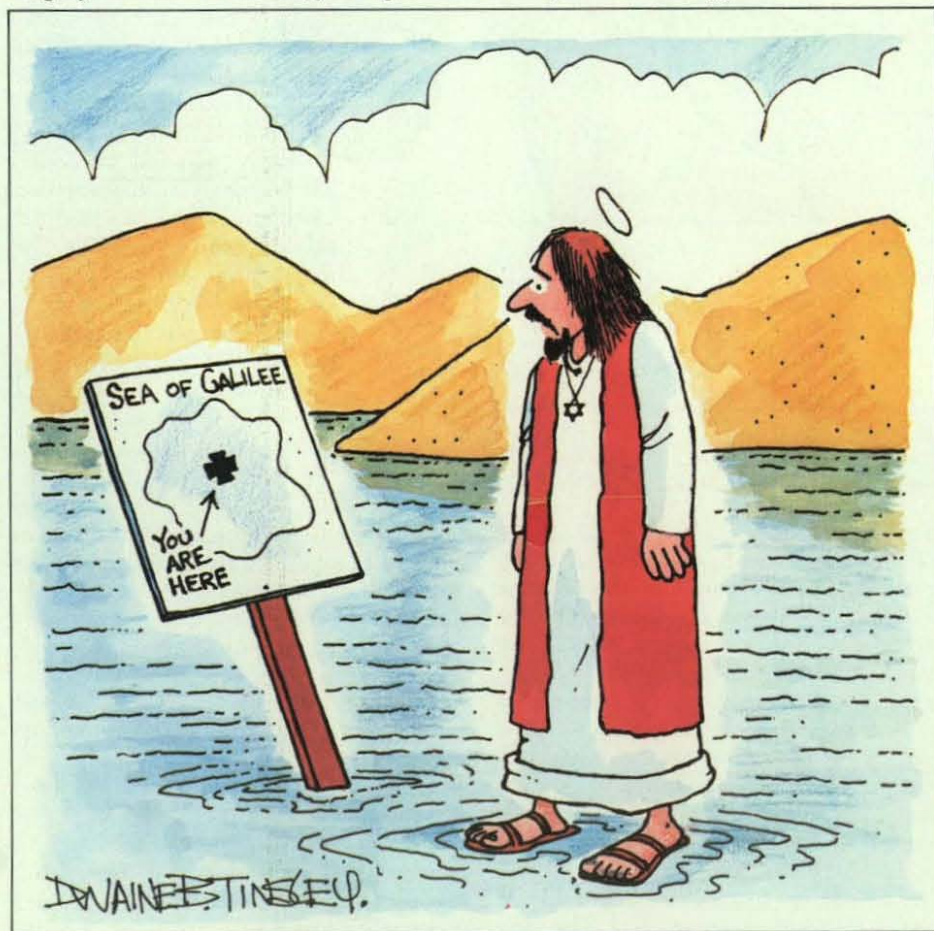
Finally, the day came to go back to the doctor's office, and he still seemed the kind, patronly sort he had been a month before. The stitches burned as he pulled them out, and after he left, I eagerly turned to look in the mirror at my new breasts.

They were monstrous. They stuck straight out into space like a shelf, purple and distended with swelling, the nipples drawn flat and expressionless, the flesh pulled tight and veinous, the scars red and wounded underneath, each looking like a zipper threatening to pop open at any moment.

But my breasts were three times larger than they had been before, and I knew once the swelling went away and the nipple sensitivity returned (six months to a year later, the doctor said), and they became soft and pliable, then I would feel the operation had been worth it.

I could hardly wait to parade my breasts around. The doctor warned me not to, cautioning that exhibiting them in tight T-shirts and sweaters would draw too much sudden attention, which I felt sure could be deflected through gaining-weight stories, or Mark Eden-exercises explanations, or this marvelous new bust-development program they have at my spa, or whatever. Anything but the truth, because the truth was so artificial.

Rather, I basked in the appreciation I inevitably received. A junior editor who had once ignored me at a Christmas party at my former employer's passed me on the street, did a double-take and caught up with me, eyes riveted to my chest. A former girlfriend (whom I



SEX PRACTICES

deliberately called for lunch just to show off) kept hedging the question, but I tortured her by pretending I didn't know what the hell she was talking about, all the time flaunting my once-34A's-now-35C's past the sugar bowl, brushing the flowers, bending over as I picked up my napkin.

I saw the looks I'd always wanted to see on the faces of strangers in the street. When I was on an elevator and the door opened to let someone in, male or female eyes went straight to my spectacular endowments. I began to buy the low-cut extravaganzas I used to hate.

But inside those clothes was a terrible secret. Beyond the appreciative smiles I lavished on the gapers was the knowledge that south of my neck all wasn't well. Although my doctor told me my breasts would probably be hypersensitive, the sensitivity around both nipples had not returned after six months. The doctor explained it away by saying that in any surgery there is injury to the nerves and that it was nothing to be alarmed about.

Worse yet, while the left side had, according to plan, softened and fallen a little bit back to its normal place, the right side remained swollen. When nude, I had an unmatched set. The surgeon rationalized that this, too, was

to be expected, that one side might take longer to acclimatize itself to the implant becoming rooted on the pectoral wall, but that it probably would happen. But in another six months, a full year after the operation, I was no better off.

For some time it had been fun getting the stares I'd always wanted, just as it was kind of amusing to me that I had a little pain in the back of my neck from carrying the extra weight on my chest, or that I couldn't sleep on my stomach anymore. But the novelty turned quickly into annoyance. When I met a man (and sometimes a woman), the gaze dropped straight to my new cleavage. Job interviews, when I felt well enough to move around again after my abnormally long recuperation, seemed to hinge not on my 88-words-per-minute typing and 120-words-per-minute shorthand, but on my 35C's. Or did I imagine they did?

I was right back where I started. I got tired of men judging me by the size of my breasts.

Possibly, I even started hating men for it, that they could be so shallow as to think that my personality rested on the shelf in front of me. But isn't that exactly what I had done to myself? Hadn't I thought I'd become a new woman with my new big tits? Couldn't I now get the

looks from the boys who once longed for Hope Gibson, get the lead in the senior-class play, go to the lake with my sorority sisters? Couldn't I?

Doubtless, I could have done these things and more all along without putting myself through a year of mental and physical hell. But I went through it anyway, and that awful, nasty, rotten little thing in the back of my mind finally surfaced and made me feel guilty as shit.

Now, three years after the operation, the sensitivity in my nipples has not come back, and I'm mournful, because I used to love having them sucked on in bed. I don't take men to bed much, and if I do, I always undress in the dark so they won't see the scars that never did quite blend in cosmetically enough to allow me my glib little explanations. The right breast is slowly, slowly, slowly softening, almost imperceptibly, so gradually that I wonder sometimes if it isn't just my imagination wishing it so.

And what have I gotten out of all this? Just a masochistic piece of my past I keep in a desk drawer to stare at every now and then! A Polaroid from some long-gone Tri-Delt party, where I'm in profile, my old breasts pushing out a halter top just so. And there it is in front of me, the truth I wanted to avoid: I really didn't look that bad after all.

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	set(s) #6536 @ \$30	set(s) #6537 @ \$32	set(s) #6538 @ \$35	set(s) #6539 @ \$45
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THE SHOOTING OF LARRY FLYNT CONSPIRACY AGAINST TRUTH

An Exclusive Report by Ron Ridenour

On the road to Lawrenceville, Georgia, 30 miles northeast of Atlanta, is a country store called Stan's Shoppette. Last year Gwinnett County Solicitor Gary Davis sent one of his investigators to buy copies of HUSTLER and CHIC Magazines from the store. Davis then used these publications to charge Larry Flynt with distributing the "obscene" magazines he published. Davis's counterpart in Fulton County, Solicitor General Hinson McAuliffe, simultaneously charged Flynt with the crime of personally selling the magazines from a store in Atlanta, the city reputed to be the financial and spiritual capital of the South.

Some say the prosecutions are selective and discriminatory because, among other reasons, you can still buy pornography at Stan's Shoppette and elsewhere in both counties. Several magazines I bought at the store had pictures no less explicit than those contained in Flynt's men's publications.

Philip Knight, a clerk at Stan's, told me, "There's a weird sense of prosecution around here. We don't sell HUSTLER and CHIC anymore, but we can sell similar magazines."

Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, a psychologist and contributor to the Kinsey reports, had testified at Flynt's trial. He found nothing in HUSTLER to "appeal to the morbid or shameful interests," although, he admitted, some of the material could appeal to "erotic interests in sex." Thus far, no court has decided to punish anyone for having erotic sensations.

On the morning of March 6, the day of the shooting, Flynt took the stand. Dressed conservatively in a dark suit, starched white shirt and a tie, he even wore an American-flag pin on his lapel. He spoke calmly and with conviction. Journalist Neil Shister recalled Mr. Ir-

reverent's demeanor as he spoke to the jury on the sixth day of the trial: "He was straightforward. He doesn't hide behind ruses or elaborate pretenses. He exposes what he is. Larry is also an astute psychologist and a master of human nature."

On the stand Larry told the jury that there was no hypocrisy between his being born again and publishing pornography. "I agree that Scratch 'n' Sniff could be offensive to some people," he testified, "but we did it strictly as a put-on. . . . HUSTLER is as much humor as sex." [Editor's Note: The August 1977 centerfold had the scent of lilac radiating from the model's vulva.]

Flynt told prosecutor Davis that in many ways the magazine offends the principles he now holds because "what you're seeing is the extension of the neuroses of the creators of this magazine and others like it"—much like any successful television series is the extension of "the neuroses of the creator of the show. But we're all neurotics responding to a neurotic environment."

Continuing, he said that his magazines would no longer hang women up as "pieces of meat" and that he wanted to promote wholesome attitudes toward sex, but that he still had a legal and democratic right to publish what he wanted.

After his testimony there was a lunch recess. As had been their pattern, Larry and his associates walked two blocks to the V&J Cafeteria. Shister and Gene Reeves, Larry's local attorney, recall that at lunch Flynt was "optimistic of winning" and contrasted the town's friendly atmosphere to the hostile one in Cincinnati, where Flynt had been convicted in 1977. (For this reason Larry did not employ the services of his regular bodyguards during the trial.)

Shister said, "After Flynt's testimony

I couldn't imagine him not getting acquitted. He was very strong." The five-woman, one-man jury appeared "enraptured" with Larry's vivid presence on the stand.

On the walk back to the courthouse, aide Dennis Sims hurried off to make travel arrangements for Flynt's planned vacation and a two-week fast. His boss walked alongside Reeves, about 100 feet behind Sims. Perhaps 20 feet farther behind walked Shister and *New West* magazine contributing editor Grover Lewis, engrossed in a conversation about writers.

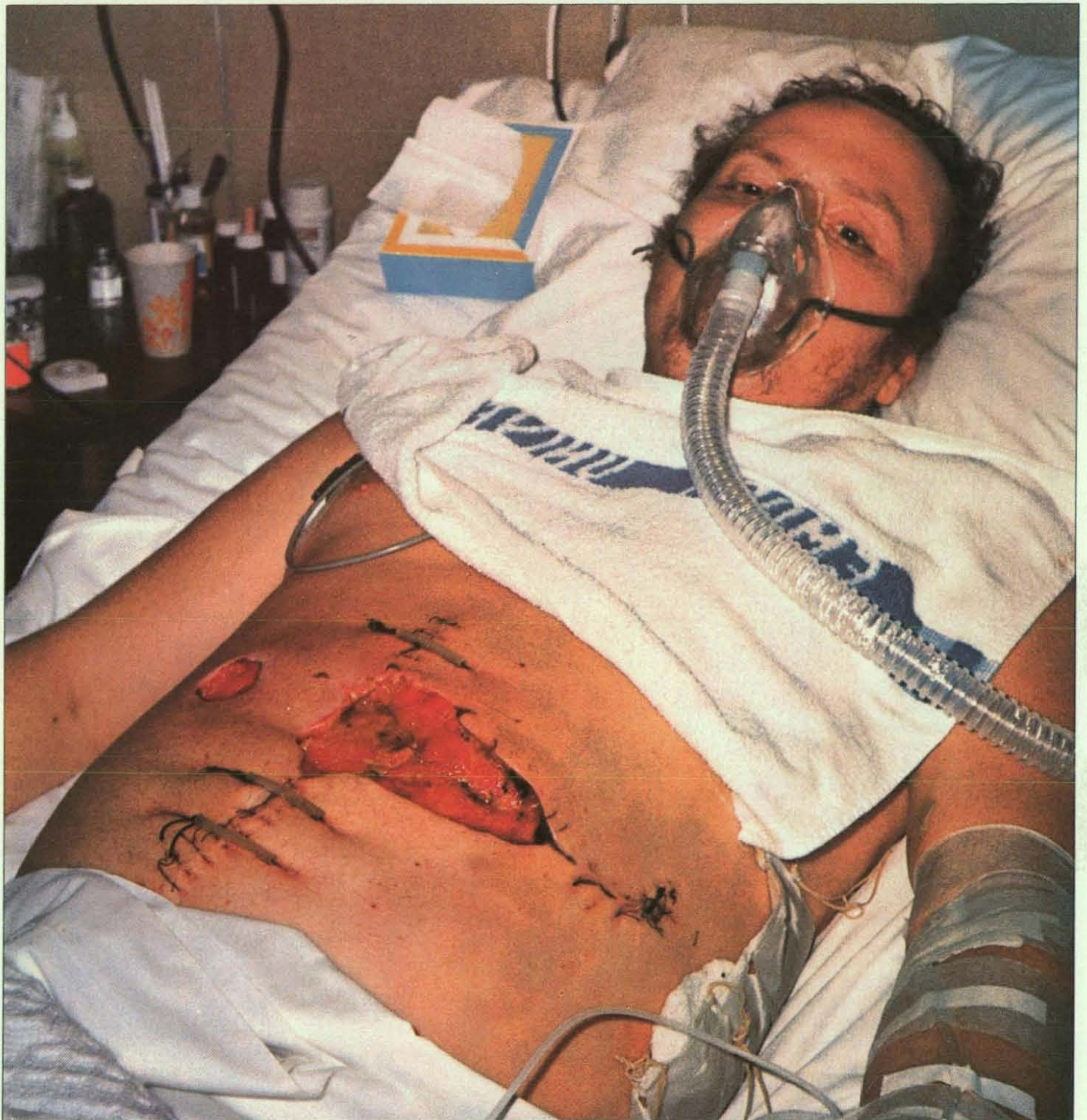
Reeves, who is recuperating from his own wound, recounted the scene: "Fortunately, both Larry and I ate a light lunch. I only ate a little carrot salad and some jello. Larry had only grapefruit juice. Flynt had no bodyguard. People wanted to meet him, to shake his hand and talk to him. I formed an attachment to him immediately. I found him a good, likable person. I think the whole community received him that way."

"It was such a shock to me when I felt the burning sensation in my arms and stomach and realized I'd been shot. And I knew that Flynt had been shot too. The impact of the bullet did not knock me down. It seemed to go through me. My body seemed to absorb it, but Larry . . . it really knocked him down."

It is believed the impact of the second bullet hitting the spine caused Larry to lose sensation in his legs, which buckled as a result.

The .44-caliber magnum bullets came from less than 50 feet across the street. Reeves was hit first, since he was on the curbside of the sidewalk facing the building from which the shots were fired. The bullets entered the right sides of both men.

"The bullet split and half of it wound up



Although Larry lay near death for weeks, his determination fought back the pain of his gruesome wounds and infection. The miracles of medicine and of personal will have helped Flynt escape from the fate of ultimate censorship. Meanwhile, those responsible for the attack remain at large.

in my pancreas and half in my liver," said Reeves. He remembers hearing only two shots—the ones that hit Flynt.

Reeves had been wounded in Korea, but said he'd "never experienced anything in my life as painful. I thought, *Is this the way it is going to end?*"

"I thought at first someone had shot me with a shotgun, because I could feel the pain radiating all across my stomach. I didn't see who shot me. Larry didn't even know what happened to him at all. As he lay on his back, clutching his stomach, he asked, 'What happened?' I told him we'd been shot. I was on my knees then. I told

him to lie still, because I realized that shock was probably our biggest enemy at that point. I knew I should get off my feet because I was pumping blood heavily."

Reeves was able to stagger a few feet and then lay by a car. Before their ordeal was over Reeves would require 11 pints of blood transfusion and Flynt 24.

The shots were precision-fired. All three hit the men. Reeves recalls about a five-second pause between the time he was hit and when Flynt was hit twice in rapid succession.

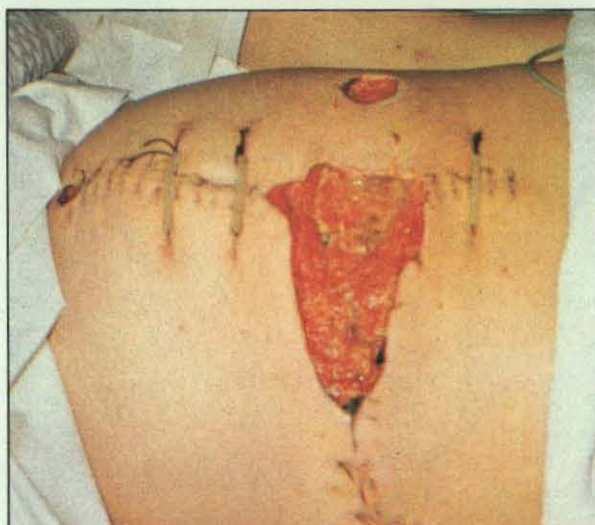
Sims and Shister both heard two loud noises, like "firecrackers" or "backfiring

cars." Sims ran to Flynt and noticed liquid all over, what he believed was water or urine. "He rolled over, and I saw two big holes in his stomach. I took off to get an ambulance. When I came back, Larry was saying, 'Help me. Oh, the pain. Get me to the hospital.'"

A paramedic came up. Coincidentally, an ambulance was nearby and rushed to the scene. Button Gwinnett Hospital, only a mile away from the scene of the attack, was prepared for the ensuing emergency operations because doctors there were scheduled to do some elective surgery. Without this preparation, Flynt would



While Larry was kept alive by machines, his family and associates held an all-night prayer vigil at the hospital.



Flynt's gaping abdominal wounds are an obscenity that can never be rivaled by the depiction of naked, human flesh.

surely have died. As it was, the operating doctor, an Iranian named Taher Bagheri, gave Flynt a "two-percent chance of living," saying it was a miracle he had made it through surgery. Some speculated he should not have survived longer than ten minutes.

Shister remembered his reaction: "I heard a crack and another and smelled something like a firecracker, a little bit of sulfur in the air." He saw Larry holding his stomach, his face contorted, moaning, "Ooohhhh."

"It sounded just awful," Shister recalled. After pausing, considering the danger, the terror, he moved past Flynt and went on to the sheriff's office. When he returned, he managed to get into the ambulance with Flynt and Grover Lewis, the *New West* reporter. According to Shister, the only thing Larry said en route to the hospital was "Give me something for the pain." Shister watched as Flynt lost the color in his face.

Sandra Collins, the mother of six, was at home watching *Family Feud* on TV. She was sitting on the couch with Fayette Calloway, the 18-year-old boyfriend of her 14-year-old daughter. The window facing the street is directly behind where Flynt fell. Mrs. Collins and Calloway said they

both heard only two shots. In the Collins's living room there are cracks in the walls, while pictures of Jesus and Elvis Presley adorn the mantle. A .22-caliber rifle stands upside down in a corner. "We use it to kill water rats," I was told.

Calloway recounted what he saw. "I looked out the window, and there was somebody running toward the courthouse. There was another man with a camera case or something, and he ran behind the bushes right there," he said, snickering as he pointed to the shrubs by the old two-story house.

"Somebody yelled, 'There's somebody in the driveway. I think he's been shot.' I ran up to the door. They tried to keep me in, but I went out to where he was." Calloway tried to comfort Flynt.

Grover Lewis turned on his tape recorder at the sound of gunfire and jumped behind the shrubs. Shister said, "Both of us were shook, but he [Lewis] was really shaky. He just got out of town right away."

The man in charge of the police investigation, Captain Burt Blanott, later told me, "If the reporters there hadn't had their heads up their asses, they might have seen something helpful to the police." But as it was, apparently no one saw anything at the time of the shooting. A dozen persons interviewed remembered hearing two or three shots. (Lewis wrote in *New West* that he had heard four shots, but he was alone in that opinion.)

But one man may have seen the gunman. At approximately 11:30 a.m., about 25 minutes before the shooting, he turned his car right, onto Perry Street. "I saw a



Larry, at the mercy of pipes, pumps and transfusions—as his wife, Althea, gives encouragement.

beige car, a big four-door Buick or Pontiac, parked in front of the old, abandoned former hotel. I took notice because the man getting out on the passenger's side looked like someone I thought I knew, but this guy was younger and better looking," the informant told me.

"He was wearing an expensive three-quarter-length brown leather jacket and blue-brown checked slacks. He had a slim build, was nice looking, with a pretty face and tanned skin, darker than the blond-type person in wintertime. He wore his blond hair in a [mod] style. He had a brown moustache. At first I thought he and the driver were real-estate agents or detectives looking at the old building. The first man turned around, and I saw a large-caliber pistol in his belt. [Editor's Note: Police have tentatively identified the weapon used in the shooting as a .44-magnum hunting rifle, not a pistol.] He opened the back door for another man, who had black hair and wore a blue-jean-type, three-quarter-length jacket.

"[The blond male] was not the kind of person you'd see in Lawrenceville. He didn't look like he belonged here."

As the informant drove by the big car, the two walked through the front-door archway into the building, and a third person drove the car away.

"You know, I didn't think too much about it then. I went on about my business. And then I heard a lot of commotion later on. I walked up to where I had passed by earlier and learned that this Larry Flynt and an attorney had been shot, apparently from the building I'd seen these guys walk into."

Sometime later the man called the police and discussed what he'd seen. He told me, "I didn't want to get involved. My health isn't too good, but 'I got to get involved,' I said to myself, 'because I'm human.' It was a real terrible thing that happened to this Flynt man. But what he does is his business. I never saw HUSTLER. At my age I'm not interested.

"It's sad. It's not safe anywhere if it can happen in Lawrenceville."

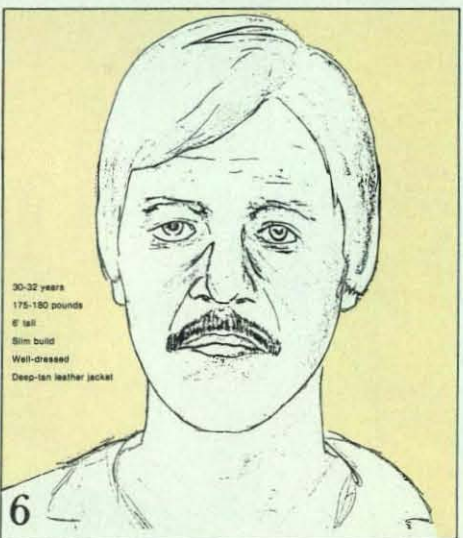
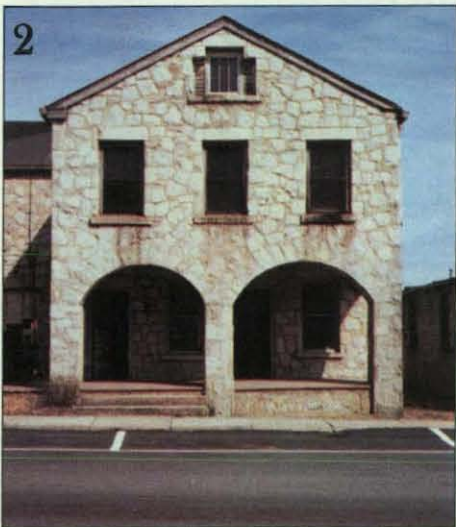
The man believes that the would-be killers "knew what they were doing," because "they picked the right time." No one was expecting anything like this, especially in broad daylight in the middle of a sleepy, sparsely populated town.

There may have been others who saw something potentially helpful for tracking down the assailants, but not everyone is as "human" as the man who did step forward. Many of those I interviewed shared the sentiments of a local businessman: "I just run the cleaners. I don't know anything. We're country folk here. I don't worry about it."

Ironically, Larry had spoken at lunch that day about how amazed he was that people "would just let things happen to them" without taking charge of their lives. Noninvolvement is the stuff killers

(continued on page 48)

Scene of the Crime: A Case of Almost Ultimate Censorship



1. The V&J Cafeteria, where Larry Flynt and lawyer Gene Reeves regularly had lunch during the trial, thereby establishing a pattern that made them vulnerable to a sniper attack.

2. The near-fatal bullets were aimed and fired from inside this abandoned hotel, which Flynt and Reeves had to pass on their way between the courthouse and the cafeteria.

3. The impact of the bullets caused Flynt to crumple to the ground—where the X designates.

4. The back of the building, from which the gunman and cohorts fled.

5. Behind the old hotel, the sleepy street used for a quick getaway.

6. Police composite sketch of a suspect in the shooting.

Beauty
OR
OBSCENITY
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH



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We consider the female form to be a work of art, not an obscene creation. We believe that violence, not nudity or unrepressed sexuality, is the real obscenity. The ghoulish photographs of the critically wounded Larry Flynt (pages 37 and 38) are among the most obscene pictures we have ever published. It's the bullet-ripped flesh of this man that reveals the obscenity of violence.

HUSTLER will continue to define the difference between human beauty and human obscenity, showing both in their most natural light. The difference, as you can see for yourself, is quite obvious. What can be wrong about celebrating human beauty with these photos? Should we instead celebrate the disfigurement of violence? How twisted can censors be, considering the obscenity of violence preferable to the beauty of making love?













CONSPIRACY AGAINST TRUTH

(continued from page 39)

count on to freely commit their dirty deeds.

RECUPERATION

At Button Gwinnet Hospital Dr. Bagheri began operating on Flynt within minutes of the shooting. "One bullet went in the right side of his stomach and out the other. But the second lodged near the spine," the surgeon informed me. The exit wound was large and grotesque. Bagheri performed two operations within hours of each other, taking out Larry's spleen and several feet of intestine. "God was on his side," he said. "It was extraordinary; every second was vital."

After three days at Button Gwinnet, Larry was moved to Emory University Hospital in Atlanta, where more sophisticated equipment and treatment were available. There Dr. George Tindall removed several fragments of bone and metal from the spinal canal. The large-caliber, high-velocity slug left an extensive cone of destruction in its path before coming to rest near the buttocks. The bullet damaged some nerve roots, causing paralysis of Flynt's legs.

Doctors see no long-term serious complications from the bullet that passed through his body and caused the

removal of his guts, even though internal bleeding and infection brought him close to death a week afterward. Larry pulled out of it, but the other slug may cause permanent paralysis. Doctors give him less than a 50 percent chance of regaining the use of his legs.

Before I visited Larry at Emory University Hospital, aide Dennis Sims and Larry's wife, Althea, had warned me he was in a great deal of agony. The pain coupled with the morphine and Valium frequently made him delirious. Often he thought he had been in a car accident.

Few people have been allowed to see Flynt, and for months newsmen weren't granted interviews. Getting past the security guards is possible only with Althea Flynt's permission.

One of them, Edward Childress, told me he had given blood for Larry. The black guard was one of several private security officers, who were assisted by state, county and university lawmen on special duty at the hospital.

As I passed by the guards into the intensive-care unit, I noticed nurses wearing GET WELL LARRY buttons on their white uniforms. It was a grave and sudden shock to see this strong, charismatic man dulled and fallen. His face was unshaven, and he was shaking. Unearthly looking tubes went in and out of him. Bandages were everywhere. He was too weak even to cough up con-

gestion, so he spoke to me through an oxygen mask. He recognized me and pressed my hand.

As his friend Ruth Carter Stapleton is fond of saying, "I'm just a babe in the woods, a baby Christian," Larry told me in a small voice, so startling to hear from this bull of a man.

"At first I thought God was unhappy with me, but I realized that was my ignorance. It was presumptuous of me not to be protected," he said.

A Larry Flynt Publications spokesman said he'd bought two bulletproof vests for Flynt to wear, but that he'd never put them on despite previous threats against his life. One of these, Larry believes, was a poisoning attempt at a Washington, D.C., hotel just three months prior to the shooting. He was with Dick Gregory, who said that Larry accused the CIA of poisoning the V-8 juice delivered by room service. Regardless of who was responsible, Flynt became deathly ill.

"You know, Ron," Larry said in almost a whisper, "I was shot just two inches above my cock." Although the wounds were higher than he had first imagined, the symbolism of them is inherent in his paralysis.

He spoke of the "suffering this caused me," but said he was more concerned with *what* was responsible for the shooting than with who did it. After five minutes of strained conversation I parted with a handshake, and he told me his red beard would be removed as soon as he could shave it off himself. "I don't want the nurses to do it," he added.

Later I met evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton and her veterinarian husband, Bob, in the hallway outside Larry's room. The President's sister told me she had screamed when she heard the news of the shooting. She had first been told he was shot eight times and was dead. "I blurted out, 'Oh God, please let him come back alive.'" The White House press office eventually gave her the correct information.

Stapleton had been prepared to testify on Flynt's behalf at the Lawrenceville trial. She said to me she would have testified that Larry was, indeed, a sincere man who had in fact undergone a conversion. "But Larry called me Monday [the morning of the shooting] and said he did not feel it was God's will that I come. I argued with him, but he said it wasn't worth it for me to come just for a possible jail sentence."

Flynt ended the conversation by telling her, "I forbid you to come." Stapleton prayed for his success before she heard the news of the shooting. "Maybe he had a premonition," she said. "I

(continued on page 92)





In Bed With GARNER TED

America's Promiscuous Preacher

"The one thing Christ couldn't abide was a hypocrite." —Garner Ted Armstrong

If evangelist Garner Ted Armstrong returns to television this fall, tune in one of his programs. You won't see any choirs, candles or church steeples. You won't hear any hymns. And you won't hear any prayers.

What you will encounter instead is a superlative salesman who takes pride in the fact that he is often mistaken for a news commentator rather than a preacher. Silver-haired and golden-tongued, Garner Ted Armstrong has been selling his unique brand of Jesus for more than 20 years, and he's good at it. Sometimes cynical, often sarcastic, always hard-hitting, Armstrong's telecasts never contain the slightest trace of religious sentimentality. In fact, it is not unusual to hear him make statements such as: "Everytime I think about religion it reminds me of words like *chaos, division, confusion* and *war*."

This is no common religious huckster. But listening carefully to what he is actually saying, one can't help but wonder: "What's his point?" Rarely do his arguments reach a discernible conclusion, while self-contradiction, fallacy and circular reasoning abound. Nevertheless, his resonant, authoritative-sounding delivery, his Southern California tan and his Clark Gable-like leer get results. To hundreds of thousands of listeners Garner Ted Armstrong is absolutely irresistible.

If you are in that category, it's only a matter of time before you will find yourself writing to Pasadena, California, for Garner Ted's free magazine, *The Plain Truth*, and numerous free booklets. These will tell you how bad world conditions really are. You will be informed in graphic detail that famine, war and pestilence are on the increase. You will repeatedly be told that unless God intervenes, no flesh will be saved. You will also be offered more free booklets, *Good News* magazine (which contains even more truth than *The Plain Truth*) and Garner Ted's free Bible correspondence course. These, you will be relieved to know, will tell you that there is a way for you to escape the imminent universal holocaust.

At this juncture you either: (1) realize you are being taken and send Garner Ted a note saying "Up thine" or (2) send him your first contribution and hope God will notice. If you do send in a few bucks, you'll receive a letter from "the headquarters of God's Work," informing you that you are now one of Garner Ted's "co-workers." You haven't yet reached the inner sanctum of God's throne, but you're getting closer.

Send in a few more checks and you will be receiving "co-worker letters" on a monthly basis. These will not only encourage your spiritual development (called "programming" by some psychologists) but also will inform you of Satan's attacks on "God's Work." These attacks seem to occur at regular intervals and invariably result in "God's Work" having financial difficulties. You will, of course, be told how you can help in the expensive task of beating the devil back.

As you continue to order more free literature, you will be exposed to more and more "new truth." In *The United States*

and *British Commonwealth in Prophecy*, for instance, you are given "the vital key that unlocks prophecy." It opens ever-so-humbly with the statement that "events of the next several years may prove this to be the most significant book of this century." The book goes on to state emphatically that the English-speaking countries of the world, and not the Jews, are "the lost ten tribes"—the true Israel of the Bible. Germany, on the other hand, is the biblical Assyria. It is the Germans, not the Russians, who are the real bad guys America should be worrying about, and boy, are they gonna whup us if we don't repent!

Another book you'll be reading is *The Missing Dimension in Sex*. Written by Garner Ted's now-86-year-old father, Herbert W. Armstrong, this work is held up by Armstrong followers as the final authority in the area of human sexuality. In the opening paragraph it says: "The most important dimension in knowledge about sex and marriage has been MISSING—unpublished until this book."

It is interesting to note that *The Missing Dimension in Sex* contains an entire section on the proper method of deflowering a virgin on the wedding night, yet nowhere does the book even mention birth-control methods. It labels going steady as "traveling the road to sin" and necking as "a capital sin!" Of masturbation, the elder Armstrong writes, "There is no greater plague!" Sexual intercourse between an engaged couple is condemned as being "as great a crime as MURDER!" He continues, however: "This is not to say that a fond embrace and a kiss—if not prolonged—are wrong. But remember, the male is sexually aroused in five to ten seconds—or less."

As the steady stream of "co-worker letters" and booklets continues, you will at some point be informed by "headquarters" that there are Armstrong-approved ministers—"God's representatives"—in your area who will call on you if you request. If you do, you will find yourself being scrutinized and subtly interrogated. This will include some pointed questions about your sex life if there is even the slightest suspicion something is amiss. One favorite question is: "Do you masturbate?" If you are found acceptable, you will be allowed to be initiated into the Worldwide Church of God (WCG), the church founded in 1934 by Herbert W. Armstrong and now headed by his son, Garner Ted.

You will no longer be merely a "co-worker" but a member of God's one and only "true Church." That's no small thing. As Garner Ted Armstrong says, it means that when Christ returns—and that'll be soon—you'll be right there at his side, ruling the whole earth "with a rod of iron." (That's Garner Ted's style. No harp music for him—just cold steel.)

Another benefit your new membership brings is that you are now required to attend WCG Sabbath services. But you won't be worshipping on Sunday because that's "Satan's day," Armstrong claims. You'll be keeping the Old Testament Sabbath each week from Friday sunset to Saturday sunset. You

Article by John Trechak

Illustration by Keith Batcheller



won't be celebrating Christmas anymore, either; this holiday has pagan origins. (According to Armstrong, Christmas trees, like church steeples and obelisks, are phallic symbols and are to be avoided.)

You will no longer be observing Easter, Valentine's Day or New Year's Day for the same reason. Instead, you'll be worshipping on the ancient Israelite feast days of Trumpets, Atonement, Tabernacles, Passover and Firstfruits. Of course, you won't be keeping these the way Jews do today. After all, the devil's been putting a lot of funny ideas in *their* heads too. You'll be worshipping the Armstrong way!

At church services, held in rented halls and never publicized, WCG members hear 90-minute sermons, which provide the esoteric "spiritual meat" Garner Ted would never dare proclaim over the airwaves. Although taking notes for future study is encouraged, the use of tape recorders during services is strictly forbidden.

WCG members are taught that all other churches are Satan's. The Roman Catholic Church is referred to as "the mother of harlots" and Protestant denominations are termed "her wayward daughters." Members are taught to be distrustful not only of the world but even of their own thoughts. To Armstrong the devil is a broadcaster who is constantly sending out evil sig-

nals. The human mind is a receiver, and only through praying for half an hour a day, fasting regularly and listening to Armstrong's messages can the devil's broadcasts be jammed.

At church meetings "God's representatives" regularly exhort their flocks to support "God's Work" financially. As a member, you won't be giving just an occasional donation. No, you'll be *required* to give the first 10 percent of your gross income directly to "headquarters." The second 10 percent of your gross income will go toward keeping "God's feasts." Every third year you will be sending an additional 10 percent to headquarters for the "poor fund," of which substantial amounts are used to pay for ministers' homes and salaries and the upkeep of Garner Ted's jets. You will also be required to give further in the form of holy-day offerings, building-fund offerings and a number of "special offerings."

All of this can easily add up to 30 percent of your income. So you might be tempted to overlook an offering or two. But don't try it! If a check on headquarters' IBM System 370 computer reveals that you have been slack in your payments, you may soon find "God's representatives" telling you your membership has been revoked. You'll be damned, headed straight for hell and doomed for all eternity!

Does all this sound crazy? It is.

But this systematic method of programming Armstrong junkies was developed through more than 40 years of experience by Garner Ted's father, former advertising man Herbert W. Armstrong—and the system works.

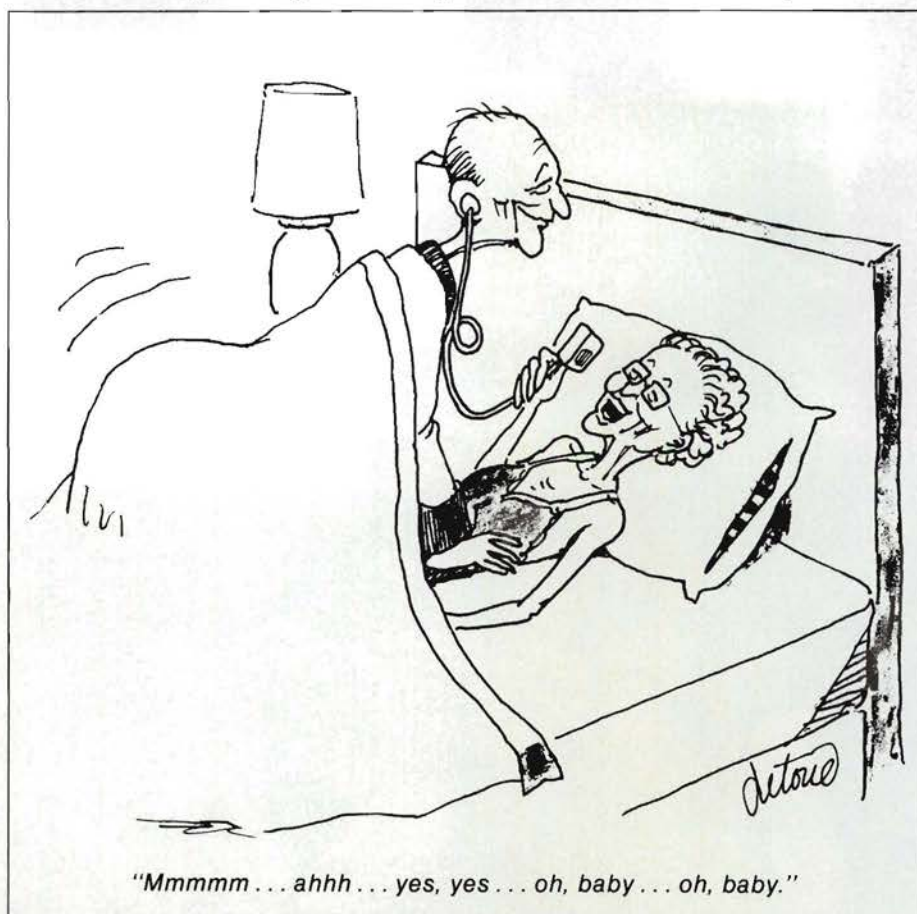
Ted garners \$75 million per year tax-free through this well-organized operation. *That's more than what Billy Graham and Oral Roberts take in combined!* And that \$75 million provides Garner Ted with a personal life-style equaled by very, very few mortals. He has beautiful homes in California, Texas, Colorado and Minnesota. His Pasadena home alone is worth close to half a million dollars. He has ten automobiles. At Ambassador College, the WCG's institution in Pasadena, he has a lavishly decorated office on what is generally considered to be one of the most opulent campuses in the world.

His Ambassador International Cultural Foundation (AICF) sponsors concerts featuring the likes of Beverly Sills, Luciano Pavarotti, Artur Schnabel, Vladimir Horowitz, the Panovs, Gene Kelly and Bob Hope. (It was at Ambassador that the late Bing Crosby fell from the stage and broke his leg.) And for high-society types the AICF also publishes *Quest '78*, a slick, glossy national magazine filled with ads for expensive jewelry, high-fashion clothing, luxury cars and booze. Ironically, despite its high-mindedness and fervent appeals to morality, the WCG doesn't openly condemn the consumption of alcohol and even runs liquor ads in its magazine.

In his spare time—and there's plenty of it—Garner Ted enjoys playing racquetball, handball, basketball, golf, tennis, chess and bridge. He has no aversion to cards or Nevada's gambling tables. He's also something of a crooner. It's not unusual for him to bring his guitar along to a honky-tonk bar and do a few songs. His good buddy Buck Owens once had him singing a few numbers on *Hee Haw*.

Ted, as he's called by close friends, is also a dedicated outdoorsman who skis in Utah, hunts deer in Colorado and shoots ducks in Louisiana. In the summer he likes to fly up weekends to his private camp in northern Canada to fish for walleye and pike. The jets he personally pilots are his \$3.5-million Grumman Gulfstream II and, for a change of pace, his Cessna Citation. These help make his R&R jaunts to Reno and Las Vegas a little more convenient. And the pretty stewardesses help make the flights a little more comfortable.

For Garner Ted Armstrong it's been a good life, but one not completely devoid of minor irritations. In May of this year
(continued on page 104)



"Mmmmm... ahhh... yes, yes... oh, baby... oh, baby."



"I tell ya, it was a riot! Then he tells this guy to put two of every kind of animal on the ark..."



HIT AND RUN

Photographs by Simon Jones







Tooling down the highway in a lean, red Bugatti roadster is like taking a walk with your zipper down—no self-respecting young lady will let you pass her by if she can help it. In the case of this flashing road apple, our highwayman is flagged down for a little curbside assistance. Why do it in the road when you can do it on a Bugatti? For about the same price as a Chevy Caprice, Early Wine Custom Classics (Whittier, California) offers a limited edition of Bugatti replicas. While your lover fans her feathers in the breeze, you can do some fancy shifting of your own.









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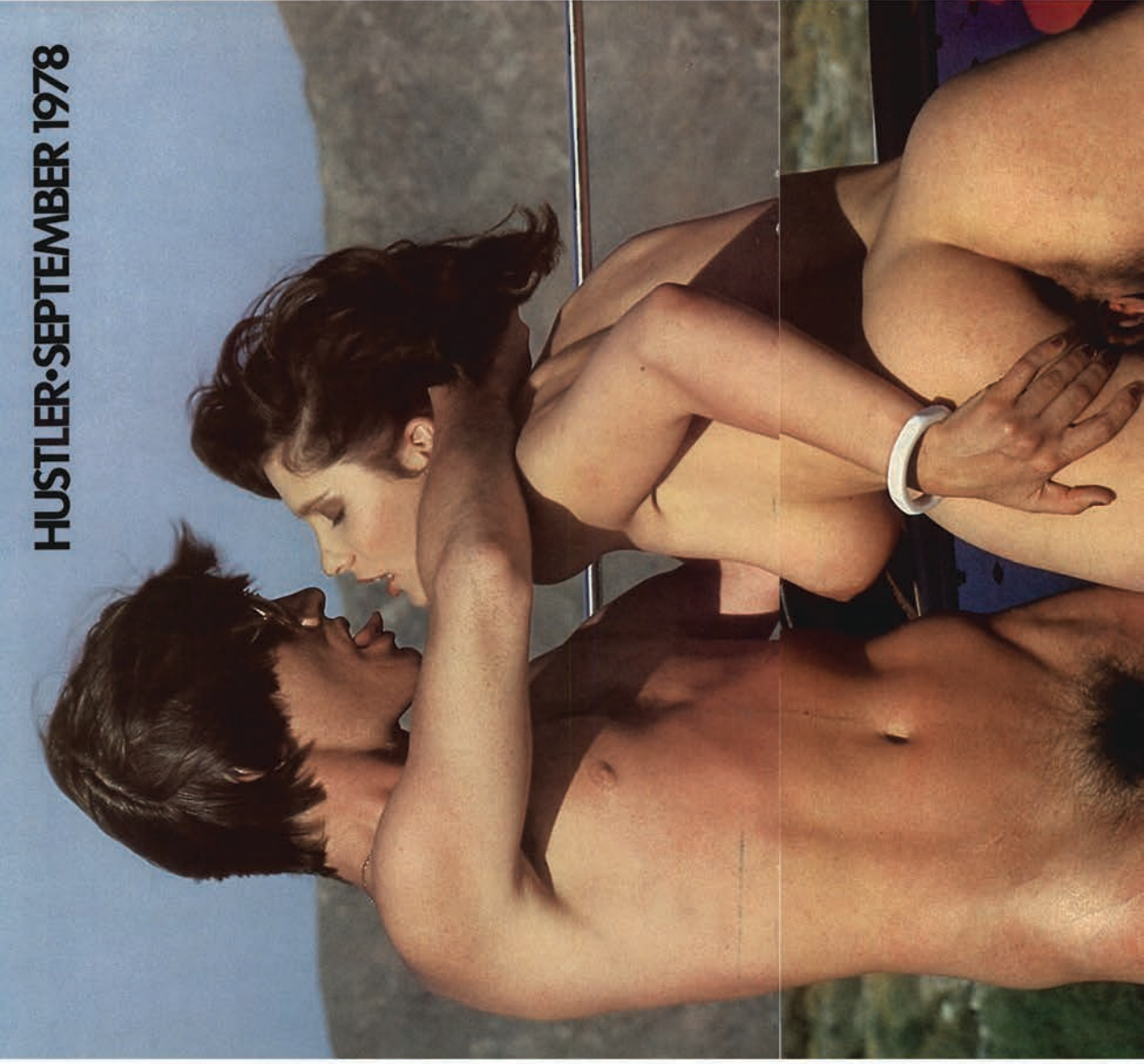
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HUSTLER•SEPTEMBER 1978





A drunk driving home from a party was hit by a car driven by a minister, whose auto rolled down a huge embankment. Being concerned about the clergyman's condition, the drunk staggered to the top of the bank and yelled over, "Hey! You OK down there?"

"Don't worry about me," came the reply. "I have the Lord with me."

"Is that right?" asked the drunk. "Well, you better let me have Him, then, 'cause the way you drive you're gonna kill Him!"

Henry went through life calling his brother George a stupid son of a bitch. Even when George would ask a question about a simple item, Henry would say, "It's an ashtray, you stupid son of a bitch."

One day George was sitting on the front porch when a man came by with a mule. Just then the animal keeled over and died. George asked the guy if he'd sell the mule for \$50. The man asked, "Do you realize it's dead?"

George replied, "Yes, and I'll give you fifty bucks if you'll bring him into the house."

The man dragged the dead mule into the living room. That didn't suit George, so he had the man drag it upstairs. Finally, to satisfy George, the man put the dead mule in the bathtub. Then the guy said, "I'll give you back a twenty if you'll tell me what the heck this is all about."

George told him, "I've got a brother who has called me a stupid son of a bitch my whole life. Tonight he'll come home, take off his hat and read the paper. Later on he'll go up to the bathroom, pull down his pants, sit on the john, look up and say, 'Jesus Christ, George! What's that in the tub?' And I'll be able to tell him, 'It's a dead mule, you stupid son of a bitch!'"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *condominium* as: a rubber housing project where pricks live.

After the traveling salesman robbed the poor farmer's daughter of her virtue, he wanted to be just. He sent for her mother.

"Mrs. Hall, you must know that I can't marry your daughter, but I will give \$5,000 to the child when it is born, \$2,000 to your daughter and \$500 to you."

Mrs. Hall was left breathless. As the salesman began to leave, a dreadful thought crossed the woman's mind. "Sir, if my daughter has a miscarriage, will you give her another chance?"

When Lyndon Johnson, Martin Luther King and John Kennedy died, God asked them how many virgins each of them had deflowered. Johnson's answer was one, King's six and Kennedy's eight.

God said, "OK, Lyndon, you can drive a gold Cadillac. Dr. King, you can drive a '55 Chevy pickup. And I'm sorry, John, but you'll have to settle for a ten-speed bicycle."

One day Johnson was giving King a ride when they saw Kennedy rolling on the ground, laughing his head off. They stopped and asked him what was so funny, and he replied, "Oh, I just saw the Pope go by on a skateboard!"

Lanski was a Polish-American who had long desired to visit his homeland. One day he read a notice in the newspaper classifieds: CREWS FOR POLAND, \$35. DEPART PIER 41, 2 P.M., SUNDAY.

He hurriedly packed and took a cab to Pier 41, where a large, ramshackle sailing ship was moored. An officer beckoned him to board.

"Welcome, sir. You're among the first to take advantage of our tremendous offer."

He handed Lanski \$35 and led him below decks. In one large compartment there were several rows of benches. The officer asked Lanski to sit down, and shackled his feet to the floorboards and his hands to an oar.

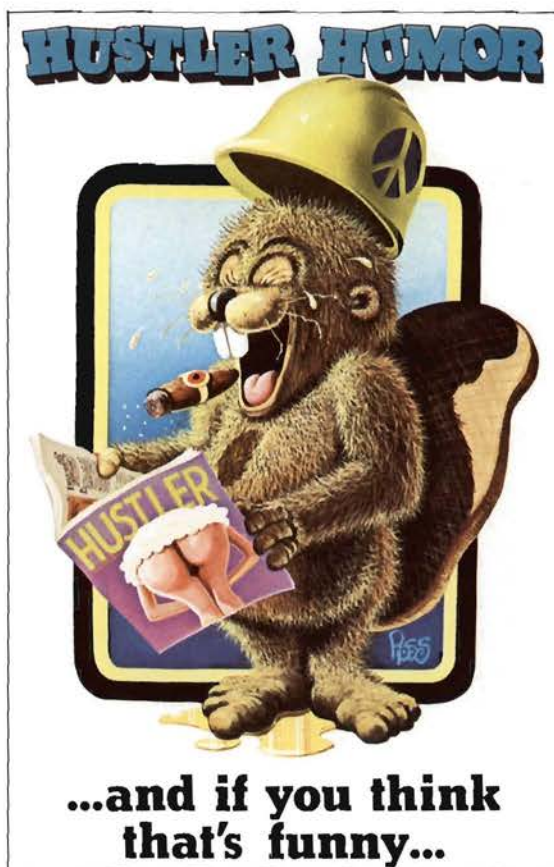
Over the next few hours many more Poles were taken below and likewise shackled. After all the benches were filled, an imposing, barechested black man came below and began pounding on a drum. The Poles were ordered to heave on their oars in time with the rhythm, and the ship set sail.

At long last the ship docked at a Polish port. "Welcome to Poland, gentlemen," the officer said as he unshackled the exhausted oarsmen. Lanski stretched and prepared to disembark. When Lanski passed by the black timekeeper, he asked another man, "Are we supposed to tip the *schwarze*?"

"I don't know," the other Pole replied. "I've never been on a cruise before."

Question: Know the fastest way to grease a car?
Answer: Run over a kid with pimples.

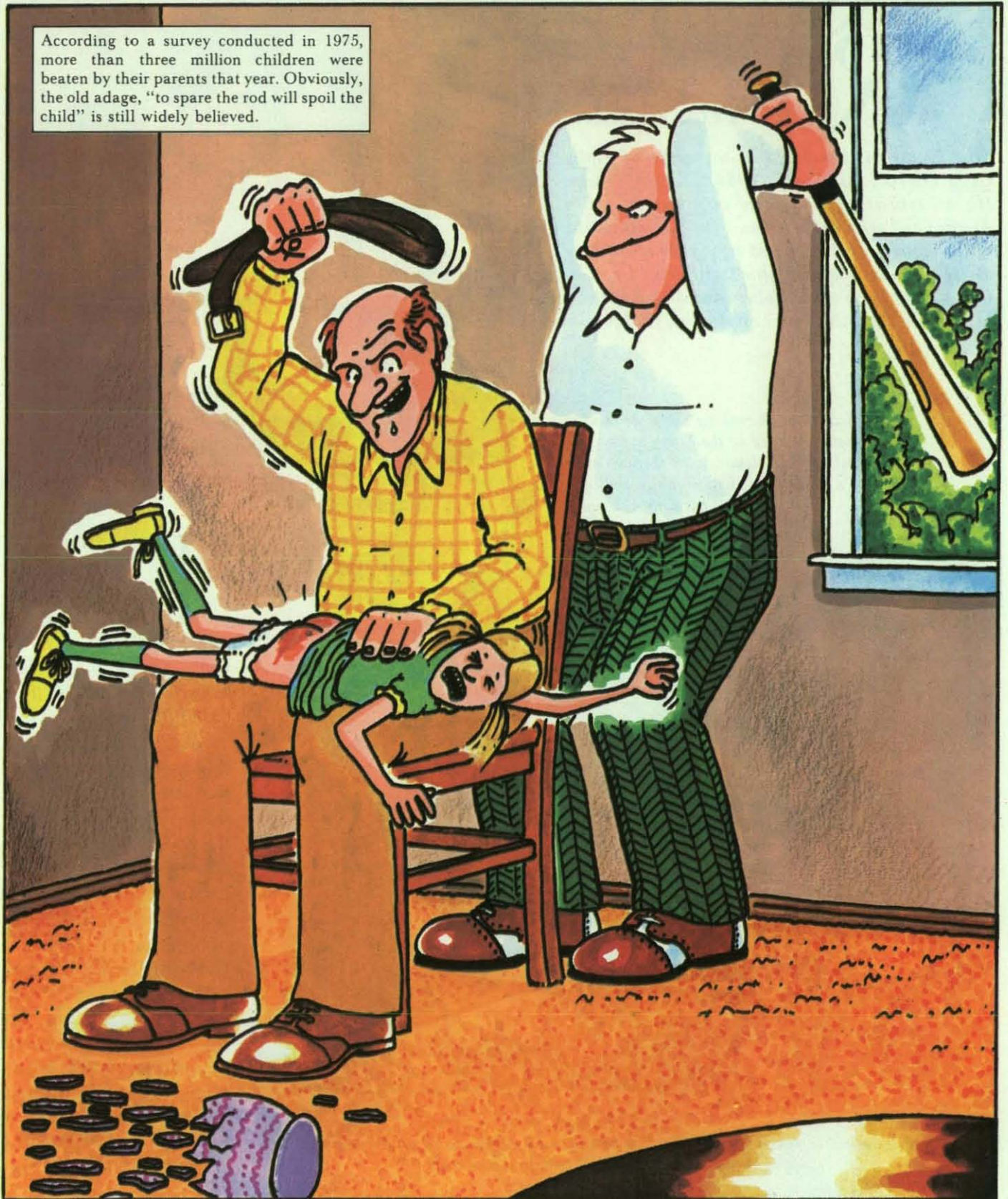
HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER Humor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.



CHESTER

BY DWAIN B. TINSLEY.

According to a survey conducted in 1975, more than three million children were beaten by their parents that year. Obviously, the old adage, "to spare the rod will spoil the child" is still widely believed.



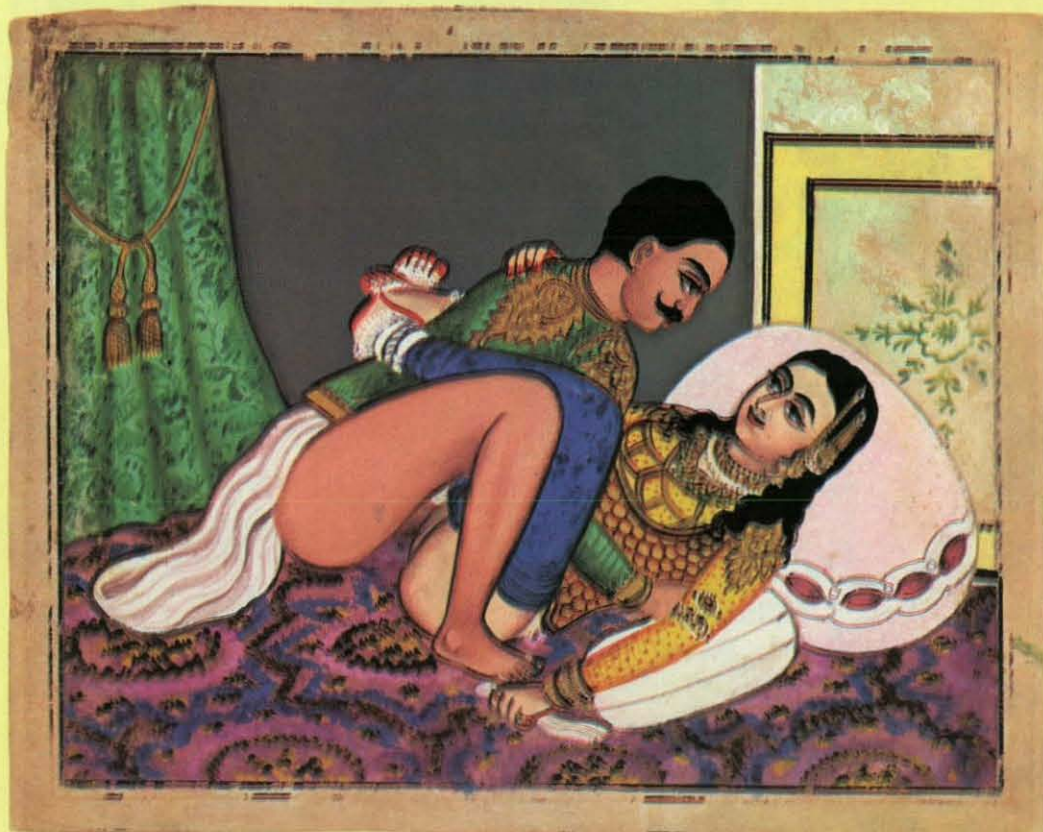
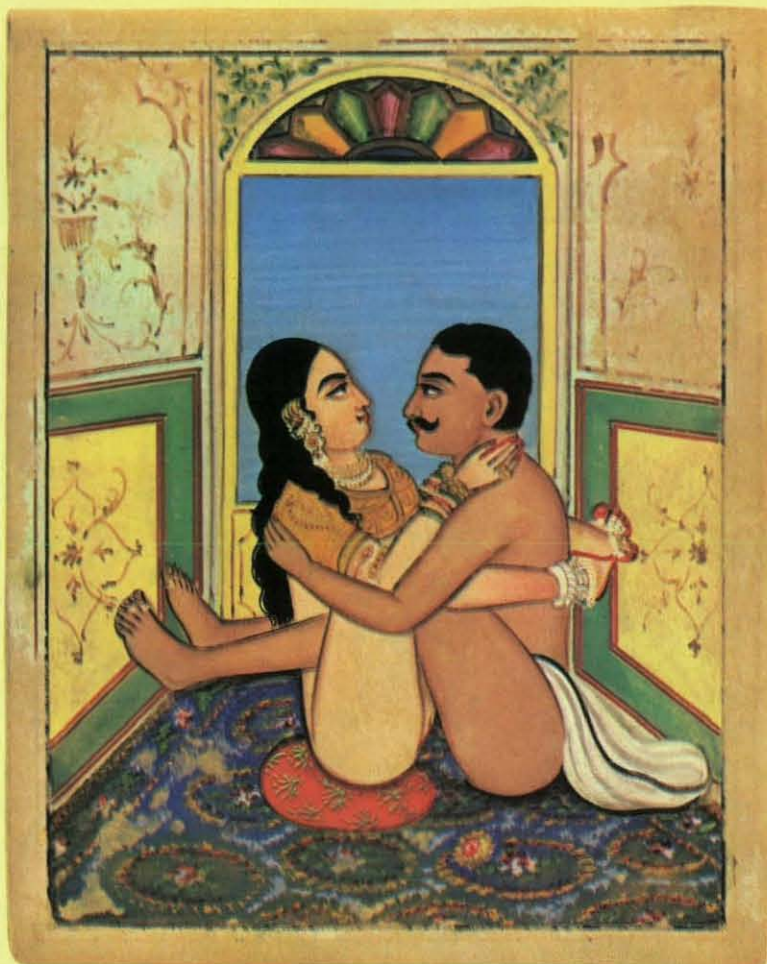
"This is going to hurt me worse than it does you!"

INDIA'S EROTIC ART

Text by
Peter Clothier

Peter Clothier is a poet and writer, author of Aspley Guise (1970), Parapoems (1974) and other books. His art criticism has appeared in Artforum, Art in America and other publications. After doctoral studies at the University of Iowa and eight years of teaching at the University of Southern California, Dr. Clothier is now Dean of the College and Acting Director at Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles, California.

Calm, deliberate lovemaking using the rocking position detailed in the Kama Sutra. The symmetry of the picture, with the two lovers framed against a cloudless blue sky, indicates harmony and peace.



A much more aggressive, passionate coupling. The heavy green background suggests a wantonness and lustful abandonment not present in the first miniature.

These delightful paintings are late examples of the long and rich Mogul tradition in India, and probably date from the second half of the 19th century. Their miniature scale finds its origin in the earlier practice of manuscript illumination, from which the style of the paintings also derives. The blend of formal stylization with naturalism reflects the merging of Muslim thought and tradition with the earlier Hindu culture, following the Muhammadan conquests in northern India beginning in the 11th century.

Looking at these figures in their colorful environment, we are

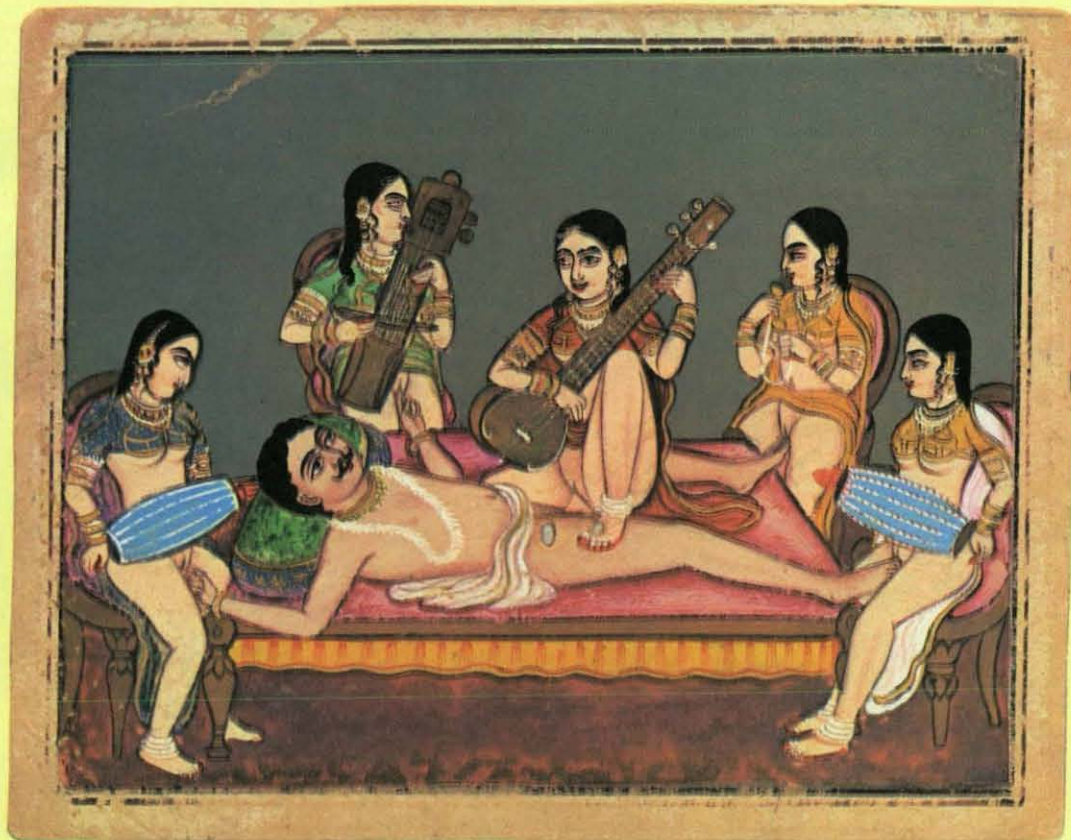
struck by the apparent contrast between the dramatic and "natural" quality of their physical contact, and the ideal stylization of their faces, clothing and the surrounding decor. (Curiously, we in the West have had the tendency to do the opposite: to stylize our representation of sexual contact and naturalize the face and surroundings with individual detail.) Here, while the familiar categorization of lovemaking positions seems a stylization—in the manner, say, of the *Kama Sutra* of Vatsyayana—the positions are natural and fluid. They suggest the sensuous movement of which the image is but a single, static moment.

The almost trancelike ecstasy of this lovemaking has no secretive or puritanical overtones. The sensuality of the lovers is day-lit, open and quasi-religious in its celebration. The presence of puja, the red body-paint on the women's hands and feet, carries with it connotations of ancient Indian ritual, as well as the traditional functions of feminine makeup.

At the same time, the two lovers' facial features emphasize that we are dealing with ideal types of humanity—not with individual characters. Human sexuality, then, transcends the individual's gratification and becomes the universal and spiritual consummation of human love and need.



Here the stylized female figure is pictured in a split second of active lust. She rides her 19th-century lover in a delightfully innocent, semirural setting.



A wanton dalliance with the Mughal equivalent of a female rock 'n' roll group. The women have so many musical instruments and so many orifices, and the man has so very little time.

The familiar spoon-and-scissors position, but with a nimble twist. She curves her left leg behind the man with double-jointed skill, widening her cunt lips as far as she is able for his limber member.



There's a mature formalism to this miniature. It depicts a complicated position that demands timing, balance and, no doubt, years of practice.

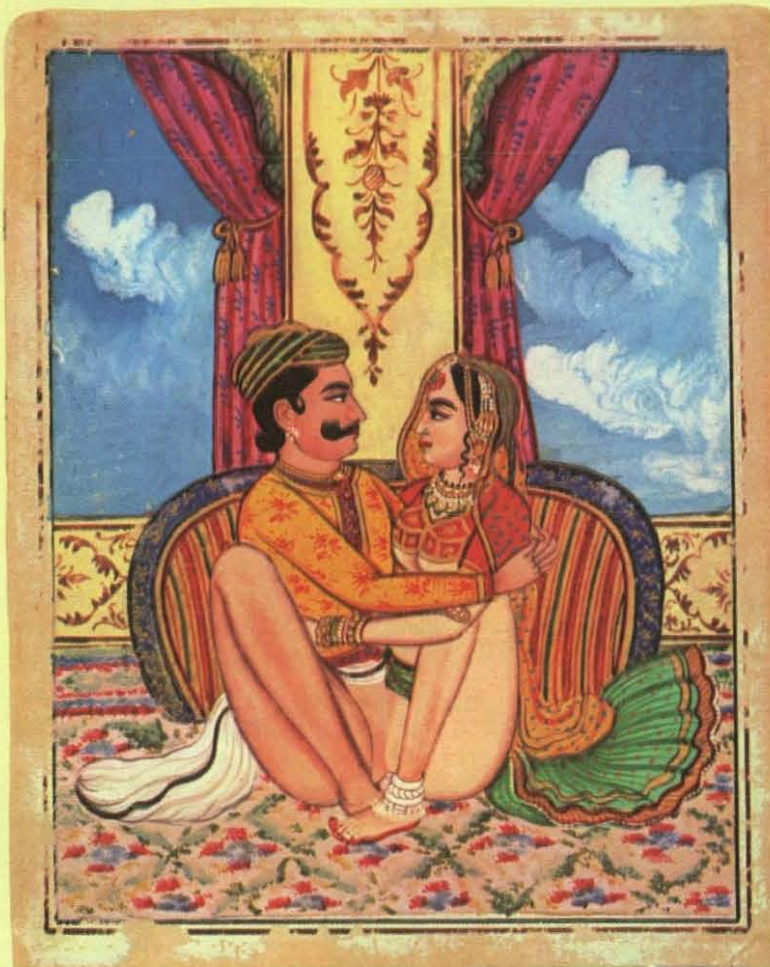


But the distinction between spiritual and physical is blurred in these paintings, for sensuality reaches beyond the intimate contact of the lovers and into their surroundings: the gardens, rich tapestries and rugs—along with their personal adornments.

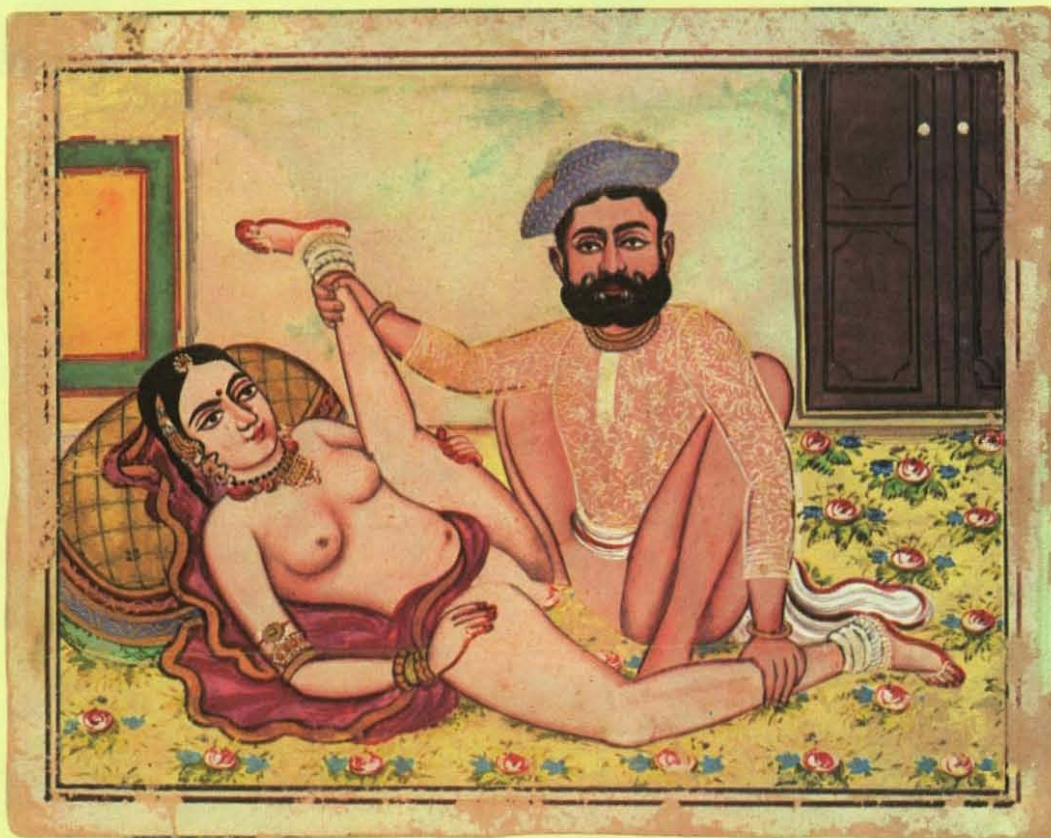
The society reflected here is one that seems undismayed by its own materialism, its delight in decoration and in refined manners. Even the practice of the arts, whimsically expressed in the amorous quintet of musicians as well as in the style of the paintings themselves, seems no more than a gentle dalliance, an elegant flirtation.

It is remarkable too, in this context, that there is no sexual dominance or struggle for supremacy evident in the paintings. What is expressed here is a mutual tenderness and calm, underscored by the carefully constructed, symmetrically divided backgrounds.

There are no distractions from these lovers' pleasure. The paintings express the sheer joy of a past society in an apparently material world—yet one whose spiritual dimension is never separate from each individual moment. "Be here now" seems the hidden injunction. It's a delight with which we may identify today in our own relations with the physical and sensual world.



The symmetry and peace of the first illustration is re-echoed here with stylized figures who seem older and wiser, but just as virile.



In the most unabashedly erotic of all the miniatures presented here, the man vertically splits the woman's shaven cunt to the greatest extent possible. He gazes out at us, as if to say: "This is where heaven may be found on earth"—and we at HUSTLER profoundly concur.



BUGS Parasites and Modern Man

I am Modern Man, a middle-aged, middle-class citizen living modestly in an intelligent city keen on public health—Berkeley, California. As a landlord and head of a small family, I oversee an empire of hygiene whose tools include tubs, showers, laundry machines, cleaning utensils, stoves, water heaters, porcelain privies and a variety of caustic and toxic chemicals. Lord knows, we seem to be using and fixing them all the time; but I suppose we're miles ahead of Ancient Man, if a bit sloppy by our

parents' standards. So why is it I feel like a lesson in ecology, the target of myriad parasites both ancient and modern?

The list begins with *Giardia lamblia*, a parasite partial to human intestines. Our pediatrician was delighted to find it, via lab report, in our son's feces. He had been waiting for something like this ever since I told him how often we take our pleasure tramping through the woods and ponds. "It can be contagious," he said cheerfully, writing a prescription

ARTICLE BY MICHAEL ROSSMAN



that made us all sick for a day. He needn't have been so smug about the bug, though, for I have since heard its name in mild complaint from a number of people who never get their feet wet.

Those amoebas were easy parasites to purge, but the tiny food moths have been invulnerable. Before we moved, they appeared in our kitchen after a summer of open windows. We were innocents then, and could not recognize the subtle traces of caterpillar webs and caterpillar droppings in the neat bags of pasta and grain and in the boxes of cereal until our whole store of starch was infested. We cleaned house, chucked out everything suspect and baked the rest in the oven just in case. And did this again, and yet again, while we discovered that these vile moths' larvae could thrive in *anything*—biscuits of Mexican chocolate saved for a party, or the tin of cayenne pepper left open for an hour. When we moved, we left all such stores behind, kept our new pasta in plastic buckets and congratulated ourselves prematurely. Eight months later they were back, fluttering in mating ecstasy while I swatted frantically. Are they infesting our whole city, or do they just like us?

In the years since, we have forced them to a stalemate—a stable, marginal niche in the house ecology—by keeping in sealed containers everything we don't immediately eat and scrutinizing these

with paranoid eyes. Still the pests appear, in small seasonal flushes, perhaps from some nugget of dog-kibble lodged inaccessibly beneath the fridge. I can't say I'm unhappy with the standoff. It gives me occasional exercise in coordination, and I do enjoy the silvery sheen their wings leave on my palms when I time my clap right. I mean, it's nice to actually get my hands on a parasite, even the most benign.

I feel this way about lice, too, though I'm too civilized to enjoy crunching them between my teeth as they deserve. Nevertheless, I take care to crisp the telltale one personally with a match before turning to wholesale chemical murder, for I really have come to hate them on their own merits, quite apart from cultural propaganda.

The first time was a shock, a blow to my middle-class self-image. *Me*, afflicted like some filthy derelict! But soon I entered the romantic phase, wherein one says reasonably, "Hey now, it isn't that big a deal. It's like the dog and his fleas. They don't hurt—they just itch a bit." And I went with a bit of shame and bravado to the pharmacy to pick up some Kwell, and we used it and made faces and washed everything and it was all OK. Afterward we reassured each other ("See, that wasn't so bad, was it?") and joked for weeks about how paranoid we were at each little itch.

So it went, every year or two during

the hippie era. The dawn of the '70s seemed to affect lower beasts too. I hadn't seen a louse for six years, and was at the point of feeling nostalgic about them, when a noncasual liaison (or perhaps the kid's schoolmates) renewed that old romance. It lasted through the first time we washed everything in the house—and vanished for good three weeks later, when we caught ourselves itching again. During the past eight months (what with sharing children with the family downstairs, plus the general louse epidemic in the city's schools) we have been through the complete purge five times. We now take to the furniture with hot irons and line up for weekly poison baths. And if I look for the right louse to fry in magic ritual, maybe I can find the king or queen.

The fleas aren't really my problem, but they sure do pester my wife, Karen, when the dog is off visiting. I think maybe she's lacking B-complex vitamins or should eat more broccoli. Mosquitoes seem to like her better too. But I don't know what to tell the dog. The San Francisco area is legendary as the nation's flea heaven. They usually slack off in winter, but they loved California's two-year drought. Poor Bull now looks like a worn teddy bear, his rear end permanently patchy from nipping—not at the artfully dodging fleas, but at his own flesh, itch-inflamed by his allergic reaction to the infinitesimal traces of flea excreta.

Half the dogs in town suffer so, and no one even jokes about eucalyptus oil now. The vet won't look me in the eye anymore; she just hands me the new can of poison and says, "Spray every other day and try not to breathe it." I don't use the spray because Bull's developing an allergic reaction to it. And we've stopped fumigating the house; it doesn't work well with wall-to-wall carpets anyway. There's no way to prevent reinfestation, and fleas' eggs and larvae can live without food for 500 days. So it's poison baths as often as Bull can stand them.

I don't mean to digress from Modern Man, for he is partly the company he keeps, and thoroughly parasitized all the way round. Our house is a greenhouse, having perhaps a hundred plants (fewer than some of our friends, in a community given to growing things). And it must have been from friends' dear gifts that I imported my variety of horticultural parasites—all but the midget albino termites, which came with the Brazilian orchid from a Horticultural Society sale and which were too specialized to survive in our clime.

It does seem miraculous that I green-thumbed it with drugstore cripples and

(continued on page 86)



"Poor old boy! You really miss being jerked off since the old lady died, don't you?"





SEX POSITIONS

Text by
Dr. Joseph Barry

Dr. Joseph Barry received his degree in clinical psychology from the California School of Professional Psychology in San Diego. He is a licensed marriage, family and child counselor in the state of California and is a sex therapist certified by the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists. Currently, he is director of the human-sexuality program of the Los Angeles Guidance and Counseling Service and helps coordinate continuing-education programs for professionals.



There are several reasons for knowing about and experimenting with different positions of sexual intercourse. For example, utilization of various postures helps free partners from becoming habitually fixated, thereby preventing monotony and maintaining sexual interest. Another reason is that alternating positions during lovemaking mitigates the tendency to hurry. Also, couples may have individual preferences for certain positions that enhance their comfort and physical pleasure. They should discuss these preferences with each other to enrich their sexual enjoyment. Furthermore, the effort

expended in maneuvering one's body in different positions communicates care and concern for the partner.

If a couple wish to explore the limits of sexual gratification, both partners need a certain amount of agility. Sexual activity should never lose its fluid quality; i.e., one position should flow into another. However, there are many factors that influence position choice, including health, weight, pregnancy, body build, fatigue, genital size, locale of the sexual act, religious beliefs and other psychological variables.

All coital positions are normal and acceptable. With a little imagination every individ-

ual can invent his or her own preferred positions for sexual enjoyment. However, experience and confidence combined with thoughtfulness, freedom and spontaneity are the factors that make sex truly pleasurable.

1. Man Atop Woman

Also known as "missionary-style," this is the traditional and most common position. The woman lies supine, with her legs extended, which provides penile support by tightening of the vaginal orifice. This affords maximum friction and safeguards the penis from slipping out as

intercourse continues. While joined together the partners are able to kiss face to face and communicate their feelings through speech and facial expressions.

This position is very satisfying for women who appreciate being pinned down and submitting to active lovemaking. There are drawbacks, however: A heavy man will be a considerable burden on the woman; the woman's pelvis is restricted from free movements; clitoral stroking is difficult for the male to maneuver; penetration is not deep; and, typically, males find the missionary position most difficult in terms of controlling their ejaculations.



2.

2. Female-Superior

Here the woman straddles the man and lowers herself onto his erect penis. She can then lean forward or backward. This position is widely recognized as providing her with maximal clitoral pressure and stimulation. The woman can easily guide the penis into her vagina, control how quickly and deeply the penis enters, and direct the tempo of the man's thrusting.

The woman-astride position gives the man access to her breasts and genitals, while she is able to stimulate his chest, thighs and testicles as well. Further, the couple have the opportunity to talk and look at each other during their love-making. The female-astride posture is the most-often-utilized position in sex therapy (especially for controlling premature ejaculation).

There are psychological disadvantages to this alternative. Some men feel threatened taking the "passive" or "feminine" position, while on the other hand many women are too inhibited to take an active role in love-making. However, with more sexual education available these attitudes are changing.



3.

3. Reverse Female-Superior

In this position the male lies supine while the woman straddles him with her back to his face. She rests on her legs, which are folded beneath her. This posture provides the woman with control and freedom to easily pleasure her own breasts and genitals. This position is popular for men in sex therapy who have problems delaying ejaculation.

The disadvantages include less total body contact, isolation of each other's facial expressions and difficulty for the man in manually stimulating the woman's clitoris. Also, deep penetration in this posture should be monitored for vaginal discomfort.





4. Lateral Face to Face

Here the couple lie side by side with their legs entwined. The woman clasps and anchors her legs around the man's waist, with her buttocks and genitals elevated to accept penile entry. This position allows maximum pelvic thrusting for both partners, eliminates weight on either partner and provides freedom for mutual touching of face, upper body and genitals.

The disadvantage is that it offers shallow penetration. In sex therapy this position is intermediary in the transition from "female-superior" to "man-atop-woman" in treating impotence as well as premature ejaculation.

5. Lateral Rear Entry

This position is also known as "spooning," since the couple resemble spoons stacked together side by side. The couple lie on their sides, with the woman's back against the man's chest. In this position there is full body contact, and the man can very easily fondle the woman's breasts and stimulate her genitals manually. This ability is of major importance when clitoral stimulation is necessary for the woman to achieve orgasm. This method is very restful and is suitable for coitus during pregnancy or periods of ill health.

The disadvantage of this style of intercourse is that penetration is not deep—the woman's buttocks are in the way. Also, coitus in this position presents difficulties for obese people or for men with a small penis.



6. Standing

This posture is more romantic than practical. It is a very strenuous position to maintain, as the woman typically must remain on her toes to elevate her vagina for penile entry. By alternating her weight on her toes and heels she can control her pelvic movements up and down. Standing face to face is also strenuous for the male, since he in essence is supporting all her weight. Penetration is difficult and movement is restricted for both partners. Ejaculating while standing presents no problem for most men, but the postcoital phase is not very comfortable.



7. Knee-Chest Rear Entry

Also known as "doggy-style," this position has the woman supporting herself on her hands and knees while the male kneels and enters from behind. This position allows for easy penetration, extra penile depth, vigorous thrusting for the male, plus buttock stimulation and easy access to the female's breasts. The woman can move her hips freely and receive manual stimulation to her clitoris. The rear-entry position affords much better leverage than do the lying-down positions.

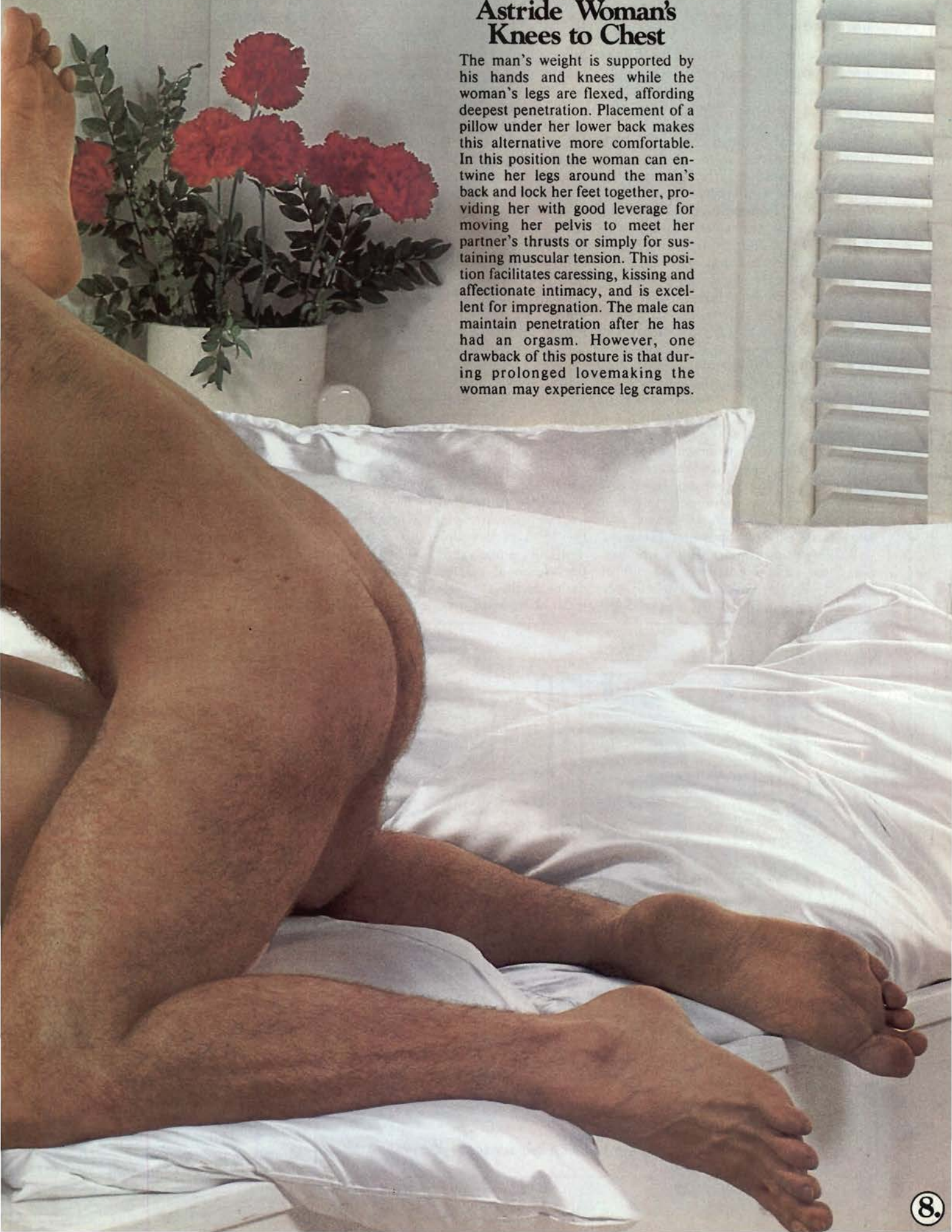
This position is one of great humility or complete submission for the woman, and there is no face-to-face intimacy. Finally, the rear-entry posture is associated with anal intercourse.





8. Man Astride Woman's Knees to Chest

The man's weight is supported by his hands and knees while the woman's legs are flexed, affording deepest penetration. Placement of a pillow under her lower back makes this alternative more comfortable. In this position the woman can entwine her legs around the man's back and lock her feet together, providing her with good leverage for moving her pelvis to meet her partner's thrusts or simply for sustaining muscular tension. This position facilitates caressing, kissing and affectionate intimacy, and is excellent for impregnation. The male can maintain penetration after he has had an orgasm. However, one drawback of this posture is that during prolonged lovemaking the woman may experience leg cramps.



BUGS

(continued from page 74)

random cuttings for a decade before meeting anything more persistent than an occasional covey of fragile aphids descended from a garden visitor. But when the lice left, something had to compensate, and during their absence I became familiar with mealybugs, nematodes, spitbugs, thrips and three kinds of scale. And spider mites.

With the philodendron and the dog to remind me of the world's way, why should I be proud, or find the recurrence of this or that pestilence a surprise? What's surprising instead is how people remain reluctant to discuss parasitism as a fact of life. If I say I have a friend who has a friend whose kid caught lice from one of the Rockefeller kids, it still sounds like nasty gossip. But I *do* have such a friend, and it's news of how united the human family still is in some of its miseries. And it makes me paranoid. Gone are the days of promiscuous exchange, when cuttings were offered as casually as kisses and received with scarcely more attention. Instead, I frown at each gift-wrapped pot and inquire about hygiene at home, and learn to be careful about quarantine.

But sometimes quarantine's impossible. How can you keep a kid out of school? We think that was where our son picked up the pinworms, though

their eggs also blow in the breeze. By the time he complained of an itchy anus, we all were thoroughly infested. And if we grew (in a certain sense) fond of the little creatures, it was not simply resignation and marvel at the variety of plagues we were subject to; rather, it was on account of their habits, which we had ample opportunity to observe intimately, as we ate the appropriate poisons and washed everything we owned four times before they stayed gone.

It seemed that every month, as the moon grew full, the female pinworms would rouse themselves from their warm intestinal habitat and journey to the outer world, to deposit their eggs daintily at the surface of the anus, where the males, in similar pilgrimage, would follow to fertilize them. Their timing was quite precise. Twice we had thought we were done with them and forgot to watch; and both times the three of us began to itch within a few hours of each other, the night before a full moon.

Along with a truly remarkable sensation, localized in anal epithelial tissue and which lasted two days until I could get the poison and have it take effect—no, garlic didn't help—I experienced in the pinworms' swarming action the kind of deep pleasure I associate with any inexorable, periodic natural phenomenon, a tribute to the forceful dance of life. Yes, it's really something to sit there with a bottomful of worms,

with nothing to be done about it till tomorrow.

Our doctor, though grateful for the variety we bring him, still thinks of us as romantics and smiles at our farfetched notion that pinworms dance to the moon. I have not dared tell him just how many worms I have counted in a single stool, for fear he think me megalomaniacal. Yet I fancy myself a serious scientific observer, and my pride is stung also by the best vet in Berkeley, who laughs when I report that my dog wants to eat green salad with vinegar whenever he's taking those pills for his flea eczema. But it's true.

For I'm the science teacher at my son's school, part-time, and I'm on the lookout for ecological relationships. Perhaps it's fitting that I have so many in my own life, for it gives me good material to talk about with the kids.

This month brought the matter home with a vengeance. For months we've been treating our son for a mysterious face rash, and I finally thought to really *look* at the other kids in the two classes I teach. Sure enough, about half in each class were infected. We had a great time calling all work to a halt and inspecting each other, and pooling our knowledge about what to do. Few of the kids afflicted were under treatment, and none of their doctors knew quite what it was or could tell them anything more than "Use this ointment three times a day; it'll kill whatever it is, but it'll take a long time." Not a single parent had sent a notice to school.

It was a bad lesson all around—neglect, avoidance, ignorance and shotgun treatment—and we talked about it. The kids asked why the doctors didn't make cultures to learn if it were a fungus or bacteria, and I wondered why too. The kids know about cultures, having incubated cough-plates when we studied bacteria. Their primitive notion of disease as simple invasion was upset, as they learned that we host some dangerous parasites normally, even at our healthiest, most times managing to keep them in balance. (It's not just my gloomy experience, but scientific fact.)

And my pupils were more upset to learn what their loving parents and doctors are doing to them, and to us all, by automatically laying on the antibiotic magic each time there's a scratch or a sniffle. At seven and eight years old they are old enough to understand the basic story: That with ourselves as incubators we are breeding new kinds of parasites, progressively more immune to our power to control them.

It's clearest in the case of clap. When I got my first dose in 1966, clinics were already warning us that the standard



"It's almost 6 o'clock. Still time to catch the sunset on Channel 4."

(continued on page 121)

THIS WAS

SEX



BY SANDY TELLER

The following excerpts are part of a compilation of so-called sex advice from social scientists, physicians and counselors during the few decades preceding and following the turn of the century. During its time this advice was taken seriously. Today one may laugh at such state-

ments as "The positions for copulation are six in number," but it isn't so funny to find that many still believe the male-superior position to be the only healthy one. And at the very least, our parents were raised with the values and beliefs these advisers preached. Sexual misinformation such as



In 1887 it was believed that if a woman drowned a lizard in wine, it was a surefire way to get a man.

this has created an unhealthy environment in which the body is seen as dirty and sexual functions are considered unwholesome. Please don't take the following advice from Sandy Teller's This Was Sex as seriously as your grandparents did.

Why Women Use Magic

As women are not allowed to make Love actively, they resort to various cunning arts with which they indirectly reach the hard hearts of men.

Magic is the most potent of these arts, and always has been so considered by women: for, curiously enough, one finds on looking over the folklore of various nations, ancient and modern, that in nineteen cases out of twenty where a Love-charm is spoken of it is one used by women to win the affection of men.

Probably the real reason why the vast majority of women are so curiously indifferent to the hygienic arts of increasing and preserving Personal Beauty—as shown in their devotion to tight-lacing, their aversion to fresh air, sunshine and brisk exercise—is because they know they can infallibly win a man's Love by the use of some simple powder or potion.

In medieval times Personal Beauty was such a rare thing, and created such havoc among men, that the unhappy possessors of it were frequently accused

of using forbidden Love-charms, and burnt at the stake as witches.

Today, thanks to our superior sanitary and educational arrangements, Beauty is such a common affair that it has lost all its effect on the masculine heart; hence, girls should carefully note a few of the ways by which a man may be irresistibly fascinated.

Italian girls practice the following method: A lizard is caught, drowned in wine, dried in the sun and reduced to powder, some of which is thrown on the obdurate man, who thenceforth is theirs for evermore.

A favorite Slavonic device is for the girl to cut her finger, let a few drops of her blood run into a glass of beer, and make the adored man drink it unknowingly. The same method is current in Hesse and Oldenburg, according to Dr. Ploss.

In Bohemia the girl who is afraid to wound her finger may substitute a few drops of bat's blood.

Cases are known where invocations to the moon were followed by the bestowal of true Love. And if a girl will address the new moon as follows—"All hail to thee, moon! All hail to thee! Prithee, good moon, reveal to me/This night who my husband shall be," she will dream of him that very night.

A four-leaved clover secretly placed

in a man's shoes will make him the devoted lover of the woman who puts it in.

If a girl sees a man washing his hands—say at a picnic—and lends him her apron or handkerchief to dry them, he will forthwith declare himself her amorous slave to eternity.—(1887)

Conserving Energy

Copulation is slow and dangerous immediately after a meal and during the two and three hours which the first digestion needs, or having finished a rapid walk or any other violent exercise. In the same way, if the mental faculties are excited by some mental effort, by a theater party or a dance, rest is necessary, and it is advisable to defer amatory experience till the next morning.—(1919)

How to Pick a Woman

You are thinking of matrimony. You would, of course, like to be sensible in your choice. Consider the following suggestions:

Do not select a woman with a temperament very similar to your own. You may judge of temperament by the color of the hair and skin, by the shape of the body and intensity of the nervous system.

Do not select a woman with a forehead shaped like your own.

If you are large, do not marry a small woman. The disparity in size should not be great. The several reasons for this advice are too obvious to need mention.

Such an error among animals often proves fatal, as indeed it often does among human beings.—(1874)

Sex Positions

The positions for copulation are six in number as used by different races at different epochs. They are: man above; man below; standing; sitting; lateral, or side by side; from the rear.—(1919)

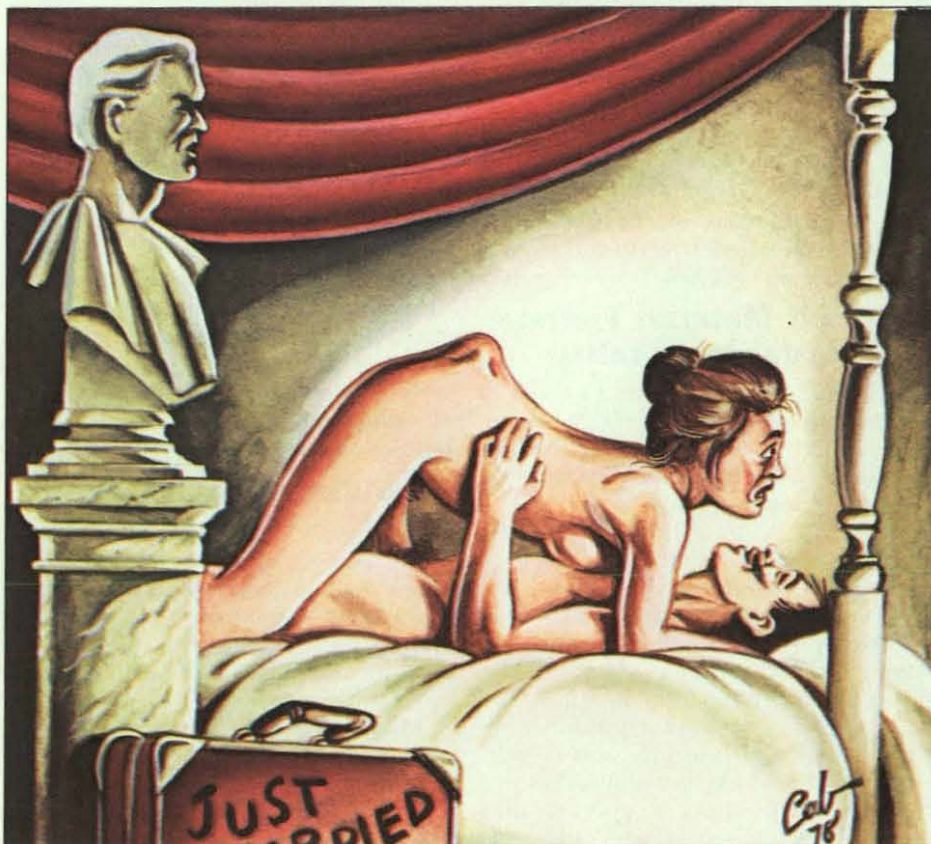
Sexual Frequency

Expressed in general terms (which, of course, will not fit everybody) my view may be formulated thus: The mutually best regulation of intercourse in marriage is to have three or four days of repeated unions, followed by about ten days without any unions at all, unless some strong external stimulus has stirred a mutual desire.—(1918)

Female Sexual Passion

Passion in Women—There are many females who never feel any sexual excitement whatever; others again, to a limited degree, are capable of experiencing it. The best mothers, wives and managers of households know little or nothing of the sexual pleasure. Love of home, children and domestic duties are the only passions they feel.

Back in 1919 there was a lot of concern about putting a big dick into a short cunt.



Ten days of rest between fucks was a popular prescription in 1918.

As a rule, the modest woman submits to her husband, but only to please him; and, but for the desire of maternity, would far rather be relieved from his attentions.—(1914)

Sharing a Bed

It would be difficult to find two persons exactly equal in bodily powers. When sleeping together, between the same pair of sheets, the stronger will absorb

vitality from the weaker. One person will arise refreshed for the day's work, the other more or less enervated.

When two persons occupying the same bed are husband and wife, in addition to the depletion of one's vitality, there is the temptation to amorous excess, which is avoided by separate beds. Of this Dr. Ruddock says: "Married persons should adopt more generally the rule of sleeping in separate rooms, or at least in separate beds, as is almost the universal custom in Germany and Holland. "Opportunity makes impotency."—(1902)

Size and Sex

It is a matter of misfortune, and yet one of not infrequent occurrence, that the sex organs of husband and wife are *not well matched*; and that trouble, sometimes of a most serious nature, results.

When this condition is found to exist, it should be treated sanely and wisely, and the chances are many to one that the difficulty can be overcome, to the full satisfaction of both parties concerned. In such cases, the mismatching usually arises from the fact that the penis of the husband is too long for the vagina of the wife. This is very apt to be the case where the wife is of the "dummy" sort, with a small mouth and short fingers, while the husband is "gangling," large mouthed and long fingered.

These are facts that ought to be taken into account before and which should figure in determining whether the parties are "suited" to each other. They *would* be regarded in this way, too, if they were generally known, as they most surely are not.—(1919)



This also from 1919: *Fucking produces electricity; pubic hair insulates against shocks.*

Why We Have Pubic Hair

In order that this mingling of the male and female sources of life may be possible, it is necessary that there be a union of the male and female generative organs.

For such a meeting, the penis is filled with blood, all its blood vessels being distended to their utmost capacity, till the organ becomes stout and hard, and several times its dormant size, as has already been told. In this condition it is able to penetrate, to its utmost depths, the vaginal passage of the female, which is of a nature to perfectly contain the male organ in this enlarged and rigid condition. Under such conditions, the penis is inserted into the widened and distended vaginal passage.

Once together, a mutual back and forth, or partly in and out, movement of the organs is begun and carried on by the man and woman, which action further enlarges the parts and raises them to a still higher degree of tension and excitement.

It is supposed by some that this frictional movement of the parts develops an electrical current, which increases in tension as the act is continued; and that it is the mission of the pubic hair, which is a nonconductor, to confine these currents to the parts in contact.—(1919)

Sexual Purpose

If it is noble and beautiful for the betrothed lover to respect the law of marriage in the midst of the glories of

courtship, it may even be more noble and beautiful for the wedded lover to respect the unwritten laws of health and propagation in the midst of the ecstasies of sexual union.

Exchange of magnetic elements rebuilds waning vitality: while the full procreating act, which ends with ejaculation of the seminal fluid, and a nervous spasm on the part of both participants, offers no compensation to either, except gratification of the animal impulse. It is only right when children are desired.—(1902)

How to Copulate

The *modus operandi* of the sexual act itself is so well understood as to require little attention.—(1906)

Explicit Material Fosters Sexual Immorality

No other source contributes so much to sexual immorality as obscene literature. When the devil determines to take charge of a young soul, he often employs a very ingenious method.

He slyly hands a little novel filled with "voluptuous forms," "reclining on bosoms," "languishing eyes," etc. I will give you a sample passage:

"Madly, wildly bent on possessing the lovely Helene, never for an instant does his glance wander from her face and affection firing his eyes, he stands waiting, gazing, and insisting—not in vain. In an ecstasy of *abandon*, she rushes into his arms. He struggles to express in song his mad passion, and with her arms

wound around his neck, she listens, every action and look betokening the fervid, burning love that beats within her bosom, that deepens and darkens within her eyes, and lights his face like a fierce flame. Locked in each other's arms, the lovely pair, intent on each other, forget everything on earth below and in the heavens above. . . ."—and so on for two hundred pages.

Publishing houses, the managers of which contrive to keep out of jail, send out tons of such stuff every month. Some of them affect respectability. I take the liberty to suggest a change in their business, one which I am sure would prove congenial, and would by comparison, serve the cause of virtue. Let them open a gambling-hell, or a house of prostitution. The moral level would be above their present trade, and the injury done the public would be as nothing in comparison.

Can you imagine a man born of woman, nursed and trained by maternal love, returning it all by devoting himself to the distribution of such filthy, deadly poison? None but God can measure the extent of the evil influence on these vile harpies. There are several wealthy publishers in this country whose business it is to run great steam-engines and numberless machines in the preparation of this slime of the pit.—(1874)

Why Dancing Is Bad

Whatever apologies may be offered for other forms of the dance as a means of exercise under certain restrictions, employed as a form of calisthenics, no such excuse can be framed in defense of "round dances," especially of the waltz.

In addition to the associated dissipation, late hours, fashionable dressing, midnight feasting, exposures through excessive exertions, improper dress, etc., it can be shown most clearly that dancing has a direct influence in stimulating the passions and providing unchaste desires, which too often lead to unchaste acts, and are in themselves violations of the requirements of strict morality, and productive of injury to both mind and body.—(1888)

Avoiding Sexual Fantasy

Many people find it easier to banish erotic fancies by some occupation in which the body actively participates. To rise at once and attack a task requiring attention and care, with vigorous bodily movements, will instantly drive away all unclean thoughts.

Many have praised dumb-bells in this connection. I have known several to try bean-bags, practicing many games, throwing them up in a variety of ways, three, four or five at a time.

But brisk walking, sawing wood, gardening, or any other exercise requiring attention and strong will, answers just as well. Such efforts never fail.—(1874)

Sex and Age

As age advances, new laws gain the ascendancy in the married life.

In well-regulated lives, the sexual passions become less and less imperious, diminishing gradually, until at an average age of forty-five in the woman and fifty-five in the man, they are but rarely awakened and seldom solicited.

After the "change of life" with woman, sexual congress, while permissible, should be infrequent, no less for her sake than that of the husband, whose advancing years should warn him of the medical maxim: "Each time that he delivers himself to this indulgence, he casts a shovelful of earth upon his coffin."—(1876)

Female Body Odors

Women, says Hagen, are like the flowers who spread their intoxicating fragrance during dawn and dusk—as the first rays of the rising and the last rays of the setting sun.

With some the sweetest odors emanate during night-time.

During a thunderstorm, when the air is close, the feminine odor is particularly pronounced. The transpiration of lean

women is less pronounced than in the stout, who possess usually large sudoriparous pores and sebaceous glands.

Brunettes have a stronger feminine odor than blondes, and both are *surpassed by the red-haired*.

Before and after conjugation, the natural body odor of the woman is more intense. Two of the author's patients were reported to exhale an odor somewhat resembling that of onions, immediately after the orgasm.—(1919)

Effects of Masturbation

The victim is subject to loss of spirit, weakness of memory, despondency and apathy; anaemia and facial acne are common; there is loss of manly bearing and proneness to blush; the path leads to imbecility and premature senility; the countenance and demeanor stamp the onanist as an object of reasonable suspicion; his genitals bear the marks of his degrading practice; his digestion and heart action are disturbed; and he becomes a moody, apprehensive, hypochondriacal invalid, if not a gross pervert.—(1898)

How to Spot a Masturbator

The same signs which betray the boy will make known the girl addicted to this vice.

The bloodless lips, the dull, heavy eye

surrounded with dark rings, the nerveless hand, the blanched cheek, the short breath, the old, faded look, the weakened memory, and silly irritability tell the story all too plainly. The same evil result follows, ending perhaps in death, or worse, insanity.—(1903)

Sex and Insanity

"At the present rate of increase in insanity the last sane person will disappear from the United States and Canada in two hundred years."

Startling, isn't it?

And yet this statement is from the published reports of two world-famous alienists [psychologists] within the last year. Both agree that ignorance of the laws of sex is responsible for more cases of insanity than any other single factor.—(1928)

Women and Intelligence

Where is the woman [who] would not be beautiful? If such there be—but no, she does not exist. From that memorable day when the Queen of Sheba made a formal call on the late lamented King Solomon until the recent advent of the Jersey Lily, the power of beauty has controlled the fate of dynasties and the lives of men.

How to be beautiful, and consequently, powerful, is a question of far greater
(continued on page 123)

In 1903 there were several ways to spot a masturbator; this chick shows them all!



CONSPIRACY AGAINST TRUTH

(continued from page 48)

could have been shot if I'd been with him. I wonder if it would have happened if I'd been there."

THE POLICE INVESTIGATION

The scene of the shooting is an abandoned hotel, a two-story greystone building, boarded up by the police by the time I arrived. The backyard was filled with broken glass, boards, old screens and assorted debris. A deep furnace-basement area was also barricaded. Only after strong criticism from conspiracy-investigator Mark Lane and the *Atlanta Gazette* did the police drain the basement in its search for a weapon possibly discarded by the gunman. As I searched the area, I half-expected the gun to leap at me. Instead, I only found a tin toy police badge reading, I'M A GOOD GUY.

The operating theory as to how the assailants escaped goes like this: They ran out the rear of the building and through the yard, overlooked by an office building housing the mayor's private law offices on one side and the back of a paint store on the other. (On each of my three visits to the site, I saw through an open back door one or more workers stooped over paint-mixing machines.) Those involved in the shooting could

have easily slipped through a gap in a wall leading to an unattended parking lot where the getaway car might have been waiting.

Two office workers who use the lot couldn't understand how any assailant would have left a car there. It has only one entrance-exit, and "cars and delivery trucks come in and out often."

Conveniently, UPS driver James Seabolt, who usually parks in such a way as to block the one passageway at noon-time, did not show up until an hour later on the day of the shooting.

"I don't know why, but I ran late that day," Seabolt told me. "I generally block the alley when I come in. People just have to wait for me. . . . He [the gunman] would have played hell getting out."

Investigators are certain the attack was planned, because various clues indicated human presence over a period of several days: food wrappings, cigarette butts and gum wrappers. It is speculated that a scout knew when Flynt would be walking back from the cafeteria. Having established the lunch-break pattern, the attackers were prepared to shoot.

If this were the case, parking the getaway car in the lot appears to be a snag in the otherwise professional endeavor. Seabolt said he was on time the previous week. Furthermore, a clerk in one of the stores on the street behind the shooting

site said she was standing in the parking-lot driveway about the time of the shooting and did not see or hear anything unusual. But as the police informed me, the whole incident took only half a minute before the assassins were traveling out of town.

Several observers have criticized the police for conducting an inept investigation. The *Atlanta Gazette* wrote that only a few persons who parked their cars in the lot were interviewed. (One woman questioned by the police told me she had yet to be asked about the lot.)

Georgia Senator Julian Bond remarked, "It's incredible how inept the police are." He also said that while the Georgia Bureau of Investigation (GBI) was finally assigned to help Gwinnett County police, "they could have gotten involved sooner."

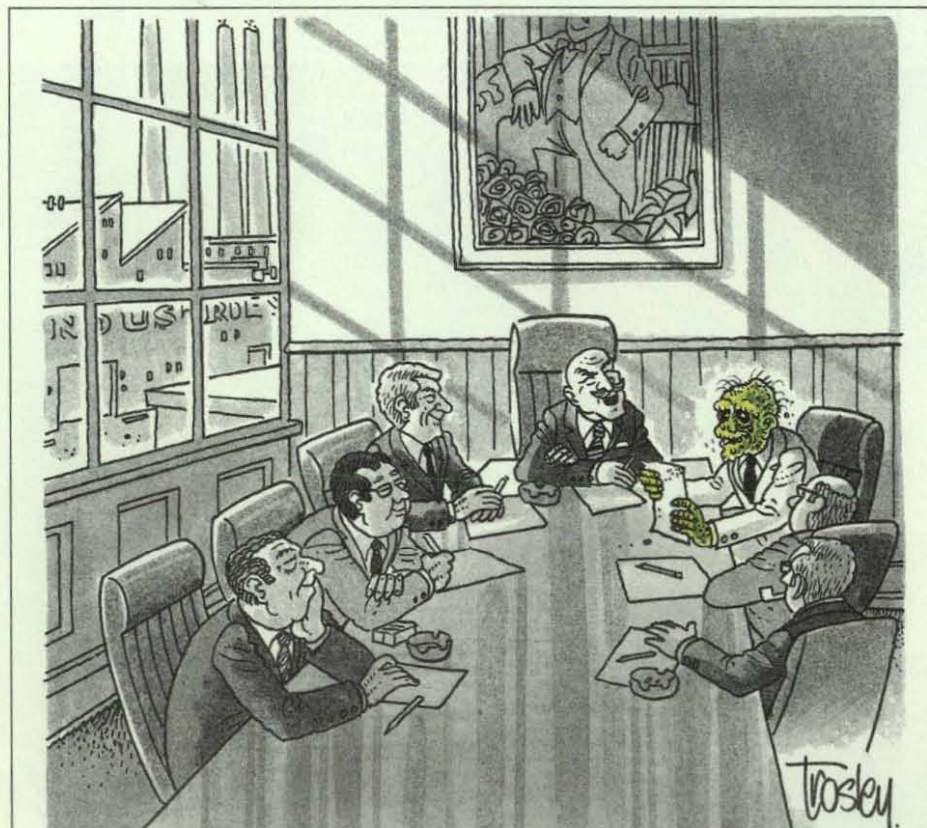
Mark Lane, who arrived in Lawrenceville the night of March 6, said the police should have sealed off the town immediately, but failed to do so. He noted that Mayor Rhodes Jordan had said, "Somebody was sending Flynt a message, that they don't want his type of filth around."

"With a mayor talking like that," Lane added, "you can't expect a thorough investigation."

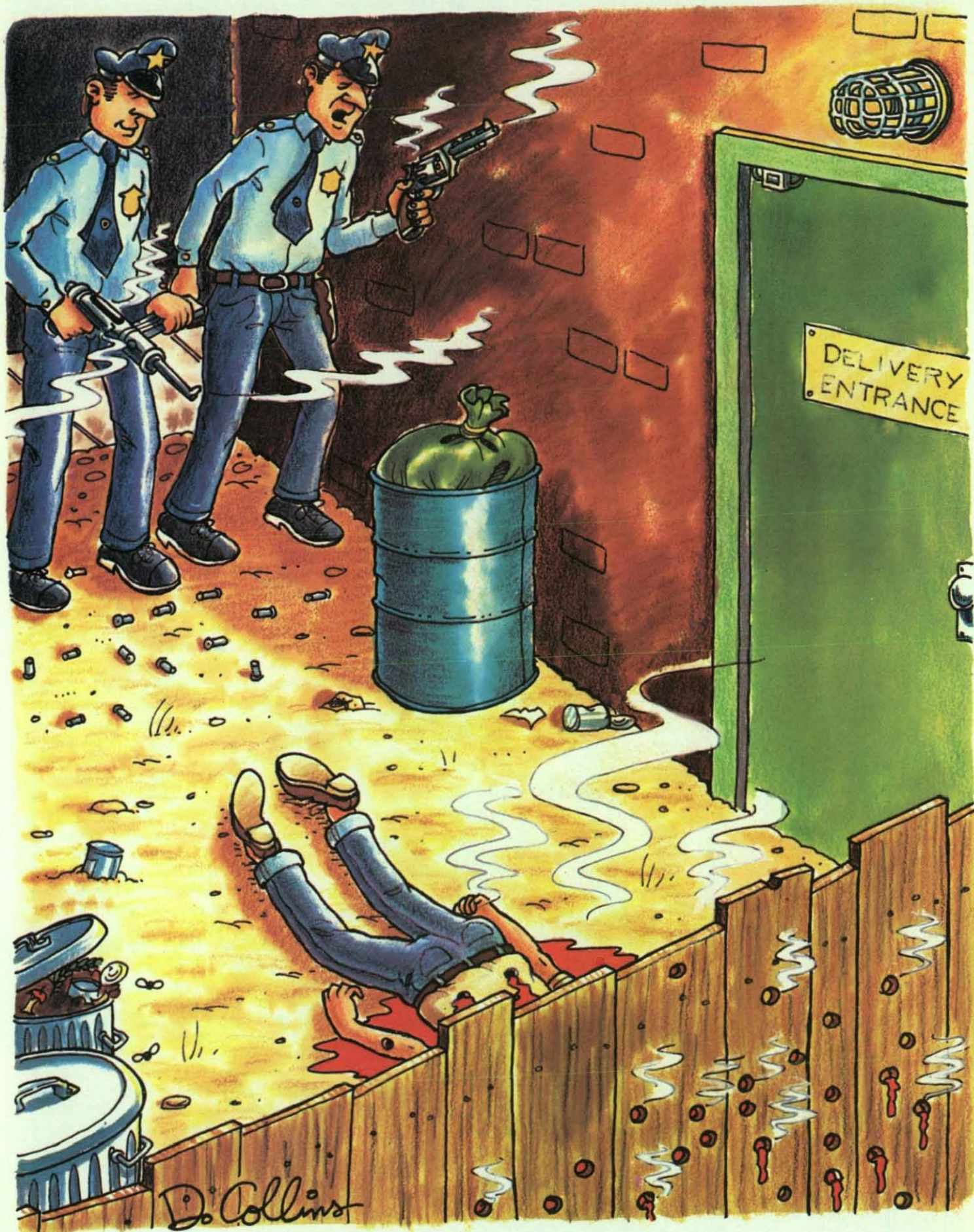
Nevertheless, eight local cops (one-third of Gwinnett County's detective force) and two GBI investigator-technicians are working on the case full-time, and the FBI has offered some technical assistance.

When I first met Captain Blanott, he was among a group of police investigators looking at the site I was examining. I walked across the street, my bag filled with camera and recording equipment. The introductions were replete with mutual suspicion. The captain, a plump, baby-faced man who refused to admit he was a cop (pretending instead to be a local reporter), was most uncooperative. Captain Blanott is hostile toward and disdainful of reporters; he believes "they only blow your case apart."

I got nowhere with this group of dodgers. Later I talked with Captain Blanott at the new police station. This time he was wearing his gunbelt. My second conversation wasn't too informative either—the police are disturbed about getting nowhere in their investigation. Surprisingly, Blanott tried to be friendly. He knew I was writing for the victim's publication, and perhaps thought I could influence the family to put up a reward for information on the shooting and even help get a police interview with Flynt himself. The family felt that Larry was not well enough to talk to the police and that he had nothing to say anyway. Althea Flynt



"Well, Farnsworth, what new and interesting things have you and the boys down in chemical research been cooking up lately?"



"Halt! . . . Police!"

said her husband didn't have any additional information on the case and that the cops just wanted to harass him about his business. The FBI had visited her once and spoke more about Flynt's notions of a government conspiracy in the killing of John F. Kennedy than about the incident in Lawrenceville.

Immediately following the shooting, with Larry fighting for his life, offering a reward would not have seemed consistent with the priorities of the minute. Subsequently, when it was evident that he would pull through, Larry Flynt Publications posted a \$100,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of those responsible for the attack. Local governments and concerned organizations have also posted rewards totaling about \$25,000.

Blanott explained that a silver Camaro seen speeding away from the scene of the crime was checked out and determined to have been driven by a frightened bystander. A young man, Teddy Morris, was also eliminated as a suspect in the shooting. He had called from Norfolk, Virginia, in an effort to claim the reward money.

The men seen entering the hotel are still being sought, but the suspects' identities remain unknown as this issue goes to press.

Blanott sneered at his critics. "We couldn't block all the exits. We don't

have enough men, the exits are too numerous, and roadblocks sometimes violate people's constitutional rights. Furthermore, the escape only took a short time," he said. Blanott hasn't ruled out any theories of who did it, but the police have few clues.

WHO/WHAT DID IT

Minutes after the shooting a man called Solicitor Gary Davis's office and told an assistant, "Tell Davis not to go back into the courtroom this afternoon. Jesus has. . . ." She thinks he would have said "acted," but she put down the phone to get help and upon returning the caller had already hung up.

Who could have been responsible?

Religious fanatic. Certainly, Larry Flynt's irreverent, outspoken ideas of the meaning of Jesus' message irritate many fundamentalists, steeped in set ways. Added to his new spiritualism is the unconventional integration of expressing sexual behavior and desires. This combination of spirituality on the one hand and sexual expression on the other has led many to think Flynt is mocking Christianity. The possibility that an angered or deranged Christian may have shot Larry is discounted, however, since the job was premeditated and well-planned. Passionate violence generally occurs spontaneously.

Enraged relative of a model. Perhaps

there are some who hate Flynt for publishing a nude photo of a wife, girlfriend or daughter in his magazines. Again this would imply an act of passion, most likely ruling out a conspiracy.

Reactionary. Flynt had recently launched into radical thinking and action. Some of his newly acquired properties and new employees are anti-Establishmentarian. While a reactionary could feel threatened, Larry had not yet fully formulated his politics. It was probably too soon for someone to be that concerned.

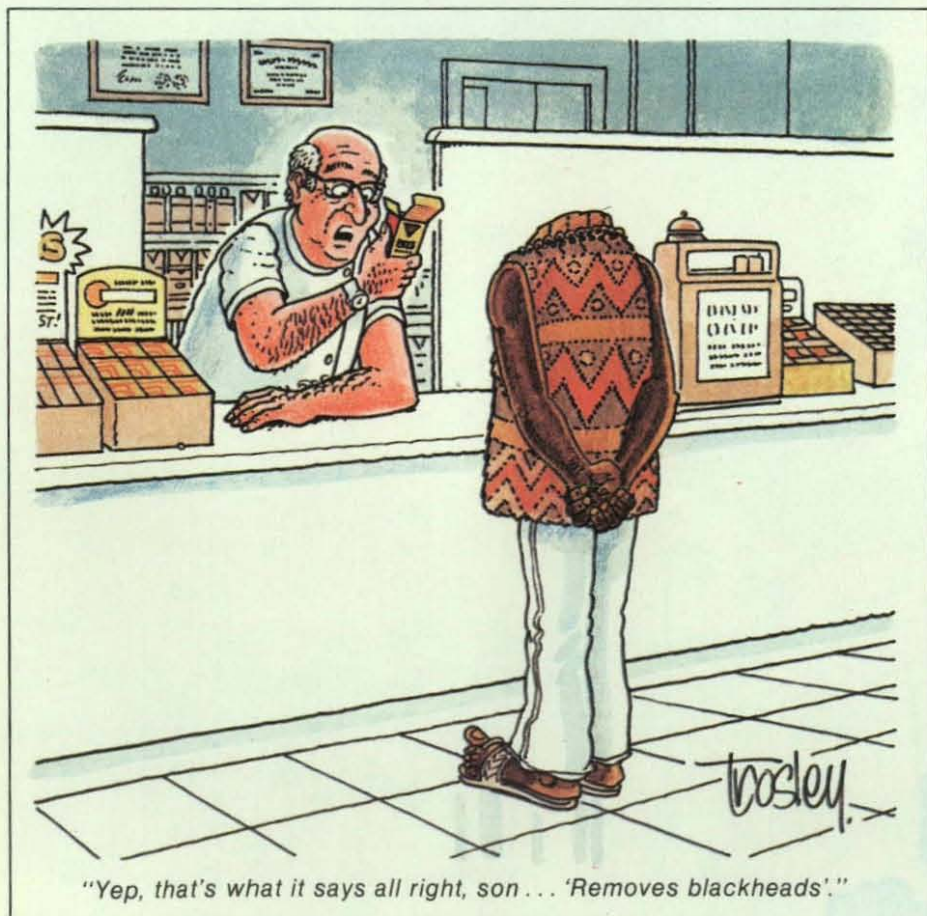
Ku Klux Klan. Religious fanatic, relative of a model and reactionary could apply to this group. And on March 6 James Venable, an attorney and titular head of the National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, was in the same courthouse as Flynt's trial. Venable owns land around the Stone Mountain Park, outside Lawrenceville, which hundreds of Klansmen use as a meeting ground each year to vent their hatred. At least publicly, the police have not appeared to be concerned about them. Venable told me, "I was in court trying a contempt case for a client on some back alimony. I can tell you that the Klan is not interested in this type of literature. We've been interested in obscenities in school-textbook literature though."

Venable went on to say he believes "a crank or a competitor in [the pornography] business" may have pulled the trigger, but "I haven't heard any member discuss Flynt or the shooting."

Competitor. This could include an opponent in magazine distribution. Flynt has been making more money by distributing his own magazines for the past two years, a rarity in a business in which distribution is usually sewed up by a monopoly in the big cities—monopolies many believe are controlled by the Mafia. Wholesalers in New York City for some time had been demanding more than the nationally set price Larry Flynt Publications gives all wholesalers, and many had refused to carry HUSTLER or CHIC. Yet why would anyone want to shoot the man who feeds them? And, as one distributor said, "The wholesale situation is getting better, not worse."

Billy Carter. A few weeks before the shooting Billy Carter said on NBC's *Phil Donahue Show*: "I've got a man looking out for him [Flynt]. The first thing he's going to do is beat the hell out of him." He was enraged that Flynt had used his mother as a centerfold in the PLAINS GEORGIA MONITOR. She appeared clothed as a madonna with a black Jesus and Third World children. Apparently, Carter was checked out as a suspect and

(continued on page 100)



"Yep, that's what it says all right, son . . . 'Removes blackheads'."

BEAVER HUNT



To enter, send sharply focused color photos (no black and whites) of men, women, couples or any combination to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Everyone who enters will receive a HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's License, and if your submission is published we'll send the model or photographer \$50. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Beavers chosen as best amateur by our staff may be asked to appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and can earn up to \$1,000. All entries must be accompanied by a signed model release like the one on page 100.



R. D. is a 23-year-old bookkeeper from Venice, California. Besides playing with herself, she likes to drive fast cars. Her special fantasy is to make it with a man for 12 hours at a time, but only if he has "a 12-inch cock that is very thick." And we thought Venice was only known for its canals!

Photo by B. T.

Connie L., a 28-year-old commercial artist from Clarksville, Tennessee, likes reading erotic novels and participating in stripping contests. She delights at the thought of being fucked in the pussy and ass simultaneously by her boyfriend and girlfriend.



Photo by G. A.



Photo by Ray Scott

This exquisitely proportioned 21-year-old married lady comes courtesy of Chicago, Illinois. Her name is Nina Scott, and she enjoys flirting and motorcycle riding. Her fantasy is to make out with a very sexy woman while her husband participates. Lucky, lucky husband!

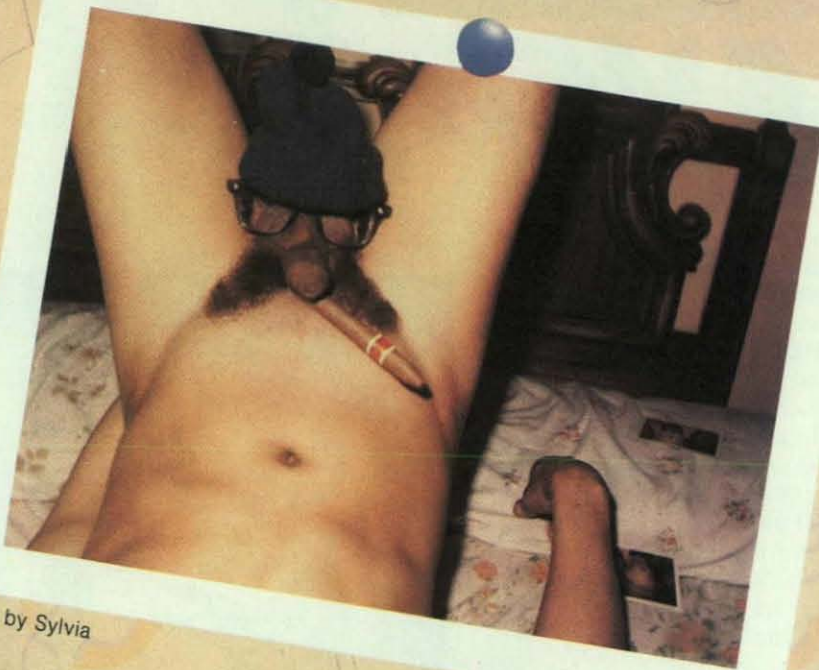


Photo by Sylvia

The secret word for this Groucho Marx lookalike is Muscatine, Iowa, for that's where Dimas Hernandez works—at a steel mill. At 29, Dimas has learned to fish, hunt and chase beaver. His fantasy is to do it "with girls who are sisters." Muscatine fathers—lock up your daughters!

46

Mark Garrett works as a packer for Larry Flynt Publications in our old hometown of Columbus, Ohio. He plays rugby and chess, and dreams of being gently and tenderly explored by a very beautiful woman.



Photo by T. P.



Photo by Walter Jackson

Twenty-three-year-old Phyllis Washington from Oakland, California, is a physical-education teacher who keeps her body firm and supple by playing tennis and racquetball and by jogging. For kicks, she'd like to tie a man to a bed and ride his hard cock like she would a horse.

Photo by W. A.



This month's *Beaver Hunt* couple is a husband-and-wife team that operates a catering truck in Southern California. Their hobbies include frequent trips to the mountains, where they "run naked through the wilds of the woods." At home "both enjoy oral sex—in front of the television with the stereo on."

Sara B., an open-minded belly dancer from Philadelphia, is 24 and loves to have sex in endless variety. She longs to strap on a dildo and fuck a guy like it was done in "Misty Beethoven."



Photo by Conrad Petrongolo



Twenty-four-year-old Elizabeth Reed from Libertyville, Illinois, loves motorcycle riding and tennis. Being somewhat of an exhibitionist, she would someday like to take part in a small orgy in the middle of a crowded beach.

Photo by Joseph Hain

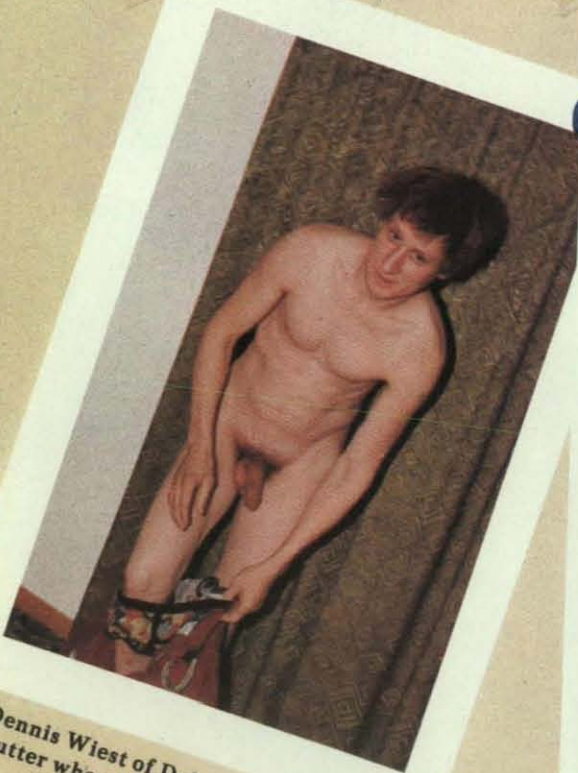
Photo by Flip Burton



Tiffany Burton, a 27-year-old housewife from Los Angeles, occupies her time by raising rare animals. Her fantasy is to someday tie up and seduce a group of black men while masturbating.

Twenty-two-year-old Consuela Kohler is somewhat of an amateur contortionist when not working as an assistant at the animal-care center in Alton, Illinois. Her hobby is beer drinking, and she dreams of sucking off Robert Blake while being screwed by Clint Eastwood.

Photo by Barb Howell



Dennis Wiest of Dubuque, Iowa, is a meat cutter who collects beer cans for a hobby. Dennis wants to watch his girlfriend make it with another girl.



Photo by Sparc

Photo by Jim



Ginger, a 23-year-old bar hostess, would like to have a man make love to her while reading **HUSTLER**. It looks like she's made all the necessary arrangements. In the meantime, Ginger occupies her time with witchcraft, horseback riding and shooting pool.



Photo by Joe Stepp

Rusty R., a 28-year-old housewife from Minneapolis, likes bike riding, water skiing and, most of all, making love. In fact, someday she would like to make love to her guy nonstop until they both pass out from exhaustion.

Photo by Mike Burtis



Twenty-two-year-old Melody hails from Mountlake, Washington, where they've just discovered the bikini. This stunningly tanned honeypot is studying art, writing, singing and guitar playing. She also glows in the dark, and is fervently hoping to meet "Mr. Right." If you ever feel like "Mr. Wrong," Melody, give us a call!

1 STOP
2 LISTEN FOR TONE
3 DEPOSIT COINS

NO COINS NEEDED
EMERGENCY ASSISTANCE
DIRECTORY ASSISTANCE

NO COINS NEEDED
STATION
THIS AND OTHER PERSONS
THIS AND OTHER
DIRECTOR
THIS AND OTHER
ASSISTANCE

CONSPIRACY AGAINST TRUTH

(continued from page 94)

eliminated. Ironically, his sister Ruth told reporters that her other brother, President Jimmy Carter, was praying for Flynt's quick recovery.

Government agents. Soon after the shooting Larry told his wife he believed the CIA was responsible for the attack on him. Althea Flynt, Dick Gregory and Mark Lane think this is highly possible since Flynt has been pushing hard to track down the killers of JFK. Lane commented, "We are close to identifying the real killers of JFK." A second Flynt special report on the Kennedy assassination is being prepared by Lane, who announced he has information from the files of J. Edgar Hoover that will

shed light on Lee Harvey Oswald, the CIA and others. And FBI documents released last year disclosed that Gregory, who encouraged Flynt's JFK investigation, was the target of an FBI attempt to "neutralize" him in the 1960s by alerting the Cosa Nostra to Gregory's verbal attacks on the crime syndicate. "Neutralization" ended in murder for Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., and many Black Panthers.

* * *

Speculation on who shot Larry Flynt and Gene Reeves runs rampant. Some police investigators think the physical evidence found at the scene of the crime indicates the gunman "might have been a professional killer who took meticulous steps to make the ambush look like the work of an amateur," wrote the *Gwinnett Daily News* on March 24. The weapon used was a short-range deer/hog/bear rifle not usually associated with professional sniping, and the clean getaway appears to be a sloppy stroke of luck. Regardless, the culprits got away, and the chances of catching them at this late date are slim.

Just three weeks after Larry was shot Mark Lane was subpoenaed by the FBI in Louisville, Kentucky, to testify about the Flynt-Lane investigation into the JFK assassination. The FBI claims one of Lane's informants, James Driggers of Louisville, attempted to defraud Lane by providing phony documents about the JFK assassination. FBI agents searched Driggers's room and seized papers they contended were counterfeit.

Lane appeared in court, but refused to testify since Larry was still on the critical list and could not be consulted. He said he thought it odd that the FBI would be so concerned about Lane and Flynt being defrauded. "I don't know if the documents are authentic, but it certainly isn't any of their business," he said.

FBI agents declined comment for publication. The FBI did offer to aid in the investigation of the shooting once the police turn up any federal violation, and its lab has examined some evidence.

Coincidentally, just one week prior to the shooting Larry interviewed Lane's client James Earl Ray in prison. Flynt also has shown an interest in the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Lane believes Ray is the fall guy for a conspiracy, as Oswald was in Dallas.

After the incident with the FBI agent Althea Flynt said the police "turned kind of funny." They became, in her words, "close-mouthed."

"Maybe they don't like my attitude about the CIA and FBI. Because I told them if it was them, the police would never solve the case because they'd be

helpless in handling the Big Boys."

How dangerous Flynt's escalating communications empire is to the powerful status-quo interests is hard to say. But more than 15 million people every month see one or more of his publications, all of which threaten the status quo in a way that no traditional anti-Establishment publication can, regardless of ideology. Flynt, unlike radical ideologists, is reaching millions of the working class—those who make the position and profits of the power elite possible.

THE FIRST AMENDMENT

Larry Flynt seems to have been singled out for attack by prosecutors and judges more than any other publisher in America today. At the time of the shooting in Lawrenceville he was involved in five separate active cases: two in Georgia and three in Ohio. In Cincinnati last year he was convicted for publishing *HUSTLER*, an alleged act of "organized crime" since he "conspired" with his wife, his brother, the production manager and his corporation to publish the "criminal" publication.

At the Cincinnati trial Flynt counsel Herald Fahringer spoke about the First Amendment guarantees fought for so arduously by our nation's founders: "You can't take it [freedom] away from Larry Flynt and keep it for yourself. The real issue in this case is, are we afraid to be free?"

Judge William J. Morrissey must have found freedom too much to handle. *HUSTLER*'s "obscenity" was so threatening that he sentenced Flynt to from seven to 25 years in prison.

And just before the sentence was pronounced, prosecutor Simon Leis charged Flynt with "distributing material harmful to juveniles" by circulating a pamphlet containing pictures of horribly mutilated victims of the hostilities in Vietnam (*War: The Real Obscenity*, *HUSTLER*, January 1977). This pamphlet dramatized that war, not unclothed human bodies, is truly obscene. For this act of social conscience Flynt faces six years in prison and a stiff fine. A trial date has not been set.

James Storgion, one of many Ohioans protesting the vindictive legal system in Hamilton County (Cincinnati), discussed the pamphlet in a letter to a local paper: "It is stomach-wrenching. That is why I think everyone in the United States should be mailed this pamphlet, especially the White House and members of Congress. Then, the next time everyone wants to rush into war, he can think of all the joys of war."

Initially denied bail, Flynt spent several days in jail awaiting an appellate

HUSTLER

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Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other _____

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Model's Legal Signature _____

release. Released on bail of more than \$55,000, he is appealing the conviction on the issues themselves and on the numerous trial errors. Judge Morrissey forbade elementary defense motions to show that "community standards" accept pornography, one of the tests of the U.S. Supreme Court's guidelines to determine what is obscene and what isn't. (A survey by Richard Arthur of the Southwest Local School District in Harrison, Ohio, indicated that material similar to HUSTLER was still being sold in Hamilton County.) The judge also spoke privately to jurors, an absolutely forbidden procedure. Another strange thing occurred at this trial as well: All of Flynt's co-defendants were acquitted. How one man could conspire is in question.

Larry spoke from his jail cell: "Murder is a crime. Writing about it is not. Sex is not a crime. Writing about it is. Why?"

Flynt has sold more magazines because of the government's efforts to stifle him, but he is also fighting for everyone's right to read what they choose. "I can't compromise the basic principles the First Amendment embodies."

He added, "I owe it to every American to stay in this jail till hell freezes over before I compromise my freedom. If I am guilty of anything it is that of making a parody of the American way of life."

The obscenity case has not yet been heard by an appellate court, but Ohio's obscenity law has since been overturned in another case. Despite this, Leis's latest charge against Flynt, that of mailing the war pamphlet, is still pending.

Defense counsel Paul Cambria said, "Leis has been charging Larry with one case after another—all of which we contend to be fraught with legal errors."

The judge even tried to deny Cambria and Fahringer the right to defend Flynt in the new cases. Now, one year later, an appeals court has finally granted them that right.

Unruffled, Flynt proceeded to Atlanta, where he heard that Solicitor General Hinson McAuliffe was about to stop his publications from being sold. Rather than allowing anyone else to be arrested, he attracted attention to himself by selling the magazines in midtown. He also fought in this manner to publicize the liberty issues involved. Larry was subsequently arrested and is awaiting trial—facing another eight to ten years in prison on the multicount misdemeanor charge.

McAuliffe denied interviews following the shooting, but he assented reluctantly to a few questions from me,

although he asserted, "I'd prefer not to be in HUSTLER."

He said the time is "not ripe to decide on Larry's trial," and has refused to drop the charges, the usual procedure in misdemeanor trials when a tragedy such as this befalls the defendant.

McAuliffe refused to speak about First Amendment protections, saying only that he was "enforcing Georgia law, which forbids the lewd display of genitalia. I am not a philosopher. I am a prosecutor."

Cambria contends that the Fulton County Solicitor General is a political campaigner against sex material generally, and Larry Flynt specifically, for McAuliffe practices "discriminatory prosecution."

But no matter. Cambria is certain his client will want to go through with the Fulton County trial as soon as he is well enough to appear in court. As for Larry, he feels that this tragedy will in no way weaken his ability to wage war on censorship and that "I'll die with my boots on."

Not all law enforcers agree on censorship. The first policeman at the scene of the Flynt-Reeves shooting was Bobby Plunkett. He helped put Larry in the ambulance. "It's my view that people should be able to read what they want. It's my right," Officer Plunkett remarked. And while in the two Georgia

hospitals, Flynt and Reeves received about 6,000 pieces of mail wishing them well. Some were from lawmen.

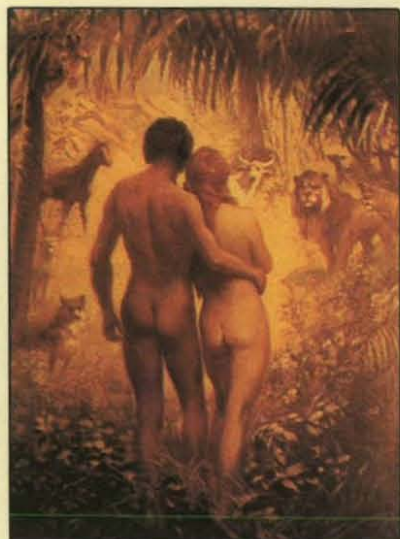
Although Gwinnett County Prosecutor Gary Davis's policy toward trying obscenity cases "remains the same," he seems to have softened a bit since the shooting. He dropped charges against Flynt two weeks after Judge G. Hughel Harrison declared a mistrial, just an hour after the shooting. And he called on Larry (before he was transferred from Emory to Ohio State University Hospital in Columbus) and offered his prayers for a full recovery.

Those close to the issue say Davis has been affected by Larry Flynt's dynamism. Yet his prosecutorial being defends the Supreme Court's 1973 decision on obscenity.

Miller v. California defined obscenity as "patently offensive representations or descriptions of ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated; patently offensive representations or descriptions of masturbation, excretory functions and lewd exhibition of genitals." How to determine what specific pornography is obscene was left up to each county in America.

When confronted with the possibility of being charged with a crime in each county for each publication distributed, a publisher will usually "impose self-censorship and gear his publication for





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the least tolerant community," Cambria said.

Pale publishing does not deter Davis. "Publishers should try to make magazines palatable to all by seeking a medium that is not patently offensive to any community in which the magazine will be sold."

In the view of antiporn people who would forbid it, the First Amendment does not include "expression," which is what communication about sex is considered. Only "speech," "press" and "religion" are protected, they say.

"The history of obscenity laws shows that obscenity is not protected under the First Amendment. Only dissenting judges have had a purist approach, but they have not prevailed. *Miller* leaves the decision to each community," says Davis. He also believes that a jury of six, such as the one seated in Lawrenceville, is "a good barometer."

In Lawrenceville, Judge Harrison even prevented Flynt from introducing a poll of 150 residents, conducted by Charles Winick of the City University of New York, showing that the vast majority did not object to the sale of *HUSTLER* in Georgia.

Ramona Ripston of the American Civil Liberties Union spoke on the issue. "Minorities have rights the majority cannot take away in a democracy; that's what America's all about. Pornography is protected speech. And who's to say it is not political? It may contain important and even good political thought, no matter how offensive it is to some. . . . Once they ban porn, they can ban anything—and then we're in real trouble."

Hinson McAuliffe speaks for those who would ban pornography as unseemly and because it "leads to sex crimes." He once told a radio announcer that murderers read pornography and get evil ideas. However, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, years ago, recommended that laws "prohibiting the sale, exhibition or distribution of sexual materials to consenting adults" be abolished. It found exposure to pornography harmless.

Even though Larry agrees with this position, if wholesalers request him to, he spends 10¢ extra per copy to wrap *HUSTLER* in order to deter the young from seeing his magazines.

Whether pornography helps or deters one's sex life, or alleviates sexual repression inherent in the Judeo-Christian ethos, is beside the point. We know we cannot ban the communication of information about murders, wars and the like simply because it may lead some to the commission of a crime. Should we not study Nazi Germany because some may

wish to kill Jews? Once society starts banning communication, it opens the floodgates for other forms of repression, civil libertarians argue.

Openness about sex actually frightens many of the fundamentalists who fight to censor communication. Gary Davis, however, thinks that from a "philosophical standpoint" outlawing porn makes no sense, given that showing murder and war is lawful. "But that is not the law," as he sees it. Where do philosophy and law part?

The Supreme Court decision on defining obscenity was a philosophical one. It was also narrowly determined, by a 5-4 vote. Dissenting Justice William O. Douglas warned that the ruling "would make it possible to ban any paper or any journal or magazine in some benighted place." Apparently, Douglas was speaking of a man like Simon Leis, who arrested Flynt for disseminating photos of Vietnam War atrocities. Similar photos were eventually shown on network television late in the war.

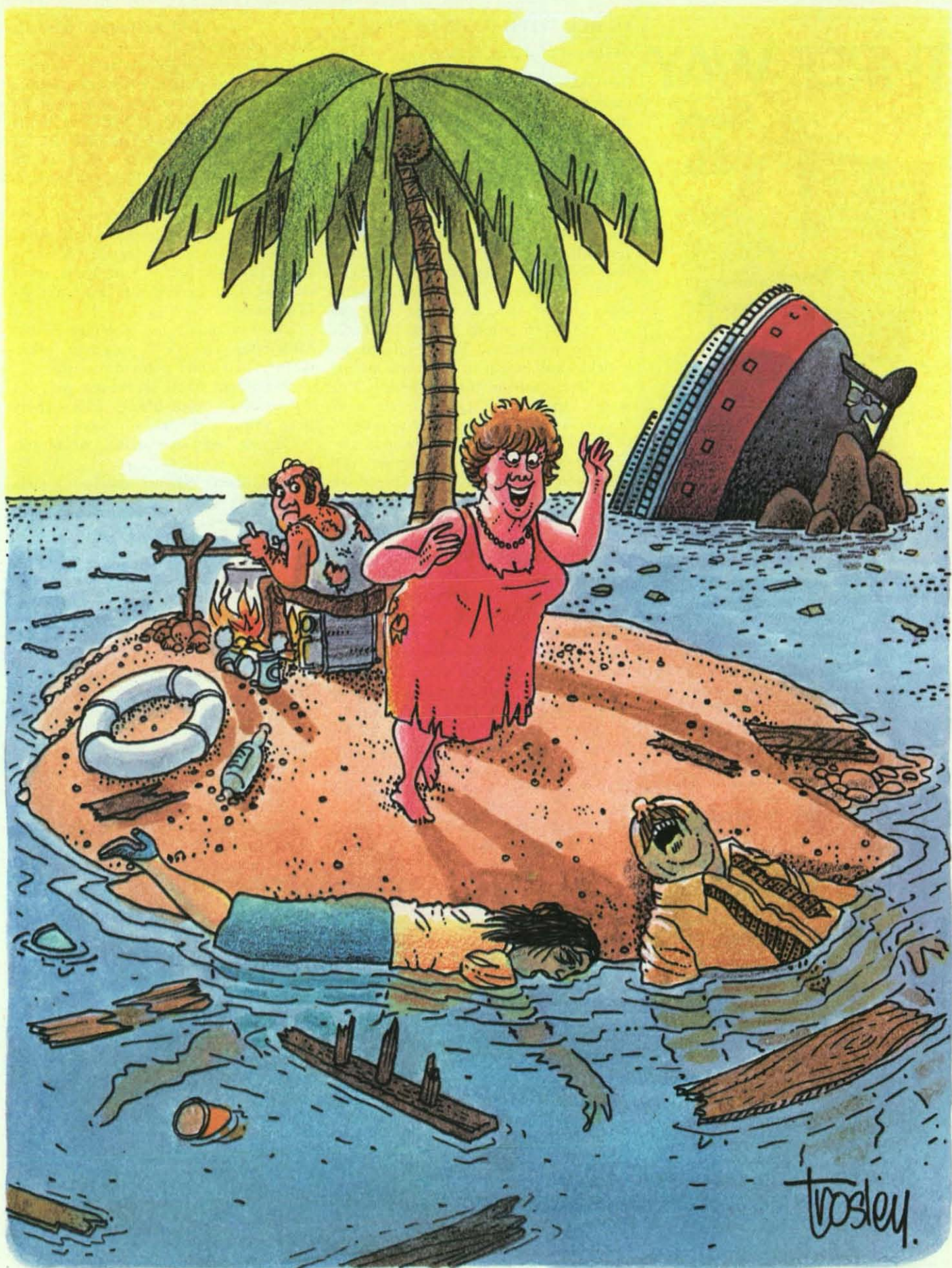
If Flynt's attackers thought they were fighting pornography, they have misled themselves. For pornography only proliferates—as does any communication—whenever it is banned. As long as some suppress, more will seek the reasons why. That's what makes Flynt, "a fearless person" in the eyes of Herald Fahringer, dangerous.

"Larry Flynt has done more for the First Amendment, as regards sexually oriented material, in the last two years than all others in the last one hundred years," said Paul Cambria. "Precisely because the issue here is not an abstract, intellectual matter. He brought the First Amendment to the common man, as he brought sexual awareness to the common man, in a way no one else has. People are now much more aware of the tyranny involved."

"The shots that entered Larry's body were shots heard around the world in the defense of the First Amendment," Cambria said in conclusion.

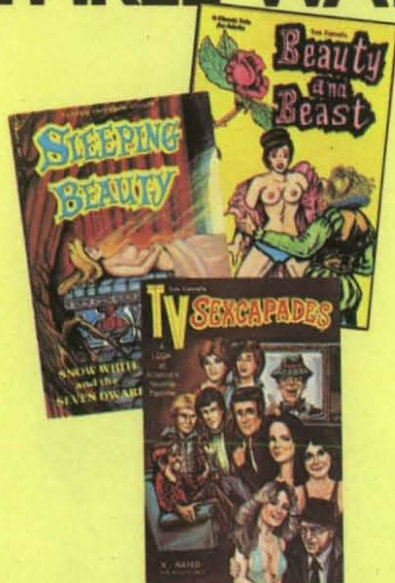
But the fear of sex is ingrained deep in America's psyche. So entrenched is it that some will murder over sexual openness. Many people are frightened and threatened by sexual honesty and liberation.

If the attackers were striving to snuff out the man for his politics and spiritual values, they will only create more indignant supporters of freedom's cause. One such supporter is the well-known columnist Mike Royko, who wrote that Flynt can't be dismissed as a "mere smut peddler," for he has made "a significant contribution to our knowledge of our own society."



Oh, look, dear. It's the Wingates! Remember, we met them the first night out!"

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IN BED WITH GARNER TED

(continued from page 52)

the WCG announced that, effective immediately, Garner Ted was off television. Then, about one week after that announcement, while denying reports of falling church revenues and a power struggle within the WCG's hierarchy, Stanley Rader, the Worldwide Church of God's attorney, told the press that Garner Ted would return to television this fall. While insiders were claiming that Ted had fallen from his father's good graces because of excessive gambling losses in Las Vegas and for attempting to seduce one of his dad's favorite secretaries, Rader offered no logical explanation of what was occurring. But whatever the real reason, this wasn't the first "leave of absence" Garner Ted had been forced to take.

In 1972 numerous publications carried stories reporting that Garner Ted had been removed from his executive position by his father. The Armstrong organization offered no logical explanation for this action. The handful of church executives who knew the real reason remained silent. Rumor was, however, that Ted's "problem" was adultery. Later that year, when Garner Ted was reinstated in his previous position, he adamantly refused to discuss the matter with either the press or church officials. The rumors persisted—and with good cause.

Those who had known him in his "preconversion days" remembered how he had yearned to make it as an actor in Hollywood. As a sailor during the Korean War, he gained a reputation as a ladies' man, and on his arms and legs still has tattoos of spread-legged girls wearing only cowboy boots. A few old-timers could also remember Garner Ted's hurried wedding in 1953 to the daughter of one of the WCG's wealthy members and the "miraculous" seven-pound "premature" baby that arrived just six months after the wedding.

A lot of people believed that, in spite of conversion and his many years as a minister, he hadn't really changed all that much. For instance, Gary Arvidson, a former WCG pastor and church administrator, told of the time he went to the organization's flight-operations office to pick up a package. It was about 5:30 p.m. and the door was locked, but when he heard voices inside, he knocked. Moments later a panting Garner Ted Armstrong, with clothes and hair askew, peeked around the door he had opened only ever-so-slightly. He explained that he was in the process of counseling a girl with personal problems and that whatever was needed would

have to wait. Said Arvidson, "It really made me wonder."

By 1974 many people were wondering. The spreading rumors were causing such dissension within the church's ministry that Garner Ted was being boxed into a corner. He had to say something. In a meeting with some 70 WCG ministers in Big Sandy, Texas, on March 4, 1974, he angrily remarked:

"I know of about five or six or eight or ten [ministers] who have committed adultery and who upon repentance have been allowed back. You want some leveling done here today? I am not the first case!"

Later in that same meeting, Robert McKibben, a WCG minister, asked Garner Ted some pointed questions:

McKibben: Well, let me ask you, Mr. Armstrong, point-blank. Have there been young girls that you have—

Garner Ted (interrupting): Absolutely not!

McKibben: When I say young girls, I'm talking about college students.

Garner Ted: No!

McKibben: Employees?

Garner Ted: No. No one else of any size, shape, race, color, creed, religion or age!

McKibben: So you're saying, then, that you have not committed adultery?

Garner Ted: That's right. I have been accused of things like that behind my back that have come to me from other sources that are just incredulous.

McKibben: Well, the information that I had was that you had committed adultery.

Garner Ted: Way back before I was [put] out [of the ministry in 1971], but in a completely different way than you think, or anybody else thinks. I was, beside myself. I had already, in my own mind, convinced myself I wasn't even bound to my wife, Shirley. I was, in my mind, divorcing her. I left with a trailer full of clothing and a stupid little girl...

In other words he did, but he didn't really—sort of like Jimmy Carter's famous "I've committed adultery in my heart many times" statement. Most of the ministers who heard this bullshit apparently swallowed it—but not all of them. Robert McKibben has since turned his back on Armstrong and the Worldwide Church of God, as have dozens of other ministers.

To find out whether or not the rumors surrounding Garner Ted were true, I interviewed a number of former Armstrong organization executives.

Al Carrozzo, a former Ambassador College theology instructor, WCG pastor and regional director of the WCG

(continued on page 108)

KINKY KORNER

by S. K. Casey

For several years I worked the night shift as a technician at a large metropolitan hospital. My job involved helping orthopedic physicians receive patients through the hospital's emergency room, and my duties included setting and adjusting tractions, and relieving and cutting off casts.

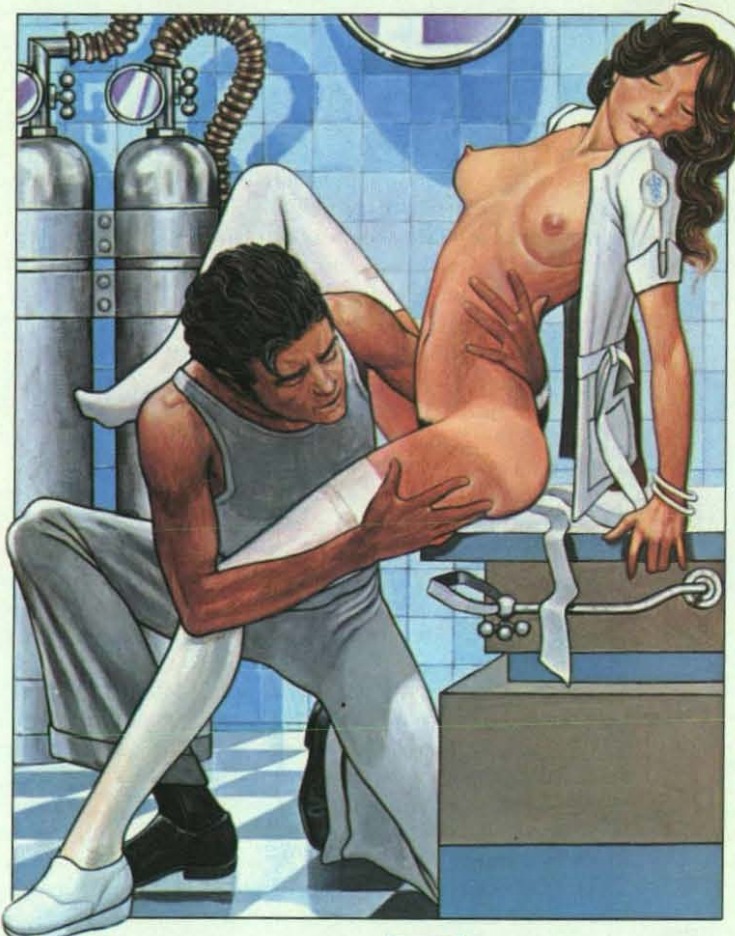
While I had a "home" floor, where the casting room was located and the traction equipment was kept, I was also on call to go wherever I was needed in the hospital. The night shift, which we called the "trick," was ideal for me because I could do other things in the daytime.

It was during an unusual situation on my home floor that I was asked to stay closer and make myself more available than normal. The charge nurse assigned to nights was a recent graduate and not too swift in performing the special kind of nursing required of night patients, and the shift supervisor asked me to stay handy while she evaluated her. This situation didn't make the "orthopods" very happy, but they went along to avoid a hassle. I did the same—reluctantly at first—until things took a decided upturn when Sue, a nursing aide, came over to the night shift on a permanent basis.

Unlike most of the dingalings the shift had had to contend with, Sue was sharp, pretty, shapely and an excellent aide. What's more, she had instant empathy with the patients, which went a long way toward easing any apprehensions the nurses might have had about her doing the job. Within a few nights we had become a crack crew, which the night supervisor felt could work effectively with minimum supervision. In fact, we rarely saw her except during her regular round at 4 a.m., which was when she came by to take report.

Recalling those early first nights with the new aide, I remember that the single feature which was immediately both prominent and appealing was Sue's backside. She had the most fantastic ass I'd ever seen. The fact that she was

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. HUSTLER does not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is simply to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue about sexual variety among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your submission.



NIGHT TRICK

slightly swayback of carriage only emphasized the way her two deliciously full cheeks jutted out behind her when she was broadside to you. The look she presented going away was sensational! Her two ripe cheeks pounded like domed pistons against the short miniskirt of her uniform stretched tightly across her rear, and you could plainly see the outline of her panties underneath. This tantalizing view was even more spectacular whenever she happened to stretch over a bed.

But it was the new aide's way of sitting at the nursing station that really turned me on. Sue always sat with one leg folded under her, a habit that tended to spread her knees apart and open up the view between her thighs. Since we sat facing one another in order to keep

tabs on the patients' call-board between us, I had a fine view right up and under Sue's short mini. The regular nurse usually worked at the chart racks across the aisle, and so was screened from the straight-on view I got nightly. Also, Sue was often deeply engrossed in a book at her station, affording lucky (and horny) me long, undetected looks between her legs.

The first few nights I was exposed to Sue's leg show I thought it would probably embarrass the poor girl to death if she knew she was showing anything. And besides, I reasoned, there had been no indication that her way of sitting was anything more than simple carelessness.

But what really made my reaction absurd was when I put things in perspective for that particular time in my life. I needed another involvement right then like Cher needed another sequin. Not that I'm any big stud, but I was, after all, screwing a day nurse from the same floor about once a week. Even so, I would go to the shower after work to discover that I was soaked clear through my shorts from the long nights of looking between Sue's limber legs and the possibility of seeing more. I was afraid I might soak through my whites and embarrass myself, as had happened a time or two before when I wore light, summer-weight slacks. I'm something of a notorious spurter, and I've never been able to figure out why I'm even *more* so when my sexual life is heavy and regular. However, in fairness to the situation, I suppose I was secretly hoping that Sue would make some kind of overture and put an end to further speculation.

Then came the night of the great revelation, when Sue left no doubt as to her intentions. She seemed especially buoyant and playful, even though we were always clowning and given to fits of good-natured horseplay. On this particular night Sue was something of a pest—flipping ice water on me, popping out of dark rooms and shadows, and poking me in the ribs at every oppor-



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tunity. I could hardly wait for her to sit down and give me some relative peace.

At about 3 a.m. or so the charge nurse went down the hall to work with an infiltrate IV, leaving Sue and me alone at the station. Sue was sitting in her usual place with the local newspaper held up in front of her, reading. When all was quiet, she lowered the paper and glanced down the hall in the direction the nurse had gone.

"That patient's veins are atrocious—the nurse will be gone for quite a while on that one," she said to me with a smile, before raising the paper again to continue her reading.

Excited by the prospect that this might be the first time Sue would show more, especially if she was hot, my eyes lowered to her knees and the short mini stretched over the tops of her legs. As I looked, Sue began to ease her knees apart, spreading more of her thighs and opening to view a tiny, light-blue triangle under the hem of her skirt. She paused teasingly for a moment, then the triangle became larger as she spread her thighs even farther apart. The curve of the insides of her soft thighs, where they came together, blocked the view directly between her legs, but she held herself open at this point for a long, unhurried look. I could feel my cock lurch with excitement.

Sue's paper rustled, and I brought my eyes up quickly to avoid detection. Sue turned to cast another look over her shoulder toward the room where the nurse was working, then returned to her reading again, shielding her face behind the paper. My eyes again shot down to her knees and hemline, and I noted that she had made no move to pull her legs together. Then, as I watched, Sue began to spread her legs farther and farther apart until she was showing all the way to the strip of panty-crotch between her legs.

Her short miniskirt was now stretched as tight as a fiddle string across the tops of her legs, allowing the light to flood in between and bring everything into clear view. The white nylon V between her legs was practically transparent and seemed about to burst. Her pussy hairs were clearly visible through the filmy material, and fringes of black hair curled and peeked from around the edges of the tightly stretched nylon panel. Down lower, where the V began to curve under her, was a widening wet ring. My cock jumped straight out as I looked at the way her warm juices were soaking through her panties.

Not daring to stand in my condition, I rolled my chair on its rubber wheels over to her. At my approach she lowered

her paper, glanced up and smiled at me.

"Look, Sue," I began softly and intimately, "two-aspirin-and-call-me-in-the-morning ain't really going to do much for the kind of fever you got down there. Offhand, I'd say you need to have that little problem taken care of." She made no move to clamp her legs together, and her eyes followed mine down between her legs.

"I'm not a tease, ya know," she said. "Just so you don't think I'm unladylike or sit like this just for anyone. You just make me very hot and very wet." She confided that she'd had several dreams about me over the weeks we'd worked together, and she always woke hot and sticky wet between her legs (and very frustrated).

"It just seems I'm always in heat when I think about you or dream about you. It's worse when you're around," she said.

I patted her hand, telling her not to feel embarrassed about something that was perfectly natural. I told her that what was important was our need to be discreet around the hospital; we had to be patient until we had a place where we could properly fuck. I said that we could discuss that later over breakfast in the hospital cafeteria, where we always went after our shift.

For the meantime I told her I had a plan that would take the pressure off and give us a little time—and with the least risk of detection. I told her to go to room 402 at the far end of the hall, where she had just one patient, and then pull the curtain around a far corner bed. We would arrange to be passing ice water to patients about the time the supervisor and nurse were involved in report, and we could just slip behind the curtain. I told her that I could rub her and get her off, but that I would rather suck her, because I thought that might give her more pleasure during the limited time we could spend together.

At the time for our prearranged rendezvous Sue and I were far down the hall with our ice cart. Everything was proceeding as planned. A little earlier I had seen the super enter the nursing station. There were no crises that night, and that meant a leisurely report, which would give Sue and me plenty of time. I pushed the ice cart beyond the door of room 402 and followed Sue inside. I paused for a moment to check on the sleeping patient just inside the door, and Sue disappeared quickly behind the curtain in the far corner.

When I popped through the curtain, Sue was standing near the window. She had already placed a pillow on the wide sill. We came together, grinding into

each other urgently. Sue immediately spread her legs and, thrusting forward with her crotch, began to ride my rock-hard shaft as I reached behind to knead the fabulous ass she had tormented me with for weeks. I could tell by the yielding warmth and softness under the short skirt that she was wearing nothing else underneath.

Whimpering softly for me to hurry, Sue eased back and up on the pillow, pulled her miniskirt to her waist and spread her legs. I could feel my cock jerk spasmodically as I got the first clear look at Sue's jet-black, dense hair that puffed out in the cleavage between her thighs, and I lowered my head to flick over the rough, bushy hair with my tongue. Sue jumped at the sensation as I parted the slick lips, and she pushed hard against my face with a moan as I entered her. She began to squirm against me and reached down with her hand, extending her fingers to spread the lips. I could see that the hood had completely withdrawn from her engorged clit, which stood erect from the wet lips.

I moved up to her glistening button, and Sue stifled a shriek with the back of her hand as I began to flick it with the tip of my tongue. As the sensations of pleasure built, one of Sue's hands clamped the top of my head as she bounced up and down on the pillow, squirming tightly against me with her crotch and bucking wildly. I could feel her heels drumming a tattoo on my back as she arched higher and higher off the pillow and pounded her cunt into my teasing tongue.

Suddenly, I felt Sue's heels clench tight along my back as her whole body began to shake violently. At the same time, she thrust wildly forward, arched her back and reared higher and higher off the pillow. Holding me tightly in her, I felt every tremor, again and again, as she telegraphed the spasmodic squeezings of her thighs against the sides of my head. As she held on tightly, the soft insides of her thighs suddenly felt rough from the goose pimples raised by the orgasms shaking her. Sensing her clit would shortly become supersensitive, I slipped again between her oozing, warm pussy lips as Sue, moaning and trembling, began to settle back down on the pillow. I continued to caress her gently with my tongue until her quiverings gave way to relaxed calm.

At breakfast Sue said she felt rather selfish that I had been worked up from sucking her without gratification, but that it would all be corrected when we got to her place. Karen, her roommate, would be at work all day, and we wouldn't be disturbed.

Almost as soon as Sue slipped the chain on her apartment door, she reached for my zipper. As she brought my cock out, she saw how wet it was and told me how hot it made her. (She knew her teasing was exciting me.) She also said it made her superwet and ready knowing that I was looking between her legs at work.


Cupping my now-rigid cock in her two hands, she moaned very softly as she rubbed her cheeks along its length, leaving a trail of shining wetness on them. Returning to the head, she opened her lips seductively and with another moan slid them over my throbbing shaft. I told her I was so perilously close to coming that I thought it might be a good idea to get to the bedroom and give her what she needed most.

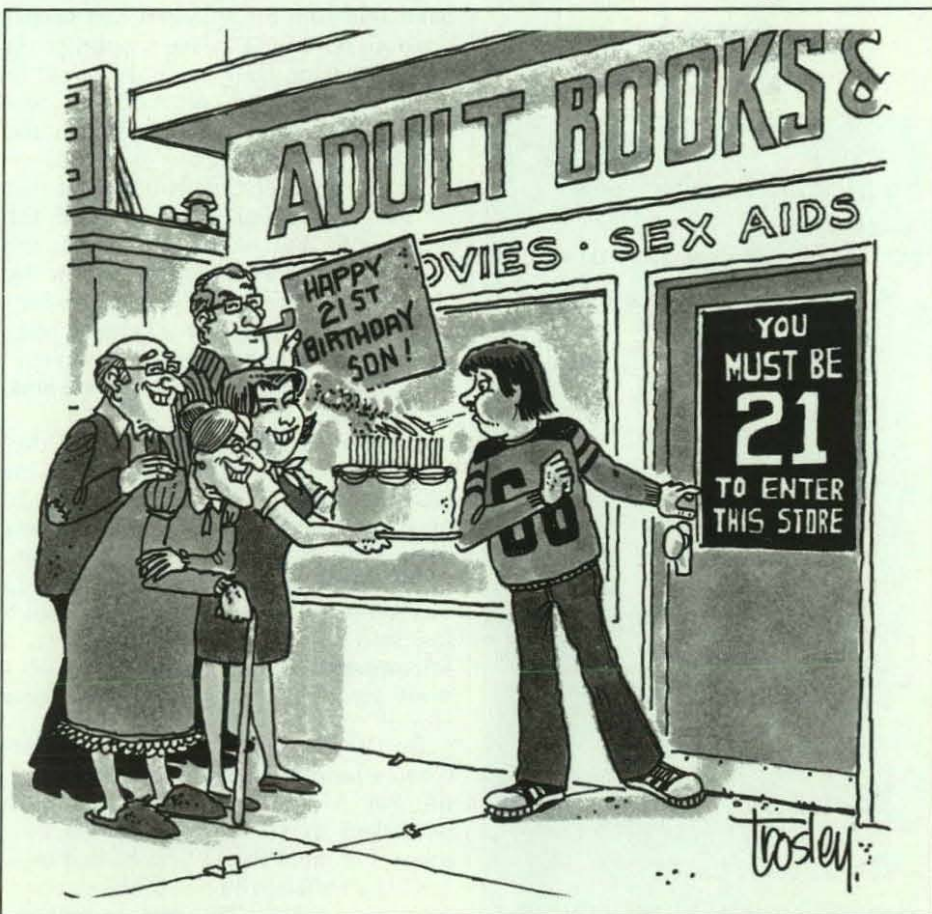
She withdrew reluctantly, kissing the full length of my shaft before letting me get away. Then, scrambling up, she led the way to the bedroom, raising her skirt and mischievously teasing me with her fabulous ass as she walked ahead of me. Strewing clothing from the doorway to the bed, we were on it in a flash. My rock-hard cock sank into the thick, black bush between Sue's spread thighs. Insertion was easy, for Sue's cunt was already sopping wet, and she immediately began to whimper in my ear and return every stroke, raising me

higher and higher off the mattress. She clamped her thighs tightly around my waist as she told me about the joy of getting at last what her dreams had been tormenting her with. The thought seemed to excite her more, and she fucked even more wildly.

Though I had cooled her down a bit earlier, her shuddering and moaning told me she was building up again. When I finally unloaded in her, she reared higher and higher and met my spurting with several orgasms of her own. After the initial storm had subsided, we slept like babies until mid-afternoon.

From that day to this, things haven't been the same on the night shift. Sue continues to delight me with her surprises. Whenever the coast is temporarily clear, I get little, teasing peeks, and longer, sustained views between her legs when the ward is really quiet.

We don't make love in the hospital anymore, but we take great delight in teasing each other without touching until the shift is over and we can get to a bed. I wear a jockstrap and cup when I'm on duty now; this is sometimes uncomfortable, but also pleasurable in a teasing kind of way, for it's an around-the-clock reminder that the shift will eventually be over and Sue's wet cunt will be waiting for me. 



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IN BED WITH GARNER TED

(continued from page 104)

ministry and churches, told me emphatically that Garner Ted's problem was not just adultery but adultery committed flagrantly for more than 25 years.

Carrozzo first became suspicious of Garner Ted's sexual activities in 1965. At that time another WCG minister was found to be committing adultery with two Ambassador College coeds. When church founder Herbert W. Armstrong confronted the young minister with the facts, the man tried to excuse his conduct by saying that Armstrong's own son Garner Ted was committing adultery too. The young minister's excuse didn't hold up. He was fired and excommunicated from the church by an irate Herbert Armstrong, who, from the pulpit, openly divulged the man's sin.

The young minister's comments, however, had made Carrozzo suspicious, and he conducted a personal investigation. It revealed that the accusation against Garner Ted was in fact true. But, he reasoned, Ted had simply weakened under pressure and succumbed to the aggressive advances of a woman out to seduce him. Carrozzo assumed it was just one isolated slip and tried to forget the whole thing.

Then, in 1967, he listened incredulously as an emotionally distraught husband told him his wife had had sexual relations with the airwave evangelist. As a WCG pastor, Carrozzo didn't want to believe the charge; yet he went personally to Garner Ted to discuss the matter.

Garner Ted reluctantly admitted that he had conducted an affair with the man's wife, but he explained that the woman had repeatedly allured him by showing off her shapely legs, by suggestively flaunting her exciting body and by giving him the overt "come-on" until, out of desperation and weakness, he gave in.

He then continued in his defense that he was specially "called" to preach his father's gospel. He declared that he must preach against adultery by others even though he, himself, was guilty. "Put me behind bars, slip my food to me, keep me in solitary confinement," he said dramatically, "but put a microphone in front of me because I must preach this message to the whole world!"

By 1971, however, it wasn't just Carrozzo who was aware of the problem. A number of top-level executives were perturbed by Garner Ted's latest conquest. For more than a year he had been having an affair with one of the stewardesses on the Armstrong jets—a shapely, blue-eyed, Texas blond.

Apostle Herbert could not dismiss the affair as just another one of his son's passing flirtations. Ted was ready to leave his wife. If this happened, it would hurt church income, and possibly destroy the organization as well. The WCG had for years not only condemned divorce but also adamantly prohibited its divorced members from ever remarrying. The WCG had thousands of divorced members who lived celibate lives because of the church's "divorce and remarriage" doctrine. For Garner Ted to openly defy his own church's policy and divorce his wife to remarry would have proven catastrophic.

In September 1971 Herbert relieved his son of his duties and sent him on a leave of absence, ostensibly for health reasons. In a letter to church members Herbert wrote that Ted needed to "take possibly a couple of months of complete relaxation from such high-paced and strenuous activities."

A few weeks later, "having come to his senses," Garner Ted was back speaking at church conventions around the country during the WCG's Feast of Tabernacles. To enraptured thousands gathered at Squaw Valley, California, he preached a persuasive sermon entitled "What the World Needs Now Is Love, Sweet Love." Then he went to spend the night with his favorite stewardess at a Lake Tahoe cabin loaned to him by a church member.

According to Carrozzo, who was also at Squaw Valley, Garner Ted was "found out," and his father was quickly notified. Herbert again relieved Ted of his responsibilities. Church members, however, were not really told why. In a letter to the membership Herbert wrote: "Tensions had built up until his [Garner Ted's] nerves were at razor-edge, and he could not continue."

Garner Ted was sent to Hawaii with his wife and an executive aide, who was instructed to watch Ted every second. Still, on at least one occasion the wayward evangelist was able to give his guardian angel the slip.

According to Albert Portune, the WCG's former vice-president of finance, it was during this Hawaiian exile that headquarters received a most interesting letter. A Hawaiian madam wrote that there was a masseuse in her employ who had been watching Garner Ted on television and, as a result, had planned to give up her life of sin. Garner Ted's subsequent visit to the establishment, however, had horrified the young girl into nightmarish disenchantment and depression.

Nevertheless, in a few months Garner Ted was back at headquarters. Within weeks of arriving, however, the word got out that his "problem" was rearing its

ugly head again. On January 30, 1972, an angry Herbert W. Armstrong waited at Ted's home for his son to return from a Los Angeles Lakers basketball game. Accompanying him were the church's attorney, Stanley Rader, and a number of WCG vice-presidents—among them Albert Portune, who later described what happened.

"When Garner Ted arrived home and discovered they had come to interrogate him about his sex life, he became furious. But they wanted the facts—all the facts—about his personal life. When his father asked him how many women he had had affairs with, an enraged Garner Ted grabbed him by his lapels, looked him in the eye and screamed, 'Hundreds!'"

David Antion, another WCG vice-president, an evangelist and also Ted's brother-in-law, recalled the confrontation like this: "I personally don't remember the number [of admitted affairs]... I know [he] impressed us all with the fact that he could remember dates and places and situations and so on."

Among Ted's avowed consorts were dozens of youthful, wide-eyed, Ambassador College coeds, including some who became ministers' wives. Al Carrozzo said: "Top personnel at Ambassador College rushed home to interrogate their spouses. Many a disillusionment yet lingers with them to this day."

Garner Ted was officially excommunicated from the church. According to David Ord, formerly a WCG minister in New Zealand, Ted's shapely stewardess was sent (under the assumed name of Elaine Wilson) to work in the church's office in that country. The membership was informed that Ted had a "personal emotional problem" and was in the "bonds of Satan." Further details were not given. Herbert W. Armstrong, interviewed in *Time* magazine, said, "The fault was spiritual, not moral."

Garner Ted went to his Colorado home, supposedly in exile. Actually, he spent much of the time in a New York flight school, where he earned his jet-aircraft pilot's credentials.

It was during this time that Herbert W. Armstrong commissioned David Antion to research the subject of the biblical qualifications of a minister. Antion specifically investigated the question of whether or not a man who had been removed from the ministry on moral grounds could upon repentance properly be reinstated as a minister. Antion's conclusion: a resounding no.

In a nine-page memo to the elder Armstrong, dated April 24, 1972, Antion cited more than 20 references in Timothy and Titus to prove his point.

This was not what Herbert W. wanted

to hear. With Garner Ted away from his broadcasting duties, the church's income was plummeting. By late spring it was obvious Garner Ted was needed back in his position as the WCG's broadcaster. He was reinstated as a member and was back at his old job in July 1972.

But what about "the biblical qualifications of a minister"? According to Albert Portune, Herbert simply stated that "Ted is above the Scripture" and "You can't judge Ted by Timothy and Titus." Ted had been "called to preach the Gospel from his mother's womb."

They should have known. After all, it says in *The Autobiography of Herbert W. Armstrong*, Garner Ted "was born as a result of an almost incredible miracle of healing only three weeks before his birth." Garner Ted is special!

On May 16, 1973, Al Carrozzo, finally realizing the enormity of Garner Ted's hypocrisy, confronted him in person. This time there was no hedging. Garner Ted stunned Carrozzo by opening with "Al, let's get one thing straight! I'm a no-good, fornicating, adulterating son of a bitch!" Ted then went on to elaborate on his lifelong "problem," but claimed that his affair with the blond stewardess had been different. He said that in 1970 he stood sobbing in Jerusalem at a memorial to the 6 million Jewish victims of Nazi genocide. The stewardess had put her hand on his shoulder to comfort him, and that's how it began.

Carrozzo didn't accept Garner Ted's excuses any longer. He'd had enough. It wasn't long before he turned in his credentials as a WCG minister and executive, declaring, "I cannot compromise with the Word of God." He is now a plumber in northern California and says his years as a minister under Armstrong were excellent training for working with cesspools.

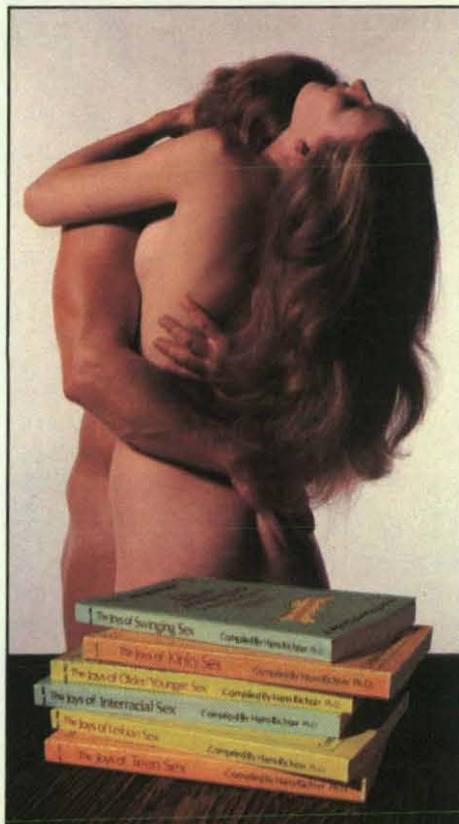
Incidentally, the young stewardess in question told this author personally that it was Garner Ted who handpicked her for the job. He even went so far as to apply pressure on Ambassador College's dean of faculty so that, contrary to school policy, she could graduate a year early and be hired immediately.

In late March 1974 a very disillusioned David Antion wrote a long personal letter to brother-in-law Garner Ted. Reading it through, one is reminded of *Peyton Place*. Below is a portion of that correspondence. To protect identities, letters of the alphabet have been substituted for some of the names.

"Dear Ted,

"You were right when you said it just about killed me to find out about the things that happened in '71-'72. I didn't

(continued on page 114)



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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

We've broadened the scope of *Mail-Order Feedback* to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one.

Mail-order advertising is deceptively written in many cases—and a consumer may be easily misled. Check into what you're buying and who from. You don't make your money casually, so don't lose it that way. In the past we've attempted to answer all individual complaints, but now, due to the phenomenal volume of mail we receive every month, we can't possibly reply to everyone's letter. However, we will continue to investigate all complaints and publish those that are the most representative of our readership. Write *HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or to the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024. You might also want to recheck our Ten Commandments for making mail-order purchases, in our May issue.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

On February 4, 1978, I ordered six miniature cast-iron cook stoves and six sets of cast-iron kettles from *American Consumer* (Caroline Road, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19176). The company cashed my check, but I have heard nothing and received no merchandise.

G. E. Van Zile
Lake Delton, Wisconsin

American Consumer, in business for more than five years, deals primarily in household and gift items such as mugs, plants, plates and car accessories. When we contacted the company, it apologized for having temporarily run out of the items you ordered, due to problems with the supplier, and assured us you'd receive your merchandise within 30 days.

I am not writing about a Shifty Seller, but rather a Speedy Shipper whose swift and thorough service made it a treat to order through the mail.

Your December 1977 column mentioned *Betty Adams* sex tapes. I sent in a quarter for the catalog and received it in a week, along with a short personal note. I sent her an order with a short note of my own, and the tape and a reply to my message were back here within a week. The merchandise is all that she claimed

it to be. In view of all the rip-offs around, I think she should be nominated for an award.

I take exception to some of the things you said about her in *Mail-Order Feedback*. So what if she might be over the hill? Judging by the tape, she has both the voice and the experience to do a good job on any guy. Give her credit where credit is due.

As soon as I save some money, I'm going to send *Betty Adams* another order. Her prices are higher, but she delivers quality merchandise.

H. T.
Hartford, Connecticut

All we can say is, to each his own. We still think there are hotter tapes for the money. But we're glad that *Betty Adams* (P. O. Box 2269, Santa Clara, California 95051) was so conscientious about pleasing at least one of her customers. We'd like to hear from others who have dealt with her.

CUSTOMER COMPLAINTS

Here is a letter recently received by *Mail-Order Feedback*:

This is to inform you and your readers of another rip-off company. In March 1977 I ordered "Superstars of Porno" from *Previews* (1182 Broadway, New York, New York 10001). I have sent several letters of inquiry, but all I've received is my canceled check. Please warn all your readers about this company.

J. R.
Fargo, North Dakota

We wrote *Previews, Inc.*, in regard to the above complaint (and several others we'd been sent). Two weeks later we received a brief note telling us J. R.'s order had been reshipped. In a subsequent phone call to the company we learned it is no longer offering "Superstars of Porno." According to a well-informed mail-order source, *Previews* has a reputation for slow service... but ten months is a bit much. Furthermore, we not only received several complaints about *Previews*, but about *F.T.M. Distributors, Inc.*, *Vi-Aids Laboratories* and *Phoenix Distributors*.

Interestingly, all four answered our inquiries with the same response (saying that the merchandise in question had been reshipped), in the same handwriting on the same paper. These companies are obviously one and the same—with a

delivery service that is either very slow or nonexistent. *F.T.M.* hadn't come through with the films ordered, and the complaints aimed at *Vi-Aids* and *Phoenix* were for undelivered creams and a book, *The Complete Photographic Guide to Sexual Intercourse*, none of which reached their intended destination. Don't do business with these companies until they speak up and clear themselves.

Unfortunately, shady dealers who are just after a quick buck have given a bad name to the mail-order business in general. But in all fairness, it should be noted that mail-order outfits are not always at fault for delays in expediting orders. We forwarded a complaint to *Eden Press* from a man who hadn't received his merchandise. *Eden* informed us the man had provided an incorrect address. Although he complained to us, he failed to contact *Eden* regarding nonreceipt of his order—leaving the firm with no way to reach him. *Eden* went on to say:

"Many people, in ordering merchandise through the mail, choose to use fictitious names, and mail clerks often take it on themselves to refuse to deliver such merchandise. Your advisory service regarding 'mail-order rip-offs' ought to be aware of the many possibilities for orders never reaching their purchasers, despite the best of intentions on the part of all parties involved (the Postal Service included). We've always done our best to satisfy our customers, and will do no less in this particular instance.

"Yours truly,
"Barry Reid, President."

Krow Enterprises, another dealer known for its dependability, answered an irate customer's complaint concerning slow service with this letter:

"We are in receipt of a complaint that you sent to *HUSTLER* stating that it has been 'weeks' since you sent your order. Attached you will find a copy of your order to us which you dated 3/6/78. We show shipment 3/14/78. Since UPS asks for five working days' delivery to Florida, you should have received your parcel on or before 3/21/78. Your note to *HUSTLER* is not dated, and therefore we are assuming that you jumped the gun. Don't you think that you should have written to us first? *HUSTLER Magazine* gives us four weeks to respond. You didn't allow that long for order, process, handling and shipping. If by chance you did not yet receive the parcel, let us know and we'll put a tracer and claim out and reship your order.

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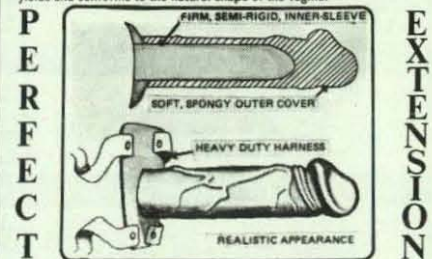
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IN BED WITH GARNER TED

(continued from page 109)

want to know. I knew nothing up until that time. I didn't go searching or asking.

"In August of 1971, S told M about the situation with G. . . . When I heard what was happening, I went straight to the study, fell on my knees and cried like a baby.

"I knew nothing else at the time. Not until November or December of 1971 did I find out about anything more than G. It was Jon Hill who first told me that there were other girls. He seemed quite surprised that I didn't know this. In fact, he was quite shocked that I should be shocked.

"Then it was Rod Meredith who implied to me about others and seemed to be hinting at M being one of them.

"I went home and in conversation with M asked her if you had ever made passes at her. It was shattering. But it was in the past—before M and I were engaged—and had been repented of.

"During those months there was the usual witch-hunt of those who kept bringing up more and more names and incidents. I know it hurt [evangelist's name withheld] too, for I saw him break down and cry when he heard.

"Then in February or March—perhaps April—of 1972, when every-

thing seemed to be over, J and [her husband] came to California for a visit. . . .

"One night when I came home from work, M started telling me about what J had told her. J told how she thought you were in love with her. She told about the passes you made at her and said she felt she was in love with you also. In fact, it was J who first spotted and became suspicious of your relationship with G at SEP [Summer Education Program]. J went into quite a bit of detail with M, and from what I gather seemed to enjoy doing so. . . .

"J was thinking recently. M told her about what happened in the past, during M's college days. J was surprised at that. Then M shattered J, who was thinking you were in love with her. M told her that you did not love her any more than you loved the others. This, according to M, really seemed to infuriate J, who seemed to want to believe that she was special."

Ted was infuriated that Antion would put this in writing. He ordered Antion to destroy his copy of the letter, but an enterprising employee was able to lift the original and photocopy it.

Soon after, David Antion found himself assuming a lower profile in the Armstrong organization. He is no longer the church's vice-president for church management, but only a Bible instructor at Ambassador College.

To find out more about the *real* Garner Ted Armstrong, I interviewed one of Ted's "victims," Janette Bagley, a former student at Ambassador College. She related this story:

"I was told by the student-body president that I had to see Garner Ted Armstrong. It was almost as if the student-body president had a list of certain girls who wouldn't be allowed to be baptized without counseling with Garner Ted. He didn't tell me why, just that I had to see Ted first. So I made the appointment and went into his office. I remember him sitting there looking among his papers. He didn't even look up, as if to say, 'I know who you are. You're nothing.' I just stood there waiting, and finally he said, 'Oh, yes, there you are.' [Then he said,] 'I hear you want to be baptized,' and I answered, 'Yes.'

"From that point forward I didn't say anything. He started telling me how I was one of those vain freshman girls and how I probably had everything I wanted and he knew that I had been Miss This and Miss That in high school, and things weren't that way at Ambassador College. We all had to repent of our past lives and humble ourselves. Otherwise, if we hadn't repented, they wouldn't baptize us at all.

"He said I had a horrible walk—that I probably had seen some movie star

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walk that way and so I had spent a lot of time working on it and I had to stop [walking that way]. By this time I think I started crying, and it gradually got worse. I wasn't crying out loud, just sobbing, and then at the end he said, 'Is there anything you want to say?' But I couldn't say anything because I was too scared and upset and really disgusted with myself because I believed him—I believed everything he said. So I just shook my head, 'No,' and he said, 'Well, when you feel like you have repented and you feel like counseling about these problems or faults, then you can call for another appointment.' ...

"At the school banquet at the end of [my senior year] I started getting the feeling that he was sort of singling me out. I felt that Ted kept looking at me. I thought maybe he wondered if I was happy or not because all the ministers were sort of concerned about the other girls who were single. Each minister sort of had his own little pet girl. And I wasn't anyone's pet, I felt, at the time."

Bagley said she'd occasionally run into Garner Ted around campus or talk to him on the phone in the course of her part-time campus job, but she made no real attempt to get better acquainted. She had come to Ambassador College to get a degree in theology, not to have an affair with an evangelist.

Bagley continued: "After graduation I received a call from Garner Ted one day, asking me to come to his office. I went in and I was surprised—very surprised at the way he was dressed, because I had never seen him dress sloppy my whole life. ... And I got the feeling that he didn't care so much how he looked and that it smelled like he had been drinking. I don't know how heavily, but I know definitely that his breath was very alcoholic. His breath was sort of a mixture with I don't know what else. I don't think it was cigarette smoke, but it was almost like it was, that and alcohol.

"That should have sent me running, but anyway, he was sitting behind the desk, and he had a real sort of faraway gaze in his eyes. He didn't look alert like he usually did. When I came in, he just looked at me for a while and then he pulled out the drawer and started getting out two glasses and a bottle of something. It was really awkward, really, because I didn't want to drink, and so he didn't say anything. There was no light conversation like there had been over the phone all those other times, and he wasn't bubbly. He came around the desk and...he came over and put his arms around me. I was sort of by the door frame, and he sort of held me there, not forcefully, but just then he started kissing me, and that's when I got this

breath. He hadn't shaved, I guess, since the day before church, the previous day, which was Saturday, and his beard was scratchy. My mind couldn't focus on a thing, and I thought, *Let me out of here!* And yet I was sort of in a trance because of the newness or whatever. He stayed there five or ten minutes. Then he maneuvered me over to the couch (I wouldn't say pushed but [he] encouraged me), and then he kept on kissing me, but I wasn't ready to give in to him, so I pushed him off."

Suddenly she reminded him of his regular afternoon game of basketball, and so the encounter ended. However, while alone in her apartment that evening she received another phone call. It was Garner Ted again, and before long he was knocking on her door.

"It was almost like in one swoop, one entrance, one motion that he was over me with his arms around me and unzipping my dress. It all seemed very cold and hard-hearted now to think about it, like he was thinking, *Well, we only have so much time. I have to get in and get out.* But anyway, I was still under his spell so I know he put his arms around me and kissed me a few times while he was unzipping my dress. Then he turned me around and we went into the bedroom.

"Then he pulled out—I guess there are a lot of words for it—a prophylactic, and I said, 'Oh, no. I don't want you to use that.' And he said, 'It is the safest. It is the only thing that really works. It is the only way.' And I said, 'Yes, but I would like to have a baby.' He said, 'Oh, no! You think you do, but you really don't. It would be much worse for you to have a baby than not to.'

"I thought at the time this was goofing up my life so much I couldn't recover later. It was almost as if everyone would know what I had done, because I knew what I was doing and what I would have done after it was over. And I guessed I'd be living my life alone, and it would be so much better to have a baby even if it was better to not have anything. And yet he was definitely not going to let me do that, so I gave up. At various times [during intercourse] he would say, 'Delicious, delicious!' and I thought at the time, *Well, I guess it is good that he feels that way even though, you know it's funny, a woman needs so much more than that,* and you would have thought he would have known. After intercourse he went right to the bathroom to clean up and wash it down and all. He was in there several minutes, and I just felt drained...so I didn't even dress, but he came right back into the bedroom...he knew exactly what he was going to do and that was getting dressed to prepare to leave."

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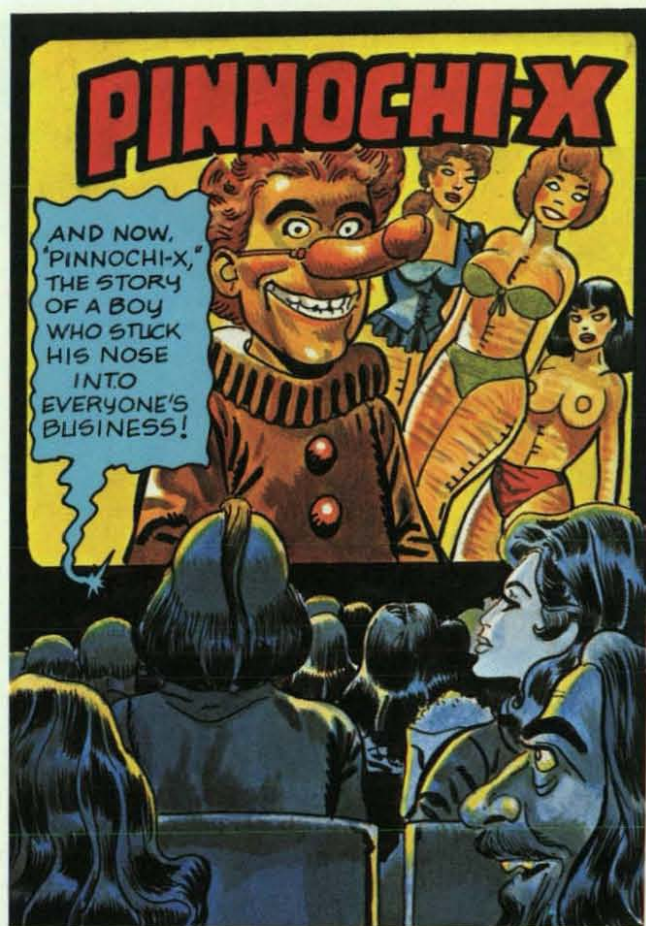
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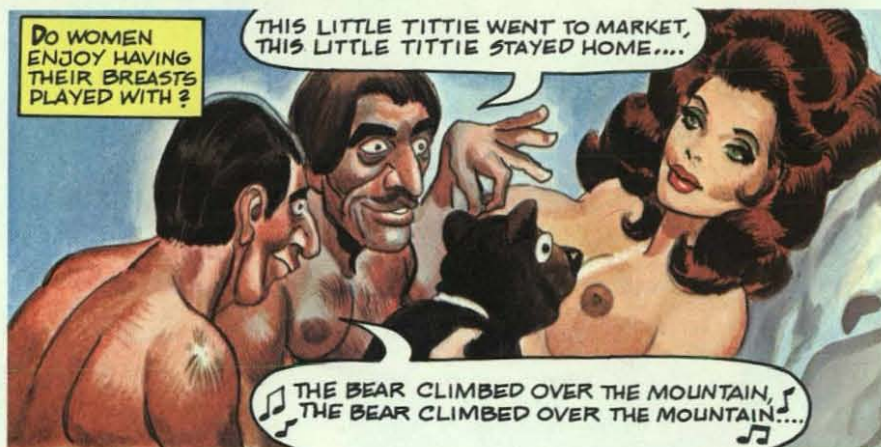
Honey

TEXT: STEVE ADAMS ART: FRED FERNANDEZ

WELL, READERS, HONEY IS STILL OVERWHELMED BY THE PERPLEXITIES OF THE MODERN WORLD. SHE'S SURE OF ONE THING, THOUGH; SHE STILL HASN'T FOUND HER GOAL IN LIFE. SHOULD SHE TRY MEDITATION, ENCOUNTER THERAPY, TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS OR PRIMAL SCREAMING? SHE DECIDES TO GO TO A MOVIE.









BUGS

(continued from page 86)

penicillin treatment had jumped from 40,000 units to 400,000 in a decade. It was more than 1 million by the time I had my last dose, and gonorrhea has remained the nation's most widespread contagious disease (colds aside) in the 12 years since. At least I *think* it was my last dose. But how can one tell, with all the new reports coming out now about gonorrheal strains? Are they legacies from the Vietnam War or products of our tampering, or both? These new strains often cause no symptoms to inspire one to get tested and may not reveal themselves when they *are* tested for, and will not respond to ordinary antibiotics, or perhaps to any at all.

Indeed, most postpubescent Americans these days have increasing reason to fear our sexual flora and fauna. A variety of vaginal infections, by bacteria and fungi, are widespread even among monogamous women. Maybe it's only that people talk more candidly about such matters now, but I think it's also due in part to the same backfire of our drug-treatment methods, and due as well to the ill-researched way in which millions of women are altering their metabolisms and vaginal environments by the use of IUDs, contraceptive pills and spermicides.

Of course, I hear more about such matters than most people do, since a number of my friends are bona fide sex therapists. Being on the professional fringe is a mixed joy, as it brings me early worry. We were talking about the Herpes II virus a good year and a half before it got into the popular press, and I'll bet most people still haven't got the story straight.

In part that's because science still hasn't got it all figured out. Last I heard, there was still some uncertainty about whether Herpes II, "genital herpes," was fundamentally distinct from Herpes I, the virus responsible for the common cold sore; or whether one might produce the other in special times and circumstances. What is known is that Herpes II behaves like its namesake, manifesting itself as cold sores on the genitals—sometimes noticeable and sometimes not—and then retreating to the nerve sheaths inside the body. Some doctors theorize that it lies low in innocuous parasitism until bodily or emotional stress brings it forth in eruption again. Herpes II is thought to be contagious only during such times—though, of course, one may not realize when an eruption is beginning or perhaps even when it has happened.

No true treatment is yet proven, but a few approaches can often relieve the

symptoms; the virus's activity seems to die down in a few years. The sores are no great tragedy: They're painful, like cold sores, but they do go away for periods of time. Only there's this little matter of a possible correlation with cervical cancer, which no one understands yet. But it's a subtle and newly recognized disease—and also, apparently, a newly spreading one, and the incidence of cervical cancer is rising fast.

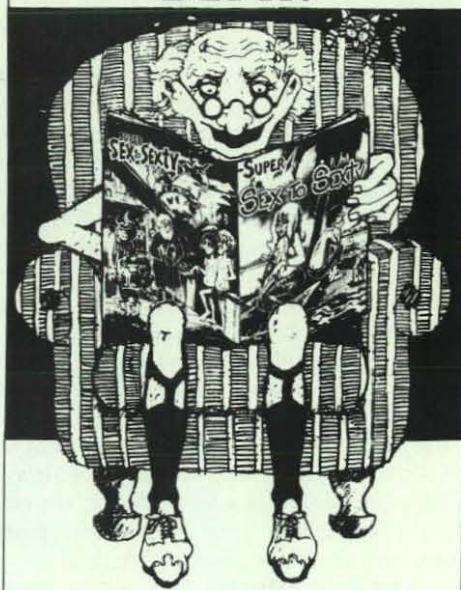
The first studies indicate that having had Herpes II may significantly increase the risk of cervical cancer. There's no telling what we'll learn by the time the long-term studies accumulate, especially since the ultraviolet-dye treatment popular now for symptomatic relief of Herpes II is known to cause mutation in herpes viruses. Despite the official reassurances, it's enough to make anyone who's ever had cold sores shudder a bit at the thought of oral-genital contact.

So what is to be done? Reciting this list of our plagues and thinking about how loosely we do run our affairs according to our parents' standards, I can't help feeling guilty. All the simple, traditional lore—about hygiene, avoiding exposure, and prompt and systematic treatment—cries out for more rigorous observance. And yes, we could do it.

We could each bathe at least once a day, as 75 percent of middle-class Americans do, water-waste be damned. We could launder our clothes after each wearing; sell the old furniture and buy new; get rid of all the rugs and constantly manicure the expanses of polished floor; make the dog live outside and spray him with poison daily; fumigate the whole house; start over with a few new plants and the house hermetically sealed against reinfestation; avoid public toilets; keep our kid away from school and other kids; stay home during the winter; use the rhythm method; worm ourselves regularly; get lots of flu shots; eat only frozen foods; never go barefoot, swimming or hiking; and swear off any carnal contact. Almost every item I've mentioned goes against the grain and feel of our lives, and so does the basic stance of living in constant, defensive fear.

And all that *still* wouldn't work. For there is something awesomely right and dreadfully wrong about us and our parasites right now. It may seem just new-consciousness cleverness to draw, from the perpetual presence of strep and staph germs in our systems, the fundamental lesson that parasitism is a subtle natural condition, and health a matter of balance and judicious accommodation rather than of triumph by extermination. But how else can we read the fact

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that, despite our best efforts, we have still as many sorts of parasites (if in some ways less virulent ones) as do pre-technological peoples? It is my weird fortune to have experienced each of the plagues I've mentioned, but every one is pandemic in the land.

Nor are our efforts to control the situation inspiring, for there is something off-balance about them all. Even obsessive cleanliness takes its toll. The alkaline soaps we overuse may destroy the skin's natural balance in ways we have only recently begun to recognize, before the suds trickle down the drain to destabilize nature's balance. We chased the bacteria behind pimples and acne, those traditional landmarks of adolescence, with pHisoHex—until we found its use in high doses caused brain damage in monkeys. My own venerable father came home from his late forays into unmarried sex in genteel company with a roaring case of scabies, more vicious than lice. Some chemical cures produce the symptoms of scabies again as a by-product. And Dad was dosing himself and tearing at his flesh and dosing again for a month after he was cured, before he realized what was happening—and before I saw in his plight one symbol for what is happening to us all.

For we are undone by our intents, as well as by our works. It all seemed so *innocent*, so *natural*, the simple wish to escape infestation, by sanitation, purge,

defensive controls, isolation, higher technology. Yet our ships and planes brought new parasites—from syphilis to Asian flu and Malaysian nematodes—as fast as they brought new technicians to dispel them. For the sake of unblemished fruit we poisoned the deep waters and brought great birds to extinction with our pesticides, but the humble louse survives and thrives. We have tried to exterminate all life in our cities save ourselves so much as we were able; yet from our very flesh, in response to the works and ways that maintain our city lives, springs now increasingly the subtlest and most fearsome parasite, the body's own cells turned cancerous—as if we were bearing from ourselves what we had denied from the world.

It is a fitting punishment for our conceit, our belief that we were clever enough to *win* and genuinely dominate all life. We have shaken the very web of life in trying to prove it, but that web is more ancient and resilient than we are, and embraces us in return. Algae grow in the water-cooled nuclear-reactor cores; our genital bacteria adapt to antibiotics. Ever since life began, some creatures thrive and some die in each change. And for the first time since modern science began, we have come to be uncertain about ourselves and how we shall fare.


All that is clear now is that each new step we take to reaffirm our old ways of

trying to eat without being eaten—each more sophisticated poison, each new retreat from intimacy with the world and each other—only deepens some deadly pretense and imbalance. And as Modern Man, I am somewhat confused now. For neither pinworm, louse nor Herpes II will yield to good nutrition and garlic, and I still depend vitally upon our modern hygienic armaments and practices. *My own son did not die of smallpox.* The pockets of bubonic plague still hosted by animals in my state's mountains will not trouble me unless (until?) there is urban catastrophe.

When I take the night air, I am sure that the few mosquitoes surviving hereabouts do not carry malaria. I give thanks. And so I still get out the Kwell for the lice, and trust to tetracycline to break my son's ear infection. But I do so with a divided mind and heart, less as one potent than as one helpless.

Trained in science, I have become the disillusioned priest, sinking into superstition. Each winter I wait for some new plague, mysterious and deadly, to rise in the East and arrive on the wind, immune from our control. And even our efforts to prepare seem as much the devil's work as God's. In laboratories today technicians, still thinking they are zeroing in on life's secret, toy with the delicate mysteries of recombinant DNA and still strive to fashion the tools that will make us, at last, invulnerable. They boast their hope that we shall have the power to tailor life forms for our every need: bacteria to clean up the oil we spill, merciless parasites to exterminate our parasites.

It is a loving hope, however unbalanced be the heart it springs from and the pride it would protect. I do not doubt we shall gain the power; I only wish I believe we would use it with more care and foresight than a doctor's prescription. For the controversy over control of recombinant genetics strikes a deep chord of guilty fear, and I am not alone in my superstitious dread that we shall arrange our own punishment for our presumptions, pinch-hitting for an absent higher power.

Many people now share the misgiving that our cookery in the DNA kitchen will, by benign accident or military design, create new life. Perhaps our ultimate parasite will be merely a modified virus or bacterium, formerly friendly to its human hosts. Its fatal powers, at first overlooked, will be beyond our sophisticated control, and this new enemy will ravage us unchecked even by the subtler powers of the great web of earth life, to which it will be a true stranger. If so, it will be as if, having refused nature's lesson from pride, we had taught ourselves a crueler one. 

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I could go on and on. About companies that kept our money, then sent us a cheaper model. Manufacturers that wouldn't answer our letters or send us a refund when their products wouldn't work. Devices so noisy they could be heard two apartments down the hall. Or the unending barrage of sexual advertisements and circulars so explicit, our postman couldn't even look us in the eye.

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THIS WAS SEX

(continued from page 91)

importance to the feminine mind than predestination or any other abstract subject. If women are to govern, control, manage, influence and retain the adoration of husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, or even cousins, they must look their prettiest at all times.—(1890)

What Swearing Indicates

Use no profane language, utter no word that will cause the most virtuous to blush. Profanity is a mark of low breeding; and the tendency of using indecent and profane language is degrading to your minds.

Good men have been taken sick and become delirious. In these moments they have used the most vile and indecent language. When informed of it, after a restoration to health, they had no idea of the pain they had given friends.

Think of this, ye who are tempted to use improper language, and never let a vile word disgrace you.—(1860)

Dangers of Too Much Sex

The disease known as *clergyman's sore throat* is believed by many eminent physicians to have its chief origin in excessive venery. It is well known that sexual abuse is a very potent cause of throat disease.—(1888)

Sexual Disorders

Sexual Neurasthenia—By sexual neurasthenia we mean physical or mental exhaustion due to disorders of the sexual system.

The first as well as the most important cause of sexual neurasthenia is abuse of disease of the sexual organs, such as masturbation, excessive intercourse, excessive nocturnal emissions, withdrawal, lack of sexual satisfaction, spermatorrhea or venereal [sic] infection.

Next in importance come those causes which for convenience may be classified under the term "mode of life," such as worry; overwork; suggestive literature; drama or dress; bad companionship; and society's demand for a suppression of sexual instinct. And finally we cannot ignore the influence of heredity. It has been clearly shown that the offspring of neurasthenic parents are subject to the sexual disorders which bring on sexual neurasthenia.

Symptoms of Neurasthenia—In extreme cases of this disorder practically every organ in the body and its function is affected.

The following are usually present: pains and aches in the back or over the kidneys; palpitation of the heart; poor

circulation; frequent headaches; eye-strain; lack of ambition; inability to concentrate; melancholia; morbid fears; brain fog; extreme nervousness; sensitiveness; bashfulness; deranged appetite; digestive difficulties; impotence; shrunken or relaxed sex organs; pollutions; lack of orgasm; masturbation; pains in the testicles; itching about the parts.—(1898)

Sexuality Versus Sensuality

It is hardly necessary to say that improper sexual conduct is rife among us, and that it is polluting the sanctity of our homes to a degree only superficially appreciated.

The pure, healthy glow of Sexuality, which is the greatest boon to the individual and to the race, becomes a curse when debased by Sensuality.

These two words have become confused in the language of men of the world; so much so, that what we grant to be preeminently necessary for the assurance of a virile race—namely, sexual power—has been prostituted by sensuality.

Voluptuousness, of course, has as its indispensable condition the degradation of a large number of women, and it has come to be a turbulent force which is actively consuming a large proportion of the community of every district, annihilating reputations with disgrace, consuming bodies with disease, polluting the sacredness and defiling the sacredness of marriage.

There are few of either sex in this age who do not know that vice and immorality and harlotry exist to a shocking degree; and reticence upon these matters cannot improve our ethics, for sin simply luxuriates in secrecy and ignorance.—(1898)

What to Do When Pregnant

During the early stages of pregnancy, as well as at all subsequent periods, it is desirable that the mother have at hand, for frequent contemplation, some of the best works of art, in statuary, or pictures, or both, as models of the beautiful and graceful in form, and of the amiable and noble in expression. Perhaps some one admired figure may be chosen, to be copied by the mother's wonderful electrotyping power in her living work of art; but care should be taken that it be one in which goodness as well as physical beauty is bodied forth.

In this is to be found one of the noblest uses of art; and there can be no doubt that the works of the great masters have had more effect than the

world imagines in producing and multiplying forms of beauty of manliness through impressions made on the minds of matrons.

Penis Size

The penis is located at the lowest part of the abdomen, just above the junction of the thighs.

Its normal length when erect is about one-twelfth of the height of the body, that is, there should be one inch of length for every foot of height, so that a man who is five feet six inches tall would normally have a male organ 5½ inches in length when in the erect state.—(1935)

Sex and the Theater

The modern stage is by no means a small factor in the development of sensuality.

No normal man, in the prime of his life, can sit for hours and be entertained by semi-nude actresses, who engage in knee-dress dancing and other gymnastics, such as degrade their sex, and remain pure in his thoughts and habits.

These women are nearly all loose in their morals. Some films exhibited in our five-and-ten-cent shows are quite as suggestive.—(1918)

NOTE: Sandy Teller's original heads were rewritten by the editors.

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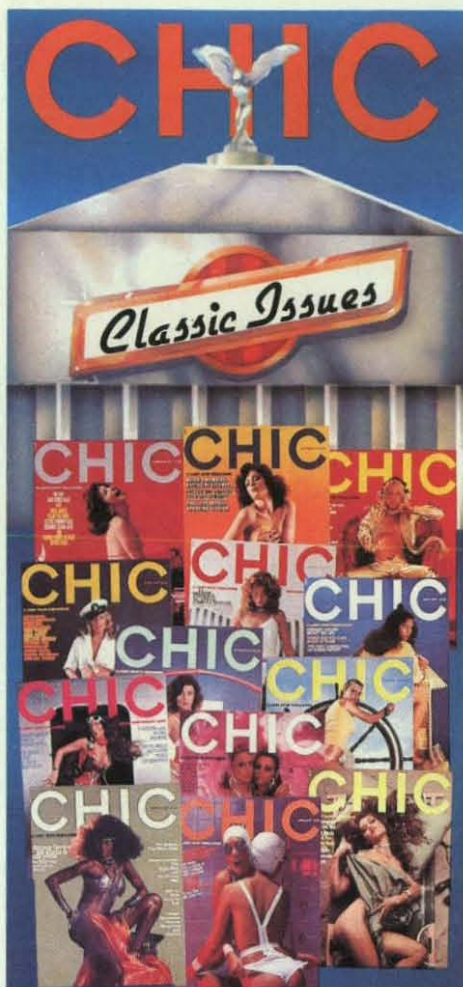
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Sex and the Theater: Professor Thomas W. Shannon, *Personal Help for Men*—A Volume of Vital Knowledge Designed to Help Married and Marriageable Men to Avoid the Physical, Mental and Moral Disasters Due to Ignorance of the Laws of Sexual Nature; Also Advice, Counsel and Help Essential to Safety and Happiness in the Social Relations of the Sexes (Marietta, Ohio: Mullikin, 1918). 





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OCTOBER

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY begins an incisive series of investigations into the major, unsolved political murders of contemporary American history. After months of arduous labor by the most qualified team of assassination researchers in the nation, October's HUSTLER will feature an exclusive and well-documented report by famed author and attorney Mark Lane.



THE TELEVISIONIZATION OF BOXING—Are the three major television networks fixing professional boxing? Author Ed Kiersh believes they are, and he can substantiate his claims in his report on TV's stranglehold on the "sport of Kings."

PARISIAN NIGHTS—A fictional memoir of orgies, religious zeal and bohemian oddballs in Beat Generation Paris. By Harold Norse.

TAX REBELS—All across the country, Americans are demonstrating that they're sick and tired of being ripped off by the Internal Revenue Service. HUSTLER leads the way in championing this taxpayers' revolt, with an in-depth look at how the fat cats get away with paying no taxes at all, while *you* pay through the nose. By Frank Browning and Dan Smith.



PHOTO-FEATURES—Along with all the other hot HUSTLER photos, we are proud to present a torrid and kinky photo-story as Lady Justice defends herself against the sadistic villainy of chain-wielding, leather-clad Count Repression. There has never been a photo-feature like this before.

SEX IN CHILDREN'S ART—For most children, sexual repression begins at an early age. Yet experts in child psychology tell us that children have fertile erotic imaginations. Noted sexologists Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen provide the proof—a gallery of previously unpublished erotic art created by children.

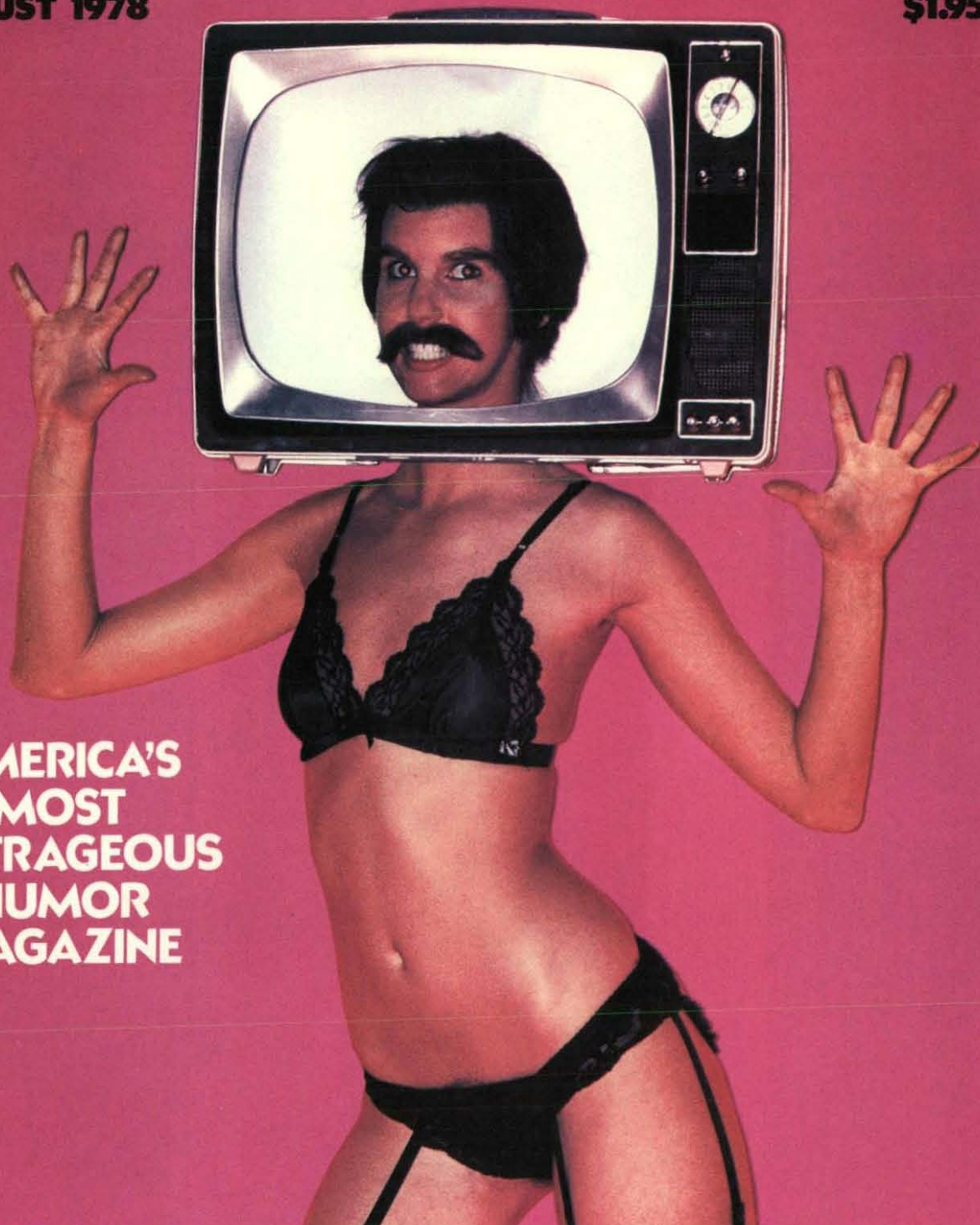
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